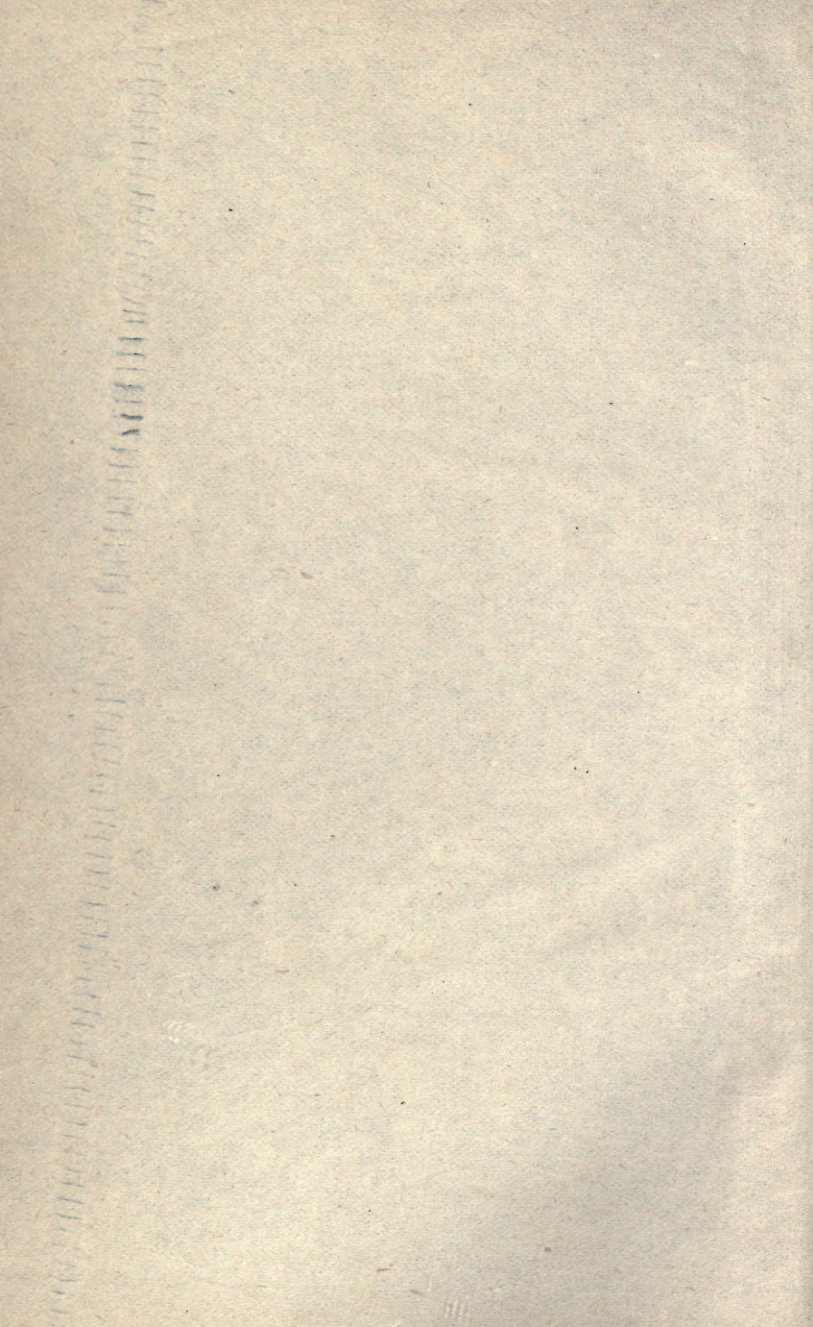


GEORGE
THE LIFE OF FRANCIS MURPHY
AND
DR. H. A. REYNOLDS.









Drawn by W. Thomas.

Engraved & Printed by Hman Brothers

MINNIE HERMON ;

OR,

THE CURSE OF RUM.

A Tale for the Times

BY

THURLOW WEED BROWN.

EMBRACING ALSO

THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

FRANCIS MURPHY AND DR. HENRY A. REYNOLDS.

BY

GEORGE T. FERRIS, A.M.

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1878.

MINNIE HERMON

OR

THE CURSE OF RUM

A GENUINE STORY

BY

THURLOW WHEEL BROWN

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PREFACE.

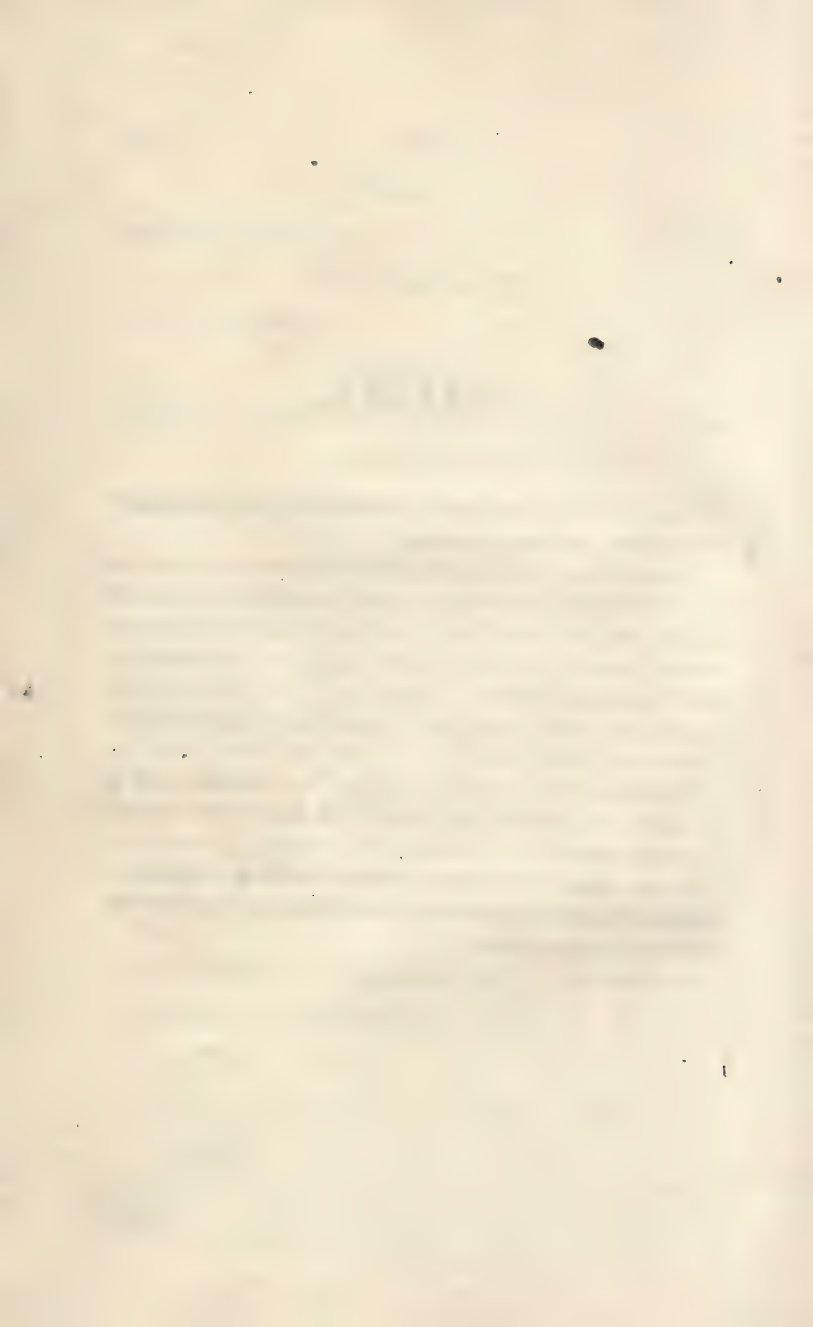
OUR Preface, reader, shall have the merit of brevity, and shall detain you but a moment.

You will bear in mind that every chapter in the book is *drawn from life*, with the necessary change of names and dates — the only difficulty having been in selecting from the mass of materials collected during an active participation in the Temperance Reform. Those living who have a vivid remembrance of the scenes herein detailed, will appreciate our object in sketching them.

The history of the “Watt Family” was written with a throbbing nib, and its truth sealed with the endorsement of a scalding tear.

If our record shall arouse a single heart to a more inveterate hatred against the Great Wrong, our object will have been accomplished.

— Pass on.





MOTHER STEWART, THE LEADER OF THE "WOMEN'S MOVEMENT."



INTRODUCTION.

FOR forty days and forty nights the rain poured down from the open windows of the heavens, until the flood covered the earth, and the sun, after the storm, smiled down upon the watery waste, where a world lay entombed. Solitary and alone, without helm, mast, or sail, like a speck on the world-wide ocean, floated the ark with its freight. The olive branch, borne upon a weary but glad wing, proclaimed the subsiding of the deluge. The sunbeams kissed the vapors as they rolled up from the retiring waters, and the bow of promise lifted its arch into the clouds.

Noah went out and planted a vineyard. He partook of its fruits, and lay in his tent in the slumbers of drunkenness. The frailties of a good man are used to justify the drinking usages of to-day. The scourge of a world passed away, had commenced its progress again in the new. From that vineyard the tide has swept on, gathering in depth and power, until the debris of human ruin has been left on every shore where human foot has trodden. Stream has mingled with stream, and wave followed wave,

until every land and people have been scourged. In the hamlet, the city, the country, or wilderness, the influence has been the same. Nations have been drunken to madness. New woes and keener sorrows have been sent out to stalk through the world, followed by red-handed crime and ghastly death. Beneath those oblivious waves, the brightest hopes of earth and heaven have gone down; and up and down the world the stricken millions have wasted away, and prematurely mingled with a mother dust. North, east, south and west, the plague has spread. The white sails of commerce have borne it across oceans. The pioneer has carried it across the wilderness. The trader has scaled the mountain range, and thus, in civilized and savage clime, the noon-day scourge has sped on in its mission of ruin. In the hut of the savage, or where science, letters and art have elevated and refined, the effects have been the same. The very heart of human society has been poisoned, until along every artery of health and strength, the hot currents have swept in their blighting power. The shadow has fallen across nearly every hearth-side, and at the altar's base; and lingered there like the foot-prints of unutterable woe. Most every house has had one dead in it—every circle has been broken. Homes are ruined and deserted, and fields turned to waste. The wife and the children are driven out from the home-roof, and to-day the mothers of America, like Niobe of old, as they weep at their broken altars, are attempting to shield

their offspring from the shafts which fall thickly around, and quiver in the tender hearts they love. It is Intemperance that we speak of; the history of whose desolations has outstripped the wildest imagery of tragic fiction, and laughed to scorn the efforts of the tongue, pen or pencil. If hell has one more potent enginery of human degradation and crime upon earth than another, it is Intemperance. Its very sound sends a thrill back to the heart, and a Gorgon monster slowly rises up from its heart of blood among the graves.

The gloomy night of Intemperance long rested upon the world, and no day-star in the horizon. The death slumber was deep and profound. Like the fabled city which was petrified into stone, no trumpet blast rang out to awaken to life. Woe and want went band in hand. Vice and violence stalked unobstructed, and crime laughed and reeled in its drunkenness of blood. Alone in the sky, the malign light of the death-beacon followed man from the cradle to the grave. The monster sat at every gathering. At the birth, marriage, or death; in the home, shop, or field; at the social re-union, or the festive day—in hut, palace, or council-hall, it plied its work. The fair young bride stood at the altar in the light of her bright life-dream, and handed the goblet to him she had chosen to accompany in the pilgrimage of life. At the social board, the father followed the marriage prayer with a glass. In the silence of the night, where the living had just passed to the rest

of death, the detanter kept its watch with the watchers. What wonder, then, that Intemperance, like the red ploughshare of ruin, went under almost every hearth!

A missionary once found a heathen mother in tears. She wrung her hands as she left her hot kisses upon the lips of a beautiful child, calm in the slumbers of death. The little treasure had been bitten by a serpent. The woman was one of the serpent-worshippers, and the reptile, which had robbed her of her first and only child, lay coiled at the hearth-side of the home it had made desolate, safe from the avenging hand of the superstitious mother. She would not destroy it. Need we wonder at the superstition of the benighted heathen! To-day, America is a *nation of serpent worshippers*. We look around us, and how many homes are there where the serpent is coiled, yet madly cherished by those who have mourned the loved and the good, poisoned to death by its fangs! And at the same time we see a great and free people hesitating about crushing these serpents! The darker rites and fearful religion of the poor Pagan can but *share* our sympathies.

We are proud of our country and its institutions. There is no land like our land; no people like our people; no lakes like our lakes; no streams like our streams; no prairies like our prairies, or mountains like our mountains, as they sit upon a continent and nod to each other in the clouds. American enterprise and American genius, inventive and literary, is

startling a world from its slumbers. The heart of our republic throbs upon two shores ; and yet, at the heart of all our free institutions a cancer is tugging with never-resting energy. For its removal, Christians and philanthropists are marshaling.

It is but little over half a century since a land so favored groaned in bondage unbroken. No light had broke in ; no star had beamed out to guide our wise men to a Saviour. Humanity wept over the desolations. Patriotism saw its first stars pale and set in darkness. Religion saw its most gifted ones fall to rise no more. The strongest were in shackles, and the friend of his country and of man looked out sadly upon the scene, and saw no morning light in the dark night. Foreigners stigmatized us as a nation of drunkards. Thus, unobstructed, the work went on. The great deep of popular opinion had not been stirred by a single breath, but lay in its stillness until miasma had bred in its sluggish bosom, and rolled up to sicken and destroy. The thunder of popular will slumbered uninvoked in the ballot-box, or, like the three-mouthed dog of hell, sleeplessly guarded the wrongs there entrenched. A scourge was abroad in the land, yet a free and Christian people slept over their wrongs, and yielded without an effort to the annual conscription of Intemperance.

But a better era was to dawn upon our country. A brazen serpent was lifted. The trumpet-blasts of Temperance Reformers started the petrified cities into life. The plume tossed in the conflict, the war-

horse plunged and chafed, and in the light of the coming morning the *Banner of Temperance* rolled out like a beacon of hope and promise to gladden a world. A breath has swept the valley of Hinnom, and the sleepers arise. The ocean is swept by the storm, and hope springs up in the human heart. The light comes slowly, but it bears healing upon its wings, and heralds redemption to a rum-scourged world. There is joy in heaven and upon earth. The mother weeps tears of joy, and clasps her child to her bosom, with a prayer of gratitude for the promise which speaks of a better day for her and hers. And so the great moral revolution has commenced—a war of extermination, ending only when the rum traffic shall exist no longer. A free people are girding for the conflict with a hoary curse, saying to its armies, as they wage the strife from pillar to pillar—“Thus far, and no farther.”

The history of the Temperance Reformation is not yet written. The strife is yet in progress. But that history will occupy the brightest pages of our country's annals, and command the admiration of the world. We look back with a full heart and kindling eye upon that history. There is a moral sublimity and beauty in the record. It is like the beaming of the setting sunlight across the ocean. Storms may have swept the surface, and its waves dashed angrily upon the shore; but in its calm there is a wake of crimson and gold—a beautiful pathway, where angels might tread. The course of our reform has been marked

by the most important results. It has carried blessings to myriads of hearts and homes. There is an angel in its waters, and peace, happiness and hope spring up where desolation has withered up the greenness of earth. It is destined to revolutionize the sentiment of a world. It enlists all that is lovely and noble in the human heart—the eloquence of poetry, and the inspiration of genius; the fervor of patriotism, and the zeal of religion. Its principles are as plain to the mind as the sun at mid-day, and as just as God. It is the gospel of redemption to a rum-cursed world—the John the Baptist of the Christian religion. Like the Christian religion, its fruits bear full evidence of its blessed character. When John heralded the coming of the Saviour, he did not startle the world by the brilliancy of his promises. He did not announce that Christ was coming with a crown of gold upon his head and a monarch's sceptre in his hand, with legions of conquering warriors bristling in armor, and in his train the kings and princes—the rich and powerful, and *elite* of earth. No: the dumb should speak, the deaf should hear, the blind see, the lame walk, the dead be raised, and the gospel be preached to the poor. And thus along the pathway of Christianity, wherever its spirit has gained a foothold, there are eloquent records of its principles and influences. So with the Temperance Reform. The heralds did not announce that the fashionable and the wealthy, the titled great, the moneyed aristocracy of the land, would exclusively

lend it their countenance. But the blind have seen, the deaf have heard, the stone has been rolled away from the grave of drunkenness, and the lost restored; devils have been cast out of those cut among the tombs, and its gospel has been preached to the poor. The reform was designed by a kind God to lift up and restore poor fallen humanity, and not to add brilliancy to fashion, or popularity to men. The prodigals, who have wasted all in riotous living and hungered for the husks, have turned back from their dark wanderings, and the temperance cause has met them half-way, and rejoiced that the lost were found. The so-called fashionable have murmured, and turned away with scorn from such manifestations. They would so have scorned the meek Saviour, because he called after the sinner, and wept with and comforted the poor and afflicted.

The hand of Providence has marked the course of our cause. Step by step, it has moved onward, ever going deeper into the hearts and consciences of men. It has had its reverses, as has every great moral revolution which has agitated the world; but its first standard, "torn but flying," floats out prouder to-day than ever before. There is a hydra influence against it—one sleepless and gigantic. But ours is the majority, for God is with us. At times it has been beaten—its waves have rolled back and again mingled with their kindred waters; but they have returned to the shock with other waves and deeper flow, sweeping on with the strength and grandeur of

its power. Wealth has opposed it, fashion has sneered at it, interest has fought it, demagogues have stabbed it, and Iscariots have betrayed and sold it; but, like the oak matured in the storm, it has taken root, until its towering trunk sways defiance to the fiercest wrath of the tempest. And it will live, and flourish, and gloriously triumph.

The blessings of the Temperance Reform are sufficient to reward for an age of effort. One home made joyous—one broken heart healed and made happy—one man restored to manhood, family, society, and God—is a prouder and more enduring monument than ever towered in marble. What a change it has wrought in public sentiment! Look back—and many of us can remember it—to the time when tippling was interwoven with every custom of society, and infancy sucked drunkenness from the mother's breast. We know that intemperance yet sits like a nightmare upon the bosom of society; but there are millions of homes, and fields, and systems from which it has been forever banished. Where is now the physician that prescribes rum to the mother, or a mother who swallows such prescriptions, or feeds them to the child? Where is the family table where the morning bitters sit with the food which gives life and strength? Where is the mechanic who carries it to his shop? The farmer who furnishes it to his laborers in the field? The marriage where the health and happiness of the bride must be given in wine? The funeral where it

must mingle with the tears of the bereaved? They are scarce. A blessed light has dawned upon community, and it is found that man can be born, married, and die without the spirit of alcohol.

In the progress of the reform, nearer and still nearer to the enemy, the ground has been broken. The first position was not the one of to-day. The old pledge was the entering wedge, but it did not banish the insidious tempter from our own ranks. It coiled still in the wine-cup, and in the more common alcoholic beverages. Experience demonstrated the folly of chaining the mad dog, and the total abstinence pledge was adopted. Then came a war among temperance men, but the right triumphed; for, it was found that the old pledge was a dangerous ground for drinking men. Then came the Washingtonian movement, like a storm, and its floods swept on with startling intensity and power. There are ten thousand trophies where it moved; but the force of the torrent long since spent itself. The flames have died out upon its altars, as a general thing, and its legions disbanded, or enlisted in new organizations.

In the commencement of our reform, and for a number of years, the mass of its friends considered "moral suasion" as the only means of success. It would have accomplished its work, were all men susceptible to moral influences. But it would not answer the ends designed. While human nature is such as to require penal laws in the restraint and

punishment of its excesses, moral influences will never keep man from the commission of wrong. God's government is not based upon moral suasion alone. His laws are prohibitory, as are the laws upon our statute books. And against all this array of enactments, human and divine, wicked men continue to trample upon the rights of others. If laws will not prevent the commission of wrong, who would expect moral influences alone to protect the interests of society from the vicious and abandoned? And more especially would it fall far short of accomplishing such an object, when coming in contact with evils *sustained and guarded by legislation*. Seldom, while avarice has a home in the human heart, can bad men be influenced, by moral considerations, to abandon a traffic which law tolerates, and protects, and clothes with respectability. With a license law existing and shielding the seller from punishment, how long before he could be prevailed upon to abandon a lucrative business? In most instances time might end and find the traffic in its full strength, and those engaged in it as indifferent to our entreaties and appeals, as they are to-day.

It was thought that the fountain must be dried—the Upas uprooted and destroyed forever. Hence the idea of prohibition and protection. And this sentiment found a response in the hearts of the friends of the cause, enthusiastic and unanimous. Here was the great battle-ground, and around this banner the contending interests rallied. Eloquence

had been spent in vain, heretofore, so far as having any effect upon those engaged in the traffic. God's truth had thundered against them. Facts had been piled on facts, until they towered in fearful judgment against them. Arguments unanswerable had been adduced, and appeals of the most earnest and touching pathos been made. All had been in vain. Entrenched behind law, and flanked by the unscrupulous demagogism of the country, they looked unmoved upon the ruin wrought by their own hands, and laughed all our efforts to scorn. A new system of warfare must be adopted, or the strife would be tor time. As in times past, so Providence, at this juncture, directed the movements. Then appeared a light in the east, and clear and startling above the din of the strife, came a new battle-cry, thrilling like an electric shock, and everywhere arousing our wearied hosts. A new banner out, and its magic words filled all hearts with zeal, faith and hope. "The Maine Law" was an emblem of triumph. It was thought to be the mystic writing upon the wall, announcing the downfall of the Babylon whose iniquities had so long cursed the earth, and the political Belshazzars already looked upon the record of sure-coming doom, and trembled. The new plan was as simple as potent. It embodied, in a stringent form, the principles of prohibition and protection. Like all other laws for the prevention of crime, it struck at the cause, leaving the streams to dry up, when no longer fed by the fountain. It dispensed with arguments and appeals. It left no dripping

heads to multiply others, but attacked the hydra in his den, and with the hot irons of fine and imprisonment, seared as it went. From various causes the MAINE LAW failed to accomplish the grand results hoped for it, by those who fought under the banner. Still, much good was done, and the last great day shall marshal an army, saved from the power of the second death, as one of the benefits of the Maine Law agitation.

Again the banner of the Temperance Reformation is flung to the breeze. Before the emblem of joy was seen in the East. Now it unfurls its folds over the valleys of the great West, and, from present appearances, the "movement" will go on till the broad Union is made to feel its power. Grand results have already been accomplished. Many desolate homes have been made happy. Every day the telegraph brings us news of victory. May "God defend the right" in the battle

In what is called the "Woman's Movement," the method of procedure is for women to meet early in the morning in one of the churches, hold a prayer and singing meeting for an hour or so, and then start forth in bands of ten or twenty, visiting the various saloons and drug stores where liquor is sold, presenting a form of pledge to cease retailing liquors, with a request to sign and stop selling liquor. If they comply, the ladies pass on to another; but if they are met with a refusal, then they exhort, persuade, hold a prayer-meeting, sing a hymn, etc., and pass

on, promising to "call again." Sometimes the prayer-meetings continue for hours with fervent petition, earnest entreaty, and persistent pleading. This is repeated every day till the dealers are subdued. Day after day, in winter's cold and sleet, these meetings are continued, until very many towns are redeemed from the sale of liquor.

Various instrumentalities have operated in bringing the Temperance Reform up to its present commanding position. Able men have written and spoken, and from the rostrum and the pulpit public opinion has been educated. But the great engine has been the Press. This giant friend of man in a free country, has scattered its light, its facts, arguments and appeals, into millions of hearts and homes. It has invoked a storm slowly, but none the less effectually. The mutterings of years past are deepening into startling peals, and the red language of popular indignation and wrath glows ominously bright across the sky. The deep of public opinion is rocking to its depths.

The Temperance Press, at first struggling with almost overwhelming difficulties, has slowly increased in ability and power, and to-day exerts a controlling influence upon public sentiment. The literature of our reform is assuming a more refined and elevated character, and clothing great truths in pure and more attractive garb; and never was there a wider field for the exercise of intellectual effort. The wildest dreams of fiction seem tame in comparison with the stern

and sober realities of our cause. Tragedies, more fearfully dark and startling than Avon's bard ever sketched, are thickly traced on the record of rum's history. Scenes which would mock the artist's pencil are of daily occurrence. The desolate home, with its heart-broken wife and mother, with her pale cheek channeled with tears of unutterable woe, as she bends weeping over the drunken wreck of her youth's idol; the child-group shivering in the blast or clinging to that mother, as they moan for bread; the orphan turned out, with no friend but God, into the wide world; youth wrecked and palsied with premature age; manhood reeling amid the ruins of mind and moral beauty, the sepulchre of a thousand hopes; genius driveling in idiocy and crumbling into ruin; the virtuous and noble-minded turning away from truth and honor, and plunging into every vice; the parent and citizen wandering away from a home-heaven, through a devious and dark pilgrimage, to a dishonored grave; the home-idol shivered and broken, the altar cast down, and an Eden transformed into a hell; childhood and innocence thrust out from the love-light of a mother's eye, to wallow in all that is low and vile; Poverty and Want looking with pinched and piteous gaze upon the scanty tribute of charity; foul and festering Vice, with sickly and bloated features, leering and droolling in licentious beastiality; Madness, with fiery eye and haggard mien, weeping and wailing and cursing in the rayless night of intellectual chaos; Crime, with its infernal "ha! ha!" as

it stalks forth from its work of death, with its red hand dripping with the hot and smoking life-tide of its victim ;—these, and ten thousand other combinations of warp and woof, are woven into tales of wondrous intensity and power. The hovel, the dram shop, the subterranean den, and the mansion of fashion and wealth, have all furnished the material for tales of startling interest. When fiction even has called up its weird creations, they have been but copies of the facts already transpired. The moral is always there. Thus poetry and romance have combined to place the realities of two opposing principles in striking contrast. Such is the object of the following tale, from the perusal of which we will no longer detain the kind reader. That the “new movement” may triumph, and the dark shadow of Intemperance pass away, is the earnest prayer of him who has thus far claimed attention. The door is open, and the reader can go in and examine the structure of the author’s fabric at leisure.



LADIES IN THE "WOMEN'S MOVEMENT."

MINNIE HERMON

CHAPTER I.

A MARKED CHARACTER INTRODUCED TO THE READER.

ON one of the coolest days of the autumn of 18 , by invitation, we visited, for the purpose of lecturing, one of the pleasantest villages in southern New-York.

The sun was far down in an unclouded sky, its beams mellowing in the blue haze which curtained the distant hills, and lingering like a smile from bliss upon the variegated woodlands.

Without seeking the friend who had invited us to enjoy his hospitality, we passed through the village, and turned from the highway into the fields, and upward to where a picturesque eminence promised a more attractive view of the autumn scene. The paths and the hollows were filled with the rustling leaves, the faded garniture of summer—and yet a more beautiful carpeting than art ever wove. From beneath a leaning maple, we turned to gaze long upon the landscape stretched beneath us. The woods upon the hills were draped in that gorgeous beauty

of the American autumn, a sea of rustling waves crested with golden and crimson foam, flecked here and there with the dark hue of the evergreens. The symmetrical forms of the maple and the walnut dotted the farm lands of the husbandman with pyramids of russet and flame-like canvass.

The Susquehanna wound through the valley and away to the south, glowing and shimmering in the sunbeams. We turned away from that which had yielded us so much pleasure, and still further above us saw a stranger, evidently enjoying the same prospect. His tall form stood out in striking relief from its background of distant sky, his attitude and mien graceful and imposing, as with head bared and hat in hand, he stood with folded arms, looking down upon the valley. As we stepped out from under the low-hanging branches, the rustling leaves attracted his attention. He returned our salutation with a manner so easy and dignified, that we at once recognized one of more than ordinary mind and polish. The true gentleman never forgets his position under any circumstances, much less in recognizing and returning the courtesies of a stranger.

Passing the village grave-yard, where the white slabs gleamed in the setting sun, we noticed seven highly finished ones standing closely together, and the same name chiseled upon all. The grass towered rankly upon the mounds, and the mould had long gathered at the base of the marble. The mounds were of the same length, thickly strewn with the

leaves of the willow which dropped its boughs until they nearly swept the ground. As we emerged from the lane leading to the burial grounds, we again encountered the tall stranger of the hillside, leaning with a sad and thoughtful countenance over the fence near where we had stood by the seven graves.

The afternoon following, while standing upon the church steps with a friend, awaiting the gathering of the people, a note was slipped into our hand by a friend. It read thus :

“We are not used to harsh language here yet ; — be guarded. Hon. Mr. Fenton will hear you. He is a citizen of talent and influence, and we wish to have him in our Division ; but he is a drinking man, owns the tavern, and is extremely sensitive. Touch him gently. A FRIEND.”

And so the *Hon.* Mr. Fenton, and a rumseller, would hear us. And must we hesitate in laying bare the iniquities of the traffic, because a gentleman of wealth, talent and standing was engaged in it ? Thrusting the note into our pocket, we determined to take our own course — appeal kindly to men, but boldly and truthfully speak of the wrong.

A sea of heads was before us, curiosity drawing many to attend the long talked of demonstration. Conspicuous in the centre of the audience, his keen grey eye scanning the speaker with a stern and steady gaze, sat our tall acquaintance. “That,” whispered

a clergyman at our side, "is the Hon. Mr. Fenton. If you are severe, he will answer you." We were satisfied from whence the note of advice.

Carelessly we commenced our remarks upon the prevalence and universal spread of intemperance. Quick answering tears, from a sad looking woman on the first seat, responded to the truth of the remarks made, and filled our own heart with tears. Warming as the interest increased, we continued: "In the mild sunlight of this blessed day, we look over your heads and out through the raised windows, where your kindred are at rest upon the kind bosom of our common mother. We know not the history of this community, but the destroyer has been among you. Undisturbed by our voice, the sleepers are resting on where the rank grass weaves its mat over their graves. Wherever the living carry their dead the cold arms of earth have been rudely opened to wrap the victims of the scourge. Innocence, manhood and old age; the strong, the beautiful, the loved, and the true, have alike been consigned to premature graves. How cruel the blows which crushed from their hearts, life and its throbbing hopes! The kind marble heralds not their sad histories; but garnered in kindred hearts, are the memories of wrongs which ever ask a tribute of bitter tears, as the living stand by their graves. Have no circles been broken in this community? Have no loved ones been torn away from hearts which dripped tear-drops of blood, to go down in darkness to their graves? And no bright

resurrection morn to burst upon their long night of sleep? Who of you have friends in that old yard, whom you feel were wrenched away from heart and home by torturing inches, and worse than murdered? Is there a parent — an old mother — a broken-hearted wife — a sister of never swerving love — a child who has no parent but God — who does not go in there to weep over a grave where Hope never smiles and Faith never whispers “All is well?” Make our heart a store-house of the dark records of your history, and from this desk we will tread the grass-grown alleys, and here and there lay our hands upon cold and silent witnesses, proclaiming in the sad eloquence of enduring marble, the triumphs of the common scourge. Here is one, and there another! But for rum, they might have sat at your hearths this day. And who slew them? Is there no hand here among you red with a brother’s blood? Look! and if so, turn away to a better life, and yield no more incense to the shrine of blood!”

The “Hon. Mr. Fenton” sat with his eye upon us as we proceeded, his chin resting upon his palm as he leaned upon the pew before him. A lone tear slowly gathered on the lid, and coursing down his cheek, dropped upon the open hand. As our introduction ended, he involuntarily raised his head and looked upon his hand, as though blood had gathered there in judgment against him, then bowing himself upon his hands, he remained until the meeting was dismissed.

As we passed down the desk, Mr. Fenton came boldly forward and stood at the door. The audience

were instantly hushed, expecting a war of words between him and the stranger. Reaching out, he clasped our extended hand in both of his, and stood, with swimming eyes, silently before us. We knew there would be no strife between us, for a better manhood gave utterance in the eye, and his grasp was almost convulsive in its energy.

"You are an honest man!" passionately exclaimed Mr. Fenton. "You have uttered the truth — solemn, fearful truth. *My* hands are red with more than a brother's blood. God forgive me! Let *me* tell you where they sleep, — those *I* have loved and lost!"

Mr. Fenton took our arm within his own, and together we passed into the yard just back of the church. He passed by the seven graves, and silently looked down upon them, while his broad chest heaved with strong emotion.

"*There*," said he, with wild energy, — "there they are — all — *all*! There are my father and mother; the one died a drunkard and the other broken-hearted. In the next four graves are my — my boys. Brave, noble boys they were, too, as ever parent loved. In their strong manhood, they too, died *drunkards*! And here — merciful God! at my feet, is my injured, my murdered wife!" and kneeling like a child, and throwing his strong arms over the grave, he wept as a child would weep. "O! if God can forgive, may the last of a once happy band be gathered with thee at last; and the hand which wrought thy ruin be washed with pardon of its cruel crime. O, what a

fearful infatuation has rested upon me," he continued, as he raised himself from his kneeling posture. "I see it all now. Here by the graves of my kindred — my *all*, before you, sir, and these people, my injured wife in Heaven, and God, I solemnly swear that this hand *never shall again extend the ruinous cup to my fellow man*. My life shall be spent, so far as it is possible, in undoing the wrong I have committed."

In the clear air of that bright autumn afternoon, a shout, free and full with gladness, went up from the people in testimony of the high resolve. Bonfires were kindled in the evening, and joy beamed upon each countenance, lit up by the glare with greater intensity, as the blue flame of the burning liquors burst up and wreathed and hissed with the red ones of the burning timbers.

"*And so may my soul burn in hell*, if I ever harbor the cursed poison again!" Startled by the fierce energy of the speaker, we turned, to find Mr. Fenton looking upon the scene with a pale and compressed lip.

CHAPTER II.

THE MANUSCRIPT.

OUR host was early astir, every move characterized by a new and more hopeful life. Before we had arisen, all the machinery of drinking had been removed from the bar, and citizens were already gathered on the piazza, in earnest conversation upon the events of the previous day.

Mr. Fenton persisted in accompanying us across the river, talking sadly of the past and hopefully of the future. "At parting, he laid a heavy roll of papers in our hands, with a rapid history of their contents and of the manner in which they came into his possession. A friend of his, in early life, became intemperate, through the plotting of a villain; and in one of his fits of madness, turned his family from the door, and under charge of murder, was confined in prison, awaiting his trial. He was tried and condemned, but escaped before the day of execution. This manuscript, the labor of long days of imprisonment, was handed me under seal, while in the place, with the simple injunction that, should the writer never be heard of again, his friend should make such use of it as he saw fit. You," said Mr. Fenton, "know much of the history of intemperance and its



WALTER'S MOTHER.

terrible ruin ; but yet, the within may furnish you with something equally as interesting as that you have already learned. You will find the impress of no ordinary mind, and its publication, in whole or in part may interest others as well as yourself."

The writing was more in the style of a private diary than otherwise. We shall give, in the course of our history, the substance of the matter, occasionally transcribing whole chapters as we find them written.

" OLD MEMORIES.

"The ocean of life may present a calm, unbroken surface to the eye — the very picture of repose ; while beneath the dark and turbid currents are surging to and fro, black and angry, as they toss and leap against one another.

"The sky may smile without a cloud, as its blue depths are bathed in a flood of sunshine ; and yet the lightning be heating its red bolts, and the storm troops marshaling for the onset.

"The human countenance may be as calm as that ocean, while bitter waters are welling up in the heart, as bright with sunshine as that sky unclouded, and yet the fierce tempest be sweeping across the soul, or the echoes of Sorrow's wail lingering amid the ruins of hopes which have been destroyed. The wildest imagery of fiction is more than surpassed by the realities of the 'fitful fever' which we treat so lightly, and yet so madly cling to at its ending.

“While carelessly touching my guitar, the fingers unconsciously swept the strings to the measure of an old and sacred air, holy with the inseparable associations of scenes that never die! That touch was like the gush of long pent-up waters, and the flood of other days is again rushing through the soul, a mingled tide of sweet and bitter currents, now bathed with sunlight, and again dark with gloom.

“I drop the guitar and gaze long and dreamily into the fire, watching the vision of years as they troop by. I am young again! Ah! but 't was a dream, for the growl of my dog has dispelled the illusion, and I awake to find a tear on my lids, from which bright beams of silver are dancing to the waning embers in the grate. That tear has escaped from a sacred fount, sealed long and long ago.

“I touch the strings again. The thoughts flow calmer, and a strong impulse urges me to write. And why should I profane the sanctuary where early hopes and dreams are buried? Some will sneer at the revelation. And yet to see the words as they are traced upon the sheet, will be like looking on the faces of those long since at rest. There is no one here to see me if I weep; and these weather-beaten cheeks will welcome a shower from the heart's flood, which has been so unexpectedly stirred to its earlier depths.

“My manhood's hopes have gone out in darkest night, and infamy rests upon the once proud and untarnished name of Walter Brayton. An evil destiny has followed me and I am now incarcerated in a dungeon,

through the success of as foul a plot as human fiends ever conceived, to accomplish another's ruin. The world cares not for one whose career has ended so ignominiously, and it may never see my name vindicated from the stigma which now so unjustly rests upon it. The fickle populace has forgot its idol, and none but her whom I have most deeply injured stands by my side, while all else has been beaten down by the storm which has come upon me. She clings to me with a devotion which no destiny, however dark, can wrench away. A 'life history' may never be seen by other eyes than my own, if ever completed; but the long days will speed on lighter wing, even while I am tracing dark chapters in my cell. My crushed manhood's tears shall attest the truth of what I shall write, eloquent, it may be, in warning to whoever may trace these lines, to shun a course which has so trodden down as proud a spirit and aspiring ambition as ever throbbed in the bosom of early manhood.

"When eighteen years of age, my father removed from New Jersey, to a small and retired country settlement in one of the northern counties of New York. He had once been a merchant of business and standing—had mingled in the highest commercial circles, and I never could divine the reason of his locating in such a section of the country.

"There are faint remembrances of my early home. There is a vague, shadowy outline of a dark old dwelling, now lingering in my mind. All is dim,

misty, uncertain. I can hardly trace those outlines at this late day, for the foot-prints of years have gone over them. The impressions seem half dreams and half realities. The remembrance is gloomy, withal, and as I wander back, I shrink involuntarily at the spectral shadows which people and throng around that dream-land tenement.

“There was an old room, with high, sombre walls, and deep windows, over which hung rich, heavy curtains, nearly shutting out the light of day. Dark, massive chairs and sofas stood against the walls. And I remember that I dreaded the mirrōr which gave back the spectral outlines of the old nurse, and stepped back with a noiseless tread to the half-opened door. Once I looked out of those windows — only once. As I parted the faded curtains, the net-work of cobwebs brought down a cloud of the black and ugly looking creatures, and drove me away in a fright.

“But there was one room which I remember with more dread than I do the old parlor. It was across the hall, and I never saw the light of day break in upon its darkness but once. I was a child, and through the open door crept in and across to the window. I then clambered upon the sill, and with childish curiosity, pulled aside the curtains. Oh, what a flood of warm, pure sunshine gushed into the dark place; I remember it distinctly, and how red and beautiful the sun itself appeared just above the sea of roofs! I clapped my tiny hands and shouted

with glee, upon which the old nurse stole up behind me, and bore me away to the kitchen.

“I can remember but one more visit to that room. Everything wore a mysterious and saddened aspect. People trod lightly over the floor, and spoke in whispers. I watched all with sobered interest. At last an old lady friend took me in her arms and carried me in. A lamp burned dimly in the gloom, and the old clock ticked with painful distinctness in the hushed apartment.

“The nurse then raised me up, and held me where I could look upon the bed. As I looked down with a shrinking fear, I beheld a pale, calm face, the eyes closed as if in slumber, but oh, how still! A dread crept over me—the first startling knowledge of death. The nurse laid my hand upon the cheek—’twas cold—how cold! and as that strange chill crept back to my child-heart, I wept. I felt that something sad and sorrowful had taken place; that some one whom I loved had gone—some friend—and the young heart welled up its flood of unchecked grief. . . . A mother had gone to her rest!

“I remember but one place with pleasure in that old dwelling. It was where the sun shone brightly, and the vines crept thickly over the lattice-work. As I look back upon that obscure mirror of childhood, I see a happy throng, and merry sport they had. But the most hallowed dream of all, is that of a sad, kind face, which hung over me and touched mine so tenderly. I *know* that she had a low, silvery voice, for

it fell soothingly upon my childish fears and pains, and its tender echoes have never died away in my heart. I have heard no such tones since, save as they float up and linger on the tide of memory.——The voice of a MOTHER speaks in those echoes!

“But how my pen has wandered under the influence of these old memories! Ah, well! I have not talked of these things before in long years, and my old heart yearns for sympathy.

“After our settlement in the new home, I became a tall, thoughtful boy. Care had written deep lines upon my father’s face, and he said but little. Grief, too, had furrowed his features deeply, and a silvery white was fast mingling with his locks of jet black. But he was cold, stern, passionless, unchanging.

“I never saw my father manifest the least emotion but once. As I entered the parlor one morning, he was standing before a portrait that I had loved from my childhood. My step aroused him, and as he turned, I saw a tear upon either cheek. He passed out of the room, and I took his place before the picture, and stood looking dreamily until my own cheeks were wet with tears.——I wept before the shadow of a substance which had forever passed away.

“Bitter knowledge came to me as I arrived at young manhood. My father had been a drunkard; my mother had been ill-treated by the husband of her youth, and had died broken-hearted. My love for her intensified as I learned the painful history, and I looked still more fondly upon that picture in the par-

lor, and thought that, had I been a man while she was living, I could have been her protector.

“It was by accident that I learned this sad history of wrong and neglect in him whom I had so loved as my father. In a drawer of old papers I found a letter. From a careless glance at the commencement, my attention became riveted, and I read with a throbbing heart until, through the blinding tears, I saw at the bottom my own mother’s name. The letter had evidently been written at different dates, and was blotted with tears.

“MY SISTER: — Crushed and broken beneath the ruins of all my early hopes, I turn to you to ask your forgiveness, and to pour into your too kind bosom the sorrows that overwhelm me. My heart aches—aches with its knowledge of blighted hopes, and of the fearful and bitter truths which have so thickly come upon me: my brain aches and turns almost to madness, as the history of a year sweeps over me. Oh, Martha! how I long to *die*—to lie down in the cold and quiet rest of the grave!

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“Do you remember, Martha, the night before I was married, what you said to me as we stood under the old elm in the garden?—and how bitterly I spoke and repelled the warning you whispered to me in tears? You would forgive me, I know you would, were you to see me now. My poor heart bleeds at every pore; my cheek has faded and fallen away;

and you would not recognize in this ghastly wreck the wayward girl of our dear old home.

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"All is dark. Not a ray of hope on earth. I weep over my sleeping babes ; but I must die. God protect them.

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"That bright future, Martha, is all gloom — black, black as night. I have wept, and prayed, and besought. He mocks me. Great God ! Martha, he mocks me in his drunken madness ! He wildly laughs as I weep. To-day, I held our babe to him for a caress ; he cruelly struck the innocent sleeper with his hand !

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"I am dying, Martha ! Do not weep ; I long for rest. God will protect my babe. The consumption of sorrow and suffering is wasting my weary heart.

"Our neighbors are kind, or we should suffer. Your ever kind heart will bleed when you know that the daughter of Colonel Wilder is in want. But I tell it to warn you. Never, as you hope for peace on earth, trust the man who drinks.

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"Frederick appears utterly indifferent. He spends his nights principally at the tavern, and is sullen when at home. Oh, it is hard to die thus. . . My cup overflows. Would to God that I had died when my mother died ! Frederick came in this evening at the earnest appeal of our friends. How changed *he* is, as well as myself ! He spoke bitterly to me, and demanded my *wedding jewels* — *he had*

gambled, and lost! He attempted to take the beautiful Bible our mother gave me, and as I lay my hand upon it in mute appeal, he — oh, Martha! — he struck me a heavy blow. . . . Consciousness has returned, and the Bible is gone! . . . I shall die to-night. God protect the boy. . . .

“ ‘ ELLEN.’ ”

“ I mingled my own bitter tears with those that had long since become dry upon the blotted page, and went forth into the world with my boy-bosom throbbing with the hate of manhood against the curse which had killed my mother.”

CHAPTER III.

MINNIE HERMON.

“FOR a long time after removing to Oakvale, I found no kindred spirit with which to commune. My father was reserved, seldom smiled, or addressed a pleasant word to his only child.

“My young and impetuous nature must find employment in hunting. Day after day for weeks at a time, with fishing rod or gun, I ranged the dense forests which stretched away for miles in the immediate vicinity of Oakvale. I had found every overhanging crag, every waterfall and dark ravine, and threaded every stream. Thus engaged, I had not noticed the arrival of strangers in the village, and should have cared but little if I had.

“The winter somewhat restrained my sports, but, with the early spring, I was abroad again with dog and gun. Immediately back of Oakvale was a mountain stream, which plunged down a succession of falls into a deep, dark chasm, and rolled away through the valley. Recent rains had raised it to a swollen and angry tide, the cascades presenting one unbroken sheet of spray and foam. Nearly half way up the first fall was a wide, projecting mass of rock, overhanging the abyss so far that the spectator could obtain a complete view of the whole gorge above, un-

obstructed by the dense growth of overhanging spruce. The path to this landing place was through a wide fissure in the rocks, the rugged masses and dark evergreens rising upon either side until the sunbeams were shut entirely out. From this opening a circuitous and narrow path wound to the foot of the mountain.

“From early morn until late in the afternoon, I had followed a deer with ill success. Thrice had he taken to the river, across which I had followed him, until I was wet, weary and hungry. The dog did not close up with rigor, or the sport might have been soon ended. The deer at last crossed through the village and entered the river at the base of the mountain. Unleashing a fresh dog at home, I took the ferry and followed, sure of soon putting an end to the work. The dog drove the chase so closely that he entered the path to the table rock, and struggled with desperate vigor up the steep ascent. As he entered the rocky path I felt sure of him, for there was no egress but into the foaming basin beneath.

“The more rapid baying of the hound put new vigor into my weary steps, and I hurried forward. Entering the defile, I found the stag at bay, and the dog vainly attempting to reach him. Beyond and immediately upon the tall rock, over the chasm, was an apparition, so unexpected and startling, that my steps were fastened to the rock, and I looked in utter bewilderment, scarcely knowing whether it was real or imaginary. Slightly leaning forward, with hands

clasped and lips parted, and with a countenance of deathly paleness, stood the loveliest female figure I had ever beheld. She was beautiful in her terror — her hair hanging in heavy masses as it had fallen from its fastenings upon her exquisitely arched neck. A noble Newfoundland stood bristling and growling before her. At the instant the old dog came up, and with a fierce yell sprang at the stag, the latter turning upon his heels like lightning, and darting for the rock where the female stood.

“‘Down—*down on your face!*’ I screamed; but he lowered his antlers, and, like an arrow, shot over into the boiling gulf, carrying stranger, dogs, and all with him. A shriek came up distinctly above the roar of the waters, and I reached out to grasp the rock for support. As quickly I became strangely calm again, and rushed to the brink with a sickening sensation. My own dog and the deer were swimming in company down the swift current, but the Newfoundler, with the shoulders of his insensible mistress in his grasp, was swimming about as if at a loss where to strike out. Leaning over the rock, I swung my hat and shouted until the dog heard me, and with little hope of being understood, I urged him down the stream. The noble brute understood me, and struck out into the current. Reckless of life or limb, I turned and ran to the foot of the precipice, reaching the bend in the river just as the nearly exhausted dog and his burden swept around the point. He had exhausted himself in stemming the tide in the attempt

to reach the shore; and as he shot past, he turned upon me an eye whose strangely sad intelligence spoke mutely the language of despair. Leaping into the current, I struck out, and soon reached the dog and his prize, and after beating the current until nearly despairing, succeeded in reaching the shore.

“It was a long time before life returned to the insensible form of the beautiful stranger; but she was a prize worth saving! She was the only child of a middle-aged man, who had just moved into the village, with the remains of a broken fortune. Her history had been a sad one, as had mine; and our spirits, kindred in misfortunes, craved each other’s companionship.

“A dark tempter had wrought the ruin of Mr. Hermon, and his wife had gone to her grave in the midst of the desolation. But like a star gleaming above the clouds of the storm, was the faith and devotion of the daughter.

“*Minnie Hermon* was just budding into womanhood, and one of the most beautiful creatures of female purity and loveliness it had ever been my fortune to become acquainted with. She was as gentle as a midsummer’s breath, and as pure and lovely as that midsummer’s flowers: and yet, she was a rock amid the wrecked fortunes of her father. Her spirit stood proudly up, and with that strange energy peculiar to woman under such circumstances, looked calmly upon the storm, while the spirit of the strong man bowed to the earth.

"Minnie possessed every virtue which sheds a lustre upon the character of woman. She was not wild or wayward ; — a tinge of sadness mingled with the lovely calmness of her countenance ; her very motion, and look, and tone, were calm, falling upon all around like mellow sunlight. All loved Minnie Hermon.

"I *loved* her with the intense, idolatrous devotion of youth. Our natures were similar ; our histories, too, were much the same ; and a feeling of common sympathy seemed to draw our hearts into closer communion the more we learned of each other's history. Each turned with sadness from the past, for we both had a drunken father, and both had lost a mother.

"We were happy. The old woods stretched down the mountain side to the outskirts of the village ; streams leaped and danced to the valley's bed, and then babbled onward to the river. Many a wild nook was hidden among the mountains, and there we rambled and dreamed, with nature around us.

"Not a word had ever passed our lips of *love* ; and yet each heart knew all. Even as we watched the gliding streams, or the sunlight as it faded out over the hills, hearts conversed while lips moved not ; and the warp and woof of a holy tie were weaving into our destinies.

"Minnie was no ordinary woman. Her mind had suffered nothing from the education of so called fashionable life : its native — in some respects more than masculine — strength was unimpaired. The circumstances of her father's failure had brought out all the



MINNIE AND WALTER.

energies of her character, by throwing her back upon her own resources. She had improved all her advantages, and still retained the original nobleness and purity of her nature.

“And thus we spent some of our brightest years, dreaming together as we watched the drifting of the summer clouds, which were mirrored in the bosom of the lake which slept among the hills.

“Dreams are like clouds!— a cloud was drifting over *our* sky, surcharged with a bitter storm.”

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CHAPTER IV.

A NEW PROJECT.

“THE business of the little village was increasing and it was talked of that the little community needed a tavern: its business interests required such an ‘accommodation,’ it was thought. And so the matter was gravely discussed; and as Mr. Hermon seemed to be best located for the accommodation of ‘the public,’ he was urged to open a tavern. Of course rum must be sold; for, at that day, a tavern could not have been kept without it. That fatal idea has filled a world with dead men’s bones.

“I had not yet heard of the project on foot. On entering the dwelling of Hermon one evening, I found Minnie in tears. Her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, and long, convulsive sobs were struggling for utterance. I was startled, but soon learned the cause of her trouble, for she told me all.

“The remembrance of the past swept over her like the shadow of gloom, and she shrank from the darkened future. Her father had that evening informed her of the new project, and of his determination to carry it out.

“I saw it all at a glance. I not only saw the troubles which were thickening over the head of Minnie,

but felt their malign influence sweeping across my own sky. A presentiment of swift-coming evil darkened in the heart, as my mind dwelt with painful intensity upon the history of my own mother and her unhappy death.

“At the close of the last section, I spoke to the reader of a cloud which was fast drifting across the sky of Minnie Hermon and myself. I had no definite conception of what that cloud would be, yet a feeling of dread came over me. I felt its approach. Its shadow seemed to fall into my pathway, and I looked for the coming of some bitter trouble. I always believed in presentiments, and the darkest one of my life warned me of some approaching trial.

“At the close of a spring day, I wandered up the mountain to the accustomed retreat; but the golden sunbeams faded out one by one, and Minnie came not. That same foreboding of evil came over me again, until the music of the waterfall murmured with a tone of sadness, and the low breathings of the old forest were like sighs in the evening breeze.

“I returned to the village and sought the residence of Mr. Hermon. I found him in company with my father and several other of the more prominent citizens of the place, busily discussing some matter in the parlor.

“‘It will be worth a hundred dollars a year to the place,’ remarked our merchant, as I entered.

“‘And besides, be a great accommodation to the traveling public,’ continued Deacon Smith.

“ ‘It will bring a great deal of business to the place,’ lisped a young lawyer, who had just hung out his shingle in the village.

“ ‘Not only that, but it will make business right here amongst us,’ said the doctor, a man of much talent, and beloved by all with whom he associated

“ ‘We can then hold our general parades here,’ remarked Colonel James, and his eyes twinkled at the idea of his appearance in epaulettes in his own community.

“ ‘Farmers from the country will always find it a convenient stopping-place to stop when here to trade, or to get their milling done,’ said a young farmer of wealth, who lived some three miles out of the village.

“ ‘The thing will give us a reputation abroad,’ continued my father, as the party all left to continue the discussion of this new plan at the store.

“What this new project might be, which met with such cordial approbation from the leading men in the village, I had not learned.

“As the company passed out, Minnie entered the room from an opposite direction. She met my usual greeting with a strange and embarrassing silence. I urged her to explain, when she only answered with a fresh burst of grief.

“She wept herself into calmness, and then revealed to me the cause of her sorrows.

“The subject of the discussion in the parlor was explained, and I at once saw the nature of the cloud which hung ominously in our sky. A faint, sickening

sensation crept to my heart while I listened to the footfalls of the tempter which was to transform our Eden into a realm of darkness. That tempter assumed no definite shape to my inexperienced mind. I saw nothing clearly, but yet I shuddered at Minnie's revelation. A low hiss murmured upon my ear, and a sound of demoniac laughter audibly started me from my chair. I involuntarily turned, but nothing but the pure moonlight beamed in at the window.

“Why is it that the approach of some evil is so startlingly foreshadowed?

“A TAVERN was to be opened in the village. This was the new project, and its necessity was urged by nearly all the inhabitants, in such kind of reasoning as was heard at the house of Hermon. A public house was needed, said such people, and as Mr. Hermon was the best situated to open one, his house was hit upon for the tavern. Though I spoke words of cheer to Minnie, she could not smile, and there was a weight at my own heart, which gave the lie as they fell. She looked upon the project as the very fountain head of unutterable woe to her and hers. I remarked, against my own convictions, that all might be well, but she solemnly answered :

““Walter, you do not know all that I know of these taverns. I have seen my father leave his home and spend his time and money there, in the dead of winter, and poverty and want close around our hearth-side, until my own sunny childhood has been crushed, and the mother of my idolatry grew pale

and emaciated for the want of fuel and bread! Oh, God! it is horrible to think of. I could have coined my young blood to have warmed and fed—to have saved her. I saw her thin and staggering form felled to the hearth by—*my father's hand!* Do you see this?' and she pointed to a broad scar on the back of her head. 'The same hand and the same weapon laid me senseless as I raised my child-hands to save my mother. And yet, a kinder father or happier home child never knew, than I once had. My heart burns within me until I well-nigh go mad, as the deep-rooted hatred against the cause of all our misery is aroused anew at the mention of a *tavern*. I have starved, Walter—aye—*starved* for the want of bread. I have waded the cold winter drifts until my very heart was chilled to its centre, and then been laughed at by the crowd assembled. Pinched with cold and hunger, I have begged for a wasting mother. That mother died in a hovel, and was buried as a *pauper*,—the very fingers of death robbed of a wedding-ring wherewith to purchase rum! The tavern did it all. *May God's curse rest upon them!*'

"Minnie bowed her face in her hands, and wept long and bitterly. I thought of my own mother, and of the letter which so fearfully revealed her sad history, and mingled my own tears with hers.

"Late at night, I returned with a heavy heart to my father's house.

"The next morning, I asked my father what it was which he and his friends were so earnestly talking

about at Mr. Hernion's. There was a slight flush upon his cheek as he looked me in the eye, and abruptly answered,

“‘A tavern, sir!’

“That ‘sir,’ stung me. The tone and the look were somewhat startling. I at once saw that it was a matter which he did not wish to talk with me about; but I became emboldened, and determined to discountenance the project, though all the magnates of the village should favor it. I spoke confusedly, yet with all the impetuous earnestness of youth. I felt that I was right. I dared to denounce taverns as a curse—as places where men were made to neglect and abuse their own families and disgrace themselves.

“I had unthinkingly touched a tender spot, and his black eye kindled and flashed as he bent his full gaze upon me. There was a paleness about his lips, and he breathed huskily through his clenched teeth, while a bitter and scornful smile gave his countenance a dark and forbidding outline. I knew he was deeply angered, yet feared him not. At any other time, I should have shrunk from such portents, but my young blood was up at his menacing appearance, and some mysterious influence unclosed a torrent of warm words from my lips. I followed up my blows, he glaring at me, and his broad bosom heaving under excitement.

“‘*Boy!*’ at last he fiercely hissed between his hard-set teeth as his rage found vent in words, ‘*Boy!* no more out of your head. I’ll not be thus outraged by

your impudence. I can attend to yours. Go, sir, your presence can be dispensed with.'

"He literally stamped and chafed, but while he boiled with passion, I became perfectly cool. I confess that there was something of revenge in my coolness. The letter of my mother came up before me, and every word glowed like hot lava in my blood and burned upon my tongue's end. A pent-up tide of bitterness against my father gushed fiercely up, and I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of revealing the knowledge I had so painfully acquired, of intemperance, and its fatal effects upon my mother. He had not dreamed of such knowledge on my part, and readily supposed that I knew more of his early course than I really did. My unguarded and hot words stung him like serpents, and he grew purple with rage. Walking menacingly up to where I stood, he raised his clenched hand, and with a fearful oath ordered me to be gone.

"*'Leave the room, you young reptile,'* he fiercely said, his hand still raised. The blow which fell years ago upon the dying mother, blistered upon my own cheek, and I fearlessly retorted while looking him full in the face,

"*'Strike!'* the hand that basely crushed a broken hearted mother, would have little hesitation in striking the child.'

"My father's face grew livid as I deliberately pronounced the words, and instead of striking me, as I expected he would, he turned away like a drunken

man, and reseated himself in his chair. I left the room, regretting the harsh words I had spoken, and yet not altogether displeased with the effect they evidently produced upon him.

“Ever after, in our conversation, my father treated me with marked coolness and reserve. I was grieved at this, for I felt that from my heart I wished his own good in what I had said of a mother. Oh, if I could at that time have enjoyed the light of that world-wide flame which has since been kindled upon the temperance altar, I feel that I could have headed-off the new project.

“I freely and frankly told Minnie of the conversation which had passed between my father and myself.

“‘We are doomed,’ said she, in reply. ‘I have warned father. I have reminded him of the promise—the sacred and solemn vow he made at the bedside of my dying mother, as she placed my childish hands in his—never to visit a tavern, or drink again. I told him of that mother’s sufferings—of my own—of his fearful fall, and long and dark pilgrimage of degradation. I knelt to him and wet his hands with my tears as I wept in the fullness of my grief, and besought him by all that was dark in the past, comfortable in the present, and blissful in the future, to abandon the tavern project. But, Walter, I have no hope that he will, and I fear that my poor heart has hardly tasted the bitterness yet to come. I can already see the result of this—he is determined. The tear that for a moment gathered in his eye, as I spoke

of my sainted mother in heaven, was chased away by a flash of untamed passion, and he rudely bade me desist. Walter, the accursed work has *already commenced!* I learned that he had been then drinking, and I have since found a bottle hidden away in the closet! God pity me!’

“The truth flashed upon me ;—my own father had been drinking at the time he exhibited such passion. I had not dreamed that it was rum instead of rage which caused him to reel as he turned away from me that morning. Our merchant kept liquors for *medicinal purposes*, and it was there where the damning fires of intemperance had been covertly kindled anew.

“I now felt myself older by years, than a few days. Age had crept into my young heart, and chased the smile from my countenance. I felt that I stood in the position of a protector to Minnie, for our whole community were enlisted for the new tavern. I felt the full baptism of manhood come upon me, and spoke boldly and frankly to her of love, and offered my hand in marriage. She laid her hand in mine, and with all the wealth of her deep and pure affection, returned mine. I urged her to an immediate union, and thus joined, to seek a retreat of our own, and together meet and turn aside the storm which was gathering around us. But she would not yet consent. She said she was the only kin of her father, and could not consent to leave him alone and unwatched over in the troubles which were evidently coming upon him.

“‘No, Walter, do not urge me. My love would lead me with you to the ends of the earth, and through any trial, but it seems to me that duty says, stay. I fear the worst; and if my father again falls into that fearful abyss, who will care for him if I do not? I know all you would say of his past negligence — nay, cruelty — but should I leave him while there is a single hope? It may be that I can save him. At any rate, if I cannot stay the cloud whose shadow already falls so darkly around us, I can cling to him when it bursts.’

“My youthful earnestness — my strong love of Minnie, grew impatient under such reasoning; but she was firm, and I loved her the more as I witnessed her deep and changeless devotion to the welfare of her father. It revealed still more of that angelic worth which had bound me so closely to the unassuming girl. Her heroic spirit gave me nerve, and I left her with a stronger reliance upon my own manhood, to meet whatever of ill might be in store for me.”

CHAPTER V.

THE SPELL BROKEN — EVIL COUNSELS PREVAIL.

“THE people were infatuated with the new project. The remonstrances of Minnie and myself were but the feather’s weight against the determination of the leading men of the community. I was looked upon as a meddlesome, impertinent young fellow, and she as a silly girl, whose feelings in the matter were influenced by me. The place demanded a *public house*, and the traveling public could not be accommodated without one. The tavern must be opened.

“Minnie avowed her determination once more to attempt to persuade her father to abandon the project of opening the tavern.

“Late one evening, Mr. Hermon sat by the parlor window, looking dreamily out upon the landscape which lay like a fairy realm under its wealth of moonbeams. Clear and calm, its smile stole silently in upon the carpet, and lingered like the messenger of innocence and purity upon the feverish cheek of the old man. With as noiseless a step, the lights and the shadows of other days lay mingled in the heart. The holy beauty and the associations of the hour were weaving a spell over the heavings of a troubled spirit, and the old man looked upward. Minnie well understood the wayward moods of her father, and knew, as

she had watched him from her seat upon the sofa, that his better nature was uppermost. With a gentle touch she swept the strings of her harp, her soul vibrating in every tone as she bowed over the instrument and wept. It had been her mother's harp, and the air was a favorite one of hers; its touching sweetness often banishing the frown from her father's brow, and melting his stern nature to tenderness.

"A tear glittered a moment on the cheek of Hermon, though brushed hastily away. But Minnie saw it, and, uniting her voice with the harp, she gave the words of the familiar hymn with all the sad fervor which her heart could feel. There was a tear in her tones, and they mingled like the low sweep of an angel's wing upon the stillness around. Hermon bowed his face ere the last words had died away. That hymn had opened the fountain of a thousand memories, and he could not but weep.

"With a beating heart, Minnie stole across the room and kneeled at her father's feet, weaving her arms around his knees and looking up in his face.

"My own dear father! here, upon my knees, I need not tell you how much I love you. You know that no fortune can drive me from you. In the dark past I have clung more closely, as every other friend deserted. Father! look upon your only kin. As you love me — my sainted mother who smiles upon us tonight, — as you love yourself and Heaven, tell me now that you will have nothing to do with this tavern business. Will you not, my father?' And the

pleading girl caught his hand, and warmed it with her tears. Emotion stirred the strong man as he felt the pure gush upon his parched hand, and his heart was moved to say as she wished. The dark tempter was weakened in that bitter hour, and before the daughter's pleading; but yet the fearful bonds were upon him. The large drops stood out upon his forehead, and Hermon would have joyed to have escaped the toils which were weaving around him.

“‘But I have promised, my child,’ at last said her father, hesitatingly.

“‘God help you to break that promise!’ fervently replied Minnie. ‘Happiness and Heaven are worth more than faith kept with wrong. I need not tell you all that I feel, father; but bitter wo is upon us if you keep the promise. As you promised my mother, so promise me this night, and we will still be happy. Will you not?’

“Minnie had arisen, and was imprinting a kiss on the old man's cheek, when footsteps were heard in the hall. My father and Deacon McGarr wished to speak with Mr. Hermon.

“The holy spell was broken, and the tempter was triumphant. When Minnie again saw her father, the usual frown was upon his features, and the fume of rum was upon his lip. No effort of hers could obtain a word from him in relation to the matter so painfully interesting to her. The next morning witnessed demonstrations which destroyed all her hopes of defeating the plan.

“The carpenters and masons were soon at work repairing, remodeling, and adding to, the dwelling of Mr. Hermon. A ‘bar-room’ was built on, and the upper story of the main building made into a ‘ball room.’ Sheds and stables were erected on the beautiful yard below the dwelling; the bright and smooth greensward was cut up with hoofs and wheels, and covered with lumber, and stone, and sand. The wide-topped maples, now loaded with all the gorgeous wealth of their autumn garniture of gold and crimson, were considered in the way of ‘improvements,’ and were cut down. I watched the axe as stroke after stroke eat to the heart’s core, and every blow hurt my own. I had passed some of the brightest hours of my existence beneath their wide branches, and when the rustling pyramids fell to the ground with a sigh, I felt that old friends had been severed from the earth. Their limbless trunks were rudely dragged away through the dirt, and the scattered leaves rudely trodden under foot.

“The dwelling of Mr. Hermon assumed an entire new aspect. The sound of the hammer, the saw, and the trowel, rang out through the quiet village, and kept alive the discussion about the tavern. Citizens assembled at evening to smoke and talk the matter over, each suggesting this and that improvement good matrons stopped from their shopping or visiting to gaze over their specks at the change, while the ‘ball-room’ elicited the liveliest attention or the misses. The boys looked on with childish wonder

and gratification, and danced around the blazing pile of shavings which the carpenters had fired in the street at nightfall.

“The tavern was soon completed. The ‘bar’ was nicely arranged, and received the unanimous admiration of the villagers; for all, as they came in every evening to see how the thing ‘got along,’ had suggestions to make. A small piazza was built in front of the bar-room, and a broad bench placed the entire length, for the accommodation of customers. A new cedar pump had been put into the well, the top ‘peaked’ and painted white.

“The tavern awaited the furniture. The neighbors made a ‘bee’ and cleared away the rubbish in front, and drew in gravel around the shed and ‘stoop.’ The jug passed around freely during the afternoon, and at night a garrulous group gathered on the benches under the stoop, and for the hundredth time spoke of the great benefits which were to result from the tavern.

“A ‘sign’ was needed to announce the home for the traveler. After much consultation and suggestion of many names, that of ‘Traveler’s Home’ was fixed upon. The sign was soon completed, with scrolls and gilded spear points, and swung up near the pump betwixt two tall posts. On the centre of the board, the painter had placed a beehive, as an emblem of industry and thrift, and beneath, the motto, ‘peace and plenty.’ The sign made a very neat appearance, and for a few days received the same attentions from the villagers as had the other improvements.

“One more arrangement, and the tavern would be ready to go into operation. There was a law *regulating* the sale of liquors and the keeping of public houses, allowing none but *moral men* to engage in so honorable and necessary an avocation. The tavern must be legally kept.

“At that day, the man who had dared to intimate that a tavern could be kept without liquor, would have been hooted at as a fool or madman. For how could travelers be entertained without ‘accommodations?’ The weary wayfarer would suffer alternately with heat and cold, if there was nothing to ‘take.’ A man or beast entertained at a public house where liquors were not sold!

“The supervisor and the justices of the peace were notified of the completion of Mr. Hermon’s tavern, and applied to as a board of excise, for a license to keep it legally, or according to law. That grave body assembled the last of October, for it was important that a public house should be opened before the fall election.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE "HOME" — A WRONG REGULATED.

THE reader will remember that we have been introducing our characters upon the stage while the arrangements were completing for the licensing of the 'Traveler's Home.' There are many more actors to be introduced before the drama all passes before the reader.

Late in the evening before the day of the meeting of the excise board, the villagers were gathered on the steps of the 'Home,' or sitting on the benches, all deeply interested in the success of the new enterprise, and calculating on the benefits to the place by a large increase of business. Deacon McGarr, one of the justices, the supervisor, and several others of the magnates, were conversing in a low and earnest tone, of the probable rise in the value of the village lots and water privileges. Conspicuous above all was the village blacksmith.

We must give an outline of 'Jim Gaston,' as the huge Vulcan was familiarly called by his neighbors, as he will again appear in some of the future chapters.

Gaston's proportions were giant-like, he being six feet and eight inches in height, and of immense breadth of shoulders and strength of limb. His fist was as

large as his own sledge, and calloused with industrious toil. His huge head was buried in a dense undergrowth of black, bushy hair, features coarse and bronzed, but pleasant with the smile of undeviating good nature. In his broad bosom was as warm and true a heart as ever beat for family or friend, and all who knew him respected him as a genial-hearted, hard-working, honest man. With all his physical strength, Gaston had never been known to have an angry word in his life, with a customer or neighbor. On the contrary, he had on several occasions promptly, though good-naturedly, used his strength in defence of the weaker against the stronger. His own broad smile and happy disposition were infectious, and, winter or summer, early or late, his stentorian voice was heard, the accompaniment of his hammer and anvil.

Gaston, in his red flannel shirt, his open bosom and heavy neck and face begrimmed with smut from his day's toil at the forge, was cracking his good-humored jokes, as he sat on a pile of lumber in front of the stoop, and his deep hearty laugh rolling out from a wide throat. He was watching a merry group of children who were playing "hide and seek" in the thickening twilight, as happy as the happiest of them all. One pale and diminutive little fellow had nestled closely under the massive legs of the good-natured blacksmith, and a larger one behind his wide shoulders. While the boy on the "gool" was hunting his comrades under the shed, Gaston clasped the boy at

his back, and carelessly walked with him to the goal without suspicion, and dropped him upon it. No child laughed harder than he at the little ruse. Such are the outlines of "Jim Gaston," the blacksmith.

The evening had well advanced, and Deacon McGarr arose to go. At that moment Hermon came out of the bar-room with a glass and decanter in his hand, and passed to the end of the stoop where McGarr was lingering and talking with Gaston a moment, about some work to be done early in the morning.

"Deacon," said Hermon, "I suppose there is no doubt about my having a license to sell; and as I already have my liquors on hand, perhaps you would like to try a glass. I rather pride myself on my choice selection."

"Well, I don't know — what have you in the decanter?" and McGarr's eye glistened as he rolled a huge tobacco quid from his cheek into his hand and tossed it into the street, wiping his palm on his pants.

"Brandy, Deacon — fourth proof, and as smooth as oil. I can vouch for its quality," and Hermon poured a stiff horn into the tumbler, and handed it to McGarr.

Sure enough, the brandy went down like oil, and McGarr gave an approving ahem as he wiped his lips with the back of his hand; then planting his feet well apart and throwing out his capacious person with a pompous swing as he raised upon his toes, he pulled his large tin tobacco-box from his pocket, and

compressing a startling roll in his thumb and three fingers, twisted it into his mouth, and with his tongue thrust it to the accustomed receptacle in the cheek; then putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, and sticking out his little fingers in ludicrous efforts to show off his importance by discussing the qualities of the liquor he had drank at different times, spitting dignifiedly, working his little fingers, and swaying backwards and forwards alternately upon his toes and heels.

The decanter went round, and all drank of the brandy, though the most of them made horrible faces as the raw liquid went down their throats. Among the latter was Gaston and the oldest son of McGarr. As the unwieldy blacksmith strangled and gasped for water and the tears stood in his eyes, the older part of the company enjoyed a hearty laugh. The matter was more serious with young McGarr, and the children who remained were merry at his tears and wry faces.

"It is nothing to laugh at," said old McGarr, evidently a little piqued, as he stroked his chin with his hand; "Harry is but a mere boy, and has not the experience of older people."

The company ceased laughing, and young McGarr took courage and looked up, with a boldness which gave promise of speedy manhood in the matters spoken of. His ambition was aroused to arrive at that point where he could swallow the dram as well as older men.

— A fatal ambition.

The villagers had all departed to their homes, and the long, wide street was hushed and still. Not a light was to be seen, or a footfall heard. Thick, murky clouds had gathered around the horizon, and the increasing night wind sighed dismally through the branches of the maple which had been left standing near the shed of the "Traveler's Home."

From the window of the sitting-room there now came the hum of voices, low, half whispering and sad, like the falling of tear-drops in the stillness of the night. It was Minnie Hermon and Walter Brayton, in sad communion upon the matter so fearfully interesting to them.

"Is there no way, Walter, by which this scheme can be defeated? I am as certain that ruin will come of it, as that the morning will dawn. Oh, were I a man!"

"What would you, what could you do, Minnie, to avert the result? The house is all arranged, the liquors are here, and to-morrow the board meets to give your father a license. Tell me."

Walter spoke earnestly and sadly, for her words had wounded him. Minnie had lost her resolute tone, and hung her head as she thought she had said too much.

"Pardon me, Walter, for I spoke from the strength of feeling and not soberly. I don't know that anything can be done. I have plead, but it all does no good. I have said all that I dare to; but, Walter, father is changed of late—he frowns and curses as he did when mother was living."

"Well, Minn'ie," said Brayton, with assumed confidence, "let us hope for the best. I have made up my mind to attend the meetings of the board to-morrow, and protest against the matter."

"It will do no good, Walter, they will all be against you."

"No matter ; your father—they all will be offended, but they shall hear me," and Walter Brayton, firm in the strength of an honest purpose, raised himself to his full height, as if eager to grapple with some imaginary enemy.

With the sky overcast and the darkness around them, Minnie and Walter whispered kindly words to each other and parted. She listened to his retreating footsteps and to the sighing wind, and closed the door with darkening thoughts.

It had rained during the night, enough to prevent the farmers from attending their usual avocations on the following day. This, with the interest which the new tavern created, attracted a large number of people to the village, and when the hour came for the assembling of the board, the "Home" was thronged. The members were proud of their positions, and of appearing before their townsmen on an occasion of so much importance, and so, to make the matter as public as possible, they adjourned from the small sitting-room to the new and capacious ball chamber. Even this room was soon filled, and the benches by the walls were soon crowded, and a large number standing in the open space. No one could correctly

determine what particular thing had called the large assembly together, but an unusual official proceeding was to take place, and the interest was intense. They were to see a tavern licensed!

There was a busy hum among the people, and all were anxiously awaiting the commencement of the proceedings.

At last Deacon McGarr took it upon himself to walk around behind the table, and after looking wisely through his spectacles upon the assembly, proceeded to call the board to order; whereupon the other members modestly took their places at the table. The supervisor was a white-haired old gentleman—an honest and well-meaning old farmer, but little used to public business. The remaining members were of the average material selected in country towns for such positions.

McGarr was still standing, one hand in his pantaloons pocket and the other resting upon the back of the statute, which had occupied a conspicuous place before him, he still looking solemnly over his spectacles, as if to awe into perfect silence before he proceeded farther. Just at this juncture there was a bustle at the door, and the tall form of Colonel Weston appeared conspicuous. McGarr assumed a bland smile and beckoned the Colonel towards him, and while the wealthy young farmer was elbowing his way through the crowd, the Deacon had officially driven some of the smaller fry from their seats, and secured a wide berth for him near the table. Close

in the wake of Weston swayed the huge form of the blacksmith, his face covered with smut and smiles. The Deacon did not esteem Gaston as important a personage, and left him standing in the crowd, his shoulders and open flannel shirt bosom conspicuous above the heads of them all.

After Weston had taken his seat, McGarr looked as sternly and solemnly as ever over his spectacles, and then elevating his face and looking through them, his hands locked under the skirts of his coat behind him, after spitting with due precision, he broke the impressive silence.

"I suppose, gentlemen, you are all aware of the object which has convened us here."

The Deacon dropped his head impressively and looked over his spectacles, after adjusting them more carefully upon his nose and again putting his hands together under his coat tails. Finding that the silence was duly respected, he spit again, and continued.

"I say, gentlemen, we are met here as a board of *exercise*, for the purpose of granting a license to Mr. Hermon, to keep a tavern. I need n't 'lucidate on the advantages of a tavern in a place like this. No, gentlemen,—it is plain to every one, that a house for the accommodation of the public, is highly needed among us. I *persume* there is not a single *descending* voice against a tavern — not one."

Mr. McGarr, at the conclusion of the last sentence, given in an emphatic tone, jerked his thick body vio-

lently forward to make it still more emphatic, his specs falling from his nose upon the table. A titter ran round the outside of the room, among the younger portion of the audience, and the Deacon colored deeply at such an interruption of his speech. But he wiped his specs, and as he again put them on, he dropped his brow, rolled his quid to the other side of his mouth, and again looked silently around over his glasses.

“Gentlemen and la —— gentlemen. We need a tavern. Our feller citizen, Mr. Hermon, has prepared to keep one, and wants a license. He is a man of excellent moral character, and we are obliged as a board of *exercise*, to give him one. The law is plain on this *pint*.” As he concluded, he took his specs off with one hand, and with the other dropped the “statoo” emphatically upon the table. With a self-satisfied air, he pulled away his coat skirts and sat down, crossing his legs and resting his thumbs in his vest. As he looked around to see what effect his speech had made upon the spectators, he slowly stroked his chin, and drummed on the floor with his foot.

No one said a word, and McGarr, with a condescending air, finally suggested that perhaps others might wish to make a few remarks upon the subject before them. Whereupon the supervisor raised about half way up, with his hand resting upon the post of his chair, and stammered out the idea that there ought to be a tavern in the place, and then sat down,

drawing a long breath. During this time, Mr. Hermon was standing in front of the table, with his hat in his hand, his chin resting upon the crown. Old Mr. Brayton was resting upon the corner of the table.

"Gentlemen, as you have given opportunity, I wish to make a few remarks."

All turned as these words, in low and tremulous but pleasant and distinct tones, arrested their attention. Deacon McGarr so far forgot his dignity as to raise himself partially from his chair, and look towards that part of the room from whence the voice proceeded; then putting his hand behind his ear, in a listening attitude, he requested the gentleman to speak louder. Thus assured, the speaker stood upon the bench where all could see him. It was Walter Brayton. His countenance was flushed, and he hesitated with embarrassment, but he was committed and all eyes were turned upon him.

"I see, my friends, that I shall be alone in what I have to say, but before God I believe I am in the right, and I must speak honestly. Alone though I may be, I most earnestly and solemnly protest against this whole affair. I know that I shall offend when I say it, but I think I can see that your tavern, instead of being a benefit, will be a deep and lasting injury. It ought never to be."

Walter spoke rapidly, but with an honest energy which riveted attention. His were novel thoughts at that day, and his a bold and embarrassing position.

But there was the ring of the true metal in his manly tones, and had he been spared in his strength until a later day, his moral heroism would have made him a leader whose words would have been a trumpet's blast.

Deacon McGarr looked more sternly than ever over his glasses, and chewed his quid rapidly, casting inquiring looks from the father to the son. The elder Brayton sat with a frown and compressed lip, and Hermon looked angrily towards McGarr.

"Does the young man know what he is talking about?" asked McGarr, with attempted sternness, eyeing Walter over his glasses.

"Yes, sir," replied the latter, respectfully but firmly; "I am talking of a tavern which you propose this day to empower to sell intoxicating liquors to your neighbors. I know that I am talking to older men, but I believe that the result of your action will bring desolation and sorrow to your homes and families in the future. This is a peaceful, happy community now, but you commence the retail of spirituous liquors, and in my humble opinion, every one of you, gentlemen of the board, will regret it."

"Does the young man dare to *imprecate* the board of *exercise*? Such language cannot be permitted. The young man will please take his seat. Boys like he should not presume to *label* the board. What does he know about licensed taverns, and by whose authority does he come here to instruct men like we are?"

McGarr grew pale with anger as he proceeded, and sat down with the air of one who felt that he had annihilated his man. But he was mistaken in the metal of Walter Brayton. The sneering tone and overbearing manner of the Deacon aroused the lion in him; and with a kindling eye and erect form he burst forth in a torrent of burning eloquence, which startled and thrilled by its power. The natural orator was there, and that audience, against him though they were, listened in wrapt attention.

"Yes," he spoke in conclusion, his clear ringing voice slightly tremulous with emotion, "your tavern will prove a curse. I cannot foretell all its results, but it will prove a curse. Deacon McGarr, in a manner and tone unworthy one of his profession, has sneered at my youth. My boyhood is no crime. Boy as I am, I could reveal a history which would draw tears from every eye—a history of hopes ruined—of suffering and of death."

"This cannot be tolerated; your stories have nothing to do with the matter before the board," exclaimed McGarr, in a loud and angry tone. "You will take your seat, sir."

"I have done, Deacon McGarr — my painful duty is performed." Here Walter caught his father's eye, now flashing with anger, and he continued.

"You ask me by what authority I come here. I have the same right as every other American citizen. In behalf of the women and children of this community; of a sorrowing, broken-hearted mother who is

at rest in her grave; by that well-worn Bible which ruin snatched from her dying pillow; by ten thousand histories of wrong and suffering, I most solemnly protest against this proceeding. You will see the time when you will curse this day with hearts of deepest bitterness, every one of you. I have done."

"And it ought to be cursed!"

A strangely deep and startling voice broke in upon the stillness which followed the speech of Walter Brayton. There was a movement to see from whence it came, and McGarr, livid with ill-suppressed rage, called out,

"Who is that?"

"One *your* tavern is to benefit, *Deacon McGarr*," and he stepped up in fair view, and fixed his fiery red but piercing eye full upon the dignitary he addressed. We recognize our acquaintance in the seaman's jacket and broad-brimmed tarpaulin.

"The man is drunk—he is drunk, put him out—Constable Gaston, put him out—I order you!"

The dignity of the waspish official had been too deeply insulted, and he fairly danced with excess of rage.

"Put him out, I say—I order you to put him out," and the exasperated Deacon snatched his glasses off and pointed to where the seaman still stood, looking calmly and sneeringly upon the scene. Gaston good-naturedly laid his huge hand on the man's shoulders and led him peacefully down stairs.

That speech of Walter Brayton's was a glorious one

for that day, but the granting of the license was a foregone conclusion, and as soon as the excitement had subsided, the board, after some favorable remarks from Colonel Weston, proceeded to complete the business which had called them together, and the "Traveler's Home" was licensed. That evening and the following day the "Home" was open to all, and liquors free.

— The first results were in progress.

CHAPTER VII.

DEATH IN THE ATTIC.

DARKNESS rests like a pall upon the streets which are now deserted. The busy throng which has swept the thoroughfares until late at night, has ceased to flow, and the great metropolis no longer throbs its living tide through the accustomed arteries. The snow has been falling fast for an hour, and the sharp gusts sweep round the corner and go wailing down the dim avenues, as if sorrowing for human woe. The lamp lights gleam pale and sickly out through the storm. The policemen, or some reveller, and the winds, alone disturb the silence that reigns.

Turn downward where the lepers of want and vice have gathered as if in sympathy. The foul crater is active, for its more deadly fumes ascend in the darkness of the night. Down below the surface of earth, are pits where the ruffianly and the vile are at their revels. There is a faint, deathly glare from the dirty windows, and, in spite of the wintry blast, an occasional breath of the rum hell reeking beneath. And then there often comes up some startling ha! ha! to mingle with the shrieking of the wind.

Here is a dark alley, scarce wide enough to admit a person, and running back where no light breaks in

upon the impenetrable darkness. The foot strikes a step and we climb upward upon a creaking flight of stairs. The snow and wind whirl fiercely over the roof and shake the crazy structure to its foundation, but we lean closer to the walls and mount upward.

Five stories up, and we stand upon a narrow platform and peer down with a whirling brain into the black ocean below. Turning into a narrow hall, we stand before a shattered door, revealing a feeble light within. Even in this winter night, the miasma of pollution floats through the building like a pestilence.

What a scene, as we enter that chamber! Here poverty and want grin in their ghastly loneliness and solitude. The silence of desolation broods over all, and the faint lamp-light flickering to its wane, is like the beam which creeps up from the exhalations of the grave. There is not a coal in the grate, nor a chair in the room. The gusts of wind sift the snow through the cracks by the door, and an involuntary chill steals over the surface and then into the heart. Starvation, gaunt, pinched and spectral, stalks before the imagination, and mingles a footfall with every gust that rattles the shattered door.

— And do human creatures dwell in such abodes as this?

Hist!

There is a sound in that dark corner. There is a sigh as if a life of agony were crushed at once from the heart. And then a spectre form slowly rises and

stalks towards the light. It is a woman, but God! how thin and haggard! A fiercer gust shakes the old building. She stands in a listening attitude, as its low wail dies away, and then, wildly staring at vacancy, takes her seat mechanically upon a box by the light. Her face is thin, and every feature the footprint of unutterable agony. The eyes are sunken and inflamed, but as tearless as her cheek and lip are bloodless. The latter is thin and drawn closely, as if in mortal suffering, over her teeth.

She leans towards the waning taper, and takes a garment in her hand upon which she has been sewing. How fearfully tearless and calm she appears. We look until some nightmare fascination chains us to the spot. Save a startling wildness about the eye, it would not seem that those features had ever been stirred by a human passion. She holds her hands towards the light in the attempt to thread her needle, but fails; and still, with her hands extended, stares at the dim taper.

There is a stirring in the heap of rags beside her, and the woman starts as if stung by an adder. The faintest flush passes over her cheek, and she mutters to herself as she more hurriedly essays to thread the needle.

From that heap of rags a boy has come forth! Child of ten years, perhaps — he stands before that spectral mother, and in husky whispers asks for bread. She stares strangely into his face, and still mutters to herself.

The boy is almost naked and shivering with cold, and upon those childish features hunger has written enough to pierce the hardest heart. The very look is a hopeless, heart-breaking agony. The child bows his head in that woman's lap with a sob-like moan, and then moves with a languid step to the grate and lays his fingers, already blue with cold, upon the frosty iron. The chill causes him to start, and he returns moaning to the woman. The hand has fallen in her lap, and the boy lays his cold cheek down upon it and weeps. She laughs! but it is the low, horrible ha! ha! of the maniac!

“Mother! dear mother, give me one mouthful of bread. Hain't there bread enough where Pa has gone? Mother, will God give me bread if I say my prayers?”

The child kneels, and the prayer his mother taught him goes feebly up against the wail of the blast, and then, with weariness and hunger, the little pleader falls to sleep on his knees, his head on his mother's hand.

—That mother smiles as she still stares at vacancy.

The storm has passed, and the morning light of the Sabbath dawns upon the great city. The church bells are pealing out the Sabbath melody, and gay throngs of people are wending along to the richly furnished churches. Here are shawls which

a queen might envy, and equipages of princely splendor.

Early this Sabbath morning, a cold-hearted landlord goes up the lone stairway for the promised pittance of rent, and knocks at the door, which the reader has already entered. He awaits but a moment and angrily enters.

“No playing games with me, madam. That money or *leave*. D’ye hear, woman?”

The ruffian was used to scenes of suffering, but he started back at the one before him. That pale, haggard woman-spectre was still seated by the lamp now burned out, the garment and needle in her hand, and that horrible smile upon her features, and that wild eye gazing into vacancy.

The lamp had burned down and died out in its socket. The lamp of life, too, had waned during that cold, dreary night, and a corpse sat there, holding the needle in the emaciated fingers, and smiling in death. The boy slept against the rigid and pulseless form of the toil-worn, heart-broken, hungered mother.

That day the officer entered the fireless chamber to remove the dead seamstress. In that dark corner, where the woman was first seen, was the husband. He had been a corpse for more than *ten days*, and she toiling to escape starvation, and watching with the shroudless, unburied dead.

The two found a home and an endless rest in “Potter’s Field,” and the pinched and starving boy, bread in the alms-house.

Another act in the great tragedy of intemperance had been played out, and the curtain of wintry clod and snow closed upon the principal actors. The fashionable throng passed from their churches, while the starved paupers went to their graves.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WEDDING AT THE COTTAGE — “ONLY ONE GLASS.”

ACROSS the stream, upon the overhanging bank, was one of the loveliest spots in the village. The village doctor dwelt here. The cottage was nearly hidden in a dense grove of sugar maples, dotted here and there with green pyramids of the spruce and the fir, and the clean gravel walk wound deviously among the shrubbery from the threshold to the gate, through a rich carpeting of green. Autumn had already commenced its language of beauty upon the foliage; and, mixed with the more copious green of summer, was the golden yellow, with scattering tufts of scarlet, gleaming like wreaths of flame in the pure October sunlight. The eaves of the cottage were green with moss, and the wild vines had crept up one corner and clung closely to the old water trough, and dropped in graceful festoons before the quaint old window in the gable. Back of the dwelling were two old pear trees, reaching far up into the sky, and their trunks green with the moss of years. A little farther, and the grape had climbed into a wild plum, and an impenetrable canopy of cool green network hung gracefully above the old seat at the roots. Sloping back from the garden, was a meadow reaching down until the turf dip-



ONLY ONE GLASS.



ped its long green fringe into the stream. Back of all, the hills beat up against the sky with their robing of dark evergreen, flecked here and there with the crimsoning maple or yellow birch.

— One might hunt for years and not find a lovelier spot.

Ten years before the time of which we are writing, there was sorrow in the old cottage. The sun smiled sweetly in the west and into the high old windows, but there were dark shadows on hearts within. An old man was wrestling with death. Delirium was upon him, and he raved in his madness of a stranger name, and cursed and died. The orphan child who had never known a mother, wept in all the bitterness of childhood's grief upon the corpse of her father. She knew not that the madness which swept the sky of his life's last evening, was the madness of the bowl. She found herself alone in the old cottage, a beautiful, sorrowing orphan.

But childhood's sorrows pass away. The sun smiles upon the tear-drops of the passing storm. Ten years went by, and the orphan child had bloomed into faultless womanhood, and moved a star in the circles around her, for she was as good as she was lovely.

The gifted and noble young Howard had settled in the place and commenced the practice of medicine. His talent, professional skill, and high moral worth, made him at once a favorite. He was a young man of rare promise, though without means. His practice

led him to form the acquaintance of the lovely orphan, and a strong mutual attachment sprang up between them.

One evening in June there was a gathering at the cottage, and light-hearted throngs rustled up the walks to the shadowy old porch. Lights streamed from the windows, and pleasant voices went out upon the still and balmy air. Merry groups gathered upon the soft greensward, or tripped with low whispers through the balcony, hidden by green jealousies and pendant boughs. An ocean of pure moonlight bathed the world in its mellow flood.

A wedding party has gathered — Howard and the fair orphan are to stand at the altar.

All was light and joy in the old cottage. The "Doctor" was a favorite, and the invitation had been general; and the old and the young of both sexes were gathered on the occasion.

There was a sound of merry voices floating from the open windows out upon the calm night air, with a pleasant mingling of laughter and music. The parson had not yet made his appearance, and spirits were buoyant and tongues unfettered.

"Is what I hear true, Colonel, about the Doctor? Or is it some neighborhood gossip?"

This question was put by Miss Anson, (next to the orphan heiress, the belle of the village,) to Colonel Weston, a young and wealthy farmer, as they were promenading arm in arm up and down the gravel walk in front of the mansion.

"To what do you allude, Miss Anson?" answered Weston.

"Why, have n't you heard? — why, it is the neighborhood talk that the Doctor refuses to have wine at his wedding!"

"Is it possible! I had not heard it before. But surely he will not so far depart from propriety and fashionable custom, as to treat his friends and guests thus disrespectfully?"

"I don't know about that. Miss Knight told me last evening, and she says that Miss Nelson's brother told her, that the Doctor positively refused to have wine at his wedding. I fear there is something in it."

"Surely," replied the Colonel, in unfeigned astonishment, "the Doctor cannot be so beside himself. I know he is somewhat eccentric in these matters, but what unaccountable whim has come over him now?"

"I don't know. But if he persists, it will do him a great injury. It is already the town talk. Some friend should see him and talk him out of it. Not have wine at a wedding! and belonging, too, to the first society?"

Miss Anson felt indignant at such a contemplated violation of fashion and good breeding, and proceeded to commiserate the feelings of the bride under circumstances so mortifying to her pride and good taste.

"Well, well," said Colonel Weston, musingly, "this will never do. I will see Doctor Howard myself. He must not take a step so objectionable and

improper. Let me surrender my pleasant post, Miss Anson, to Mr. Mason for a few moments, while I go to do my friend a kindness."

"I will most cheerfully accept the trust, Colonel Weston, and shall not look anxiously for your return. Colonel Weston bowed, and passed into the house.

"Have *you* heard anything of this strange freak of Doctor Howard, about not having any wine at his wedding, Mr. Mason?"

"I suppose I know something of the matter, and must say that I regret that it is true. The house-keeper came yesterday and got the wine at our store, but it was without the knowledge of Howard. Mistress sent her."

"How strange you talk! What on earth can have possessed the man to take such a course?"

"Indeed, Miss Anson, it is as strange to me as to all his friends. If he persists in such folly, it will injure him most deeply throughout the community. Such a breach of propriety would hardly be forgiven."

"Injure him?—indeed it will! His friends should look to the matter. Colonel Weston has already gone to reason him out of his singular determination. Not have wine at a wedding? Who ever heard of the like?"

"Let us hope, Miss Anson, that this matter will all yet pass off properly. No one would regret more than myself, such conduct in a gentleman of Doctor Howard's character and standing."

The matter had already got noised about, and other groups were discussing the question with as much earnestness as though the future happiness and position of the young couple depended upon the circulation of wine among the wedding guests.

While the groups in the yard and on the veranda, were discussing the matter in whispers, there was another discussion in the chamber. There was Doctor Howard and his young bride, awaiting the arrival of the parson.

"Well, Henry," spoke Miss James, in low tones, "I do not wish to insist on having the wine handed around. On my own part, I care nothing about it; but what will the people say?"

"Let us not care, dear one, what people say. I do not like to be a slave to custom, and especially to a custom which I know to be wrong."

"You speak earnestly, Henry, of a very fashionable custom. What objection can you have—how do you know it is wrong? I am sure I am anxious to see the matter in the light that you do, but I fear our friends will be offended if we banish wine on this occasion. Do you not?"

"They might, but it seems to me that if they knew what I know, they would shun the accursed cup of the enchantress."

The bride was startled at the depth and energy of Howard's tones, and watched with interest the shadows that passed over his fine countenance. There was sadness there, for the gifted and noble man was

looking away upon the dark canvass of childhood, where still lingered the scene of a boy, hungry and cold, weeping himself to rest in the lap of a dead mother in the garret. The boy had learned in after years, the cause of his early bereavement and suffering, and shrunk from the glass as he would from a serpent's hiss.

"No, no," sadly spoke Howard, as he aroused himself from his musing, "do not over persuade me in this matter. I may be asking much, but there is a shadow of a coming ill resting upon me, and I cannot shake it off, and it seems strongly associated with this wine business. Agree with me in this, Ellen, and I will bless you always."

Howard stood before her, and a tear came upon her own lid as she saw his sad face. She laid her hand in his affectionately and smiled.

"You have conquered — let it go as you wish. I will not press you now, but some time hence I will ask you why you so earnestly urge this strange wish, for I am sure there is much behind it all, which you have not told me."

There was a hush in the room, and the talking nearly ceased — the parson had arrived. As his tall form and cold, severe countenance appeared in the hall, a change fell upon the spirits of the company. He bowed stiffly, and turned his dull grey eye searchingly upon those in the room. That face will become familiar to the reader — the parson is *Snyder*

The marriage ceremony was completed. Conver-

sation had just commenced briskly again, when the old house-keeper beckoned Howard from the hall door. As he passed into the hall, he found young Mason expostulating with the old lady about the wine question. Mason insisted that the wish of Howard was a mere whim, and that, as a friend, he should take the liberty of sending around the wine. This the old lady refused assent to without the knowledge of Howard, and so beckoned him out.

Upon learning the reason why he was called out, a shade of anger settled upon his features, and he asked sternly why the matter had thus been broached, after his wishes had been made known.

“Nay, but you must pardon us,” replied Mason. “As a friend, I insist that on this occasion you shall not persist in so wide a departure from the customs of well-regulated society. You wrong yourself and give offence to your friends. The people will think, Howard, that you are mad.”

“I do not see,” replied Howard, promptly, “why the people, as you call them, should interfere or meddle with a matter of this kind, which only concerns me and mine. I have my own reasons for this departure from what you call the customs of well-regulated society—a custom, however, which, permit me honestly to affirm, it were far more honorable to repudiate than to adopt. If you are my friends, you ought not to insist longer upon this violation of my earnest wishes. You will pardon my seeming warmth, for you who know me will believe that I

have reasons for my course which are satisfactory to myself."

Howard turned on his heel and was passing through the group which had gathered, when Colonel Weston came up — he having learned the subject under discussion. The Colonel was an impulsive, frank, bold man, and had already tested the wine by the favor of the old house-keeper.

"High times, indeed, Howard, when you deliberately attempt to freeze up the happiness of this occasion, by withholding that which gives joy its purest flow. As a commanding officer, I shall order you under arrest, and declare martial law. Mason, follow me."

With a laugh and a graceful bow, Colonel Weston turned away, followed by Mason. Howard passed slowly into the parlor, where he had hardly entered into the gayeties of the occasion, when in came Weston and Mason, with the server and wine. A deep red flush passed over Howard's face as he saw them, and his eye kindled with anger. On any other occasion he would have openly resented the insult. But he was taken by surprise, and remained in his seat, feeling deeply indignant.

Weston came up and handed the wine to the bride. She looked doubtingly in the face of Howard, and mechanically took a glass from the server.

"Nay, my noble friend," said Weston, as he passed it to Howard, "no frowns, for I am alone responsible. But, sir, you surely will follow Mrs. Howard's exam-

ple, and take a glass of wine on your wedding night." There was a silence in the room and all eyes were turned upon the parties. More especially were the guests watching Howard. The silence was embarrassing, and the bride looked appealingly to him to relieve her from the unpleasant position. The wine trembled in her hand, and the smile passed from her face as she saw the half-sad, half-angry expression upon that of her husband.

None knew the mad whirl of Howard's thoughts, or saw the dark vision passing before him. Twenty years later, and none of this decision and moral courage would have hesitated a moment. But an old and dangerous custom was hanging over him, and he knew not which way to turn or what to do. His better angel bent sadly over him, watching the wily efforts of the tempter to fasten the first cords of the fatal mesh upon a new victim.

"Take it, Howard," urged Weston, with a smile, "one glass would not harm an angel. This is a night and an occasion to honor with the flowing beaker. We must wish you and your bride long years of happiness in the future in the mellow blood of the grape. You surely will not disappoint your friends on your wedding night."

Weston bent his eye full upon Howard with a winning smile, and held the full glasses nearer to him. Howard, alone within himself, wrestled bravely against the wily approach of the insidious enemy, and he lifted his eyes to his bride, the full round

drops stood thickly upon a brow more than usually pale, and his features wore an expression of pain.

“Why, how ungallant you are—Doctor Howard refuse a glass of wine on your wedding night, and your lady waiting your action! Colonel, shall *we* drink to the bride? Surely so lovely a one deserves such a compliment upon such an occasion.”

Weston followed the example of Miss Anson, and they both stood with glasses in hand. The bride leaned towards Howard and whispered in his ear:

“One glass—just this once, for my sake, and never again.”

“*Never again!*”

The company started as the words were echoed in a deep measured tone from some unknown source. But no one chose to speak of the occurrence, and Miss Anson, looking towards the spot where the parson was standing, said:

“You, reverend sir, will have to set this refractory gallant an example, and with Weston and myself, drink to the bride. Should he not drink?”

Elder Snyder stepped forward and took a glass. Now, at the appeal of the bride, however, Howard had reached out to take one from the server, when the company were again startled by that mysterious voice.

“*Touch it not!*”

Elder Snyder frowned and raised himself to his full height, as he turned his eyes upon all in the room, to see who had dared to interrupt the charm which was

weaving. Pale and embarrassed, Howard sat with the cup in his hand, that gaze still fixed upon some scene hidden from the gaze of the guests. It was a scene for the pencil. The party had gathered in a group, the tall form and dark features of the false teacher, the manly-looking Weston, and the light form of the beautiful Miss Anson leaning slightly against his shoulder, the lovely bride, and the victim yielding slowly to the coils which were closing round him. It was a noble group of noble men and fair women, and yet one over which a good angel might have wept.

"This," said the pastor, as he held the glass between his eyes and the lamp, "is one of the good gifts of God to man, the blood of the grape, the beverage of the high, the noble and the good of all ages. It—

"And of the lost and the damned!"

All turned to see whence came that voice, now more startlingly energetic and ringing with bitterness. A deeper frown gathered on the features of Elder Snyder, and he, in dogged tones, continued:

"It is a beverage which our Saviour used. He made it at the *wedding* (the Elder emphasized the word,) and dispensed it at the last supper. The Scriptures plainly enjoin the use of wine. Noah drank it, it was given to those that were ready to perish, it maketh the heart merry, cureth our infirmities, and causeth the poor to forget his poverty, and the afflicted their sorrow. It gives a man strength and joy, and enables him to bear more cheerfully the

changing scenes of life. The Redeemer made and drank wine. It would be sinful for us to set at naught such teachings, and put away so great a blessing. I will drink to the happiness of those whom God has this night joined together."

Elder Snyder turned off the wine with the air of one who expected all to follow his example. And they all did, Howard among the rest.

"At last it stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent!"

"Who is that?" angrily asked Elder Snyder, as that strange and startling voice again fell like a serpent's hiss upon the ears of the company.

"The lost one of a false teacher!" slowly came back in reply, with more thrilling distinctness than before. All eyes were turned toward the veranda window, where now stood a tall, broad-shouldered man, dressed in a coarse suit of sailor's clothes, a weather-beaten tarpaulin on his head, and his hair standing out wiry and matted under the broad brim. His eye was grossly red, and was cast full upon the group, at last resting keenly and firmly upon Elder Snyder. There was a fearful intensity in the gaze, and the sallow features of the pastor reddened and glowed with increased anger.

"From whence do you come and why are you here to intrude upon respectable people?" angrily continued Elder Snyder, as he walked menacingly towards the window.

"Came from my mother's grave to see a wine-bib-

bing priest, and *only one glass at a wedding!*—
Ha, ha!”

The strange and unaccountable apparition turned away, and that peculiar wild and sneering laughter rung shrill upon the air, and fell like an omen of evil upon the darkened heart of Howard.

—“*Only one glass!*” And will it be so, reader?

CHAPTER IX.

FIRST FRUITS.

ON the morning after the wedding, Doctor Howard arose with an aching head and troubled thoughts. The "only one glass" had been the voice of the tempter; but once launched on the treacherous side, he was driven away from shore. Friends grew more friendly as wine went round, and glass followed glass until Howard — the resolute and strong-willed Howard — reeled on his wedding night. He became wild as the subtle currents shot through his veins, and by the time the company dispersed, his garrulous and slavering nonsense had pained and mortified his truest friends. Yet not one of them for the first moment felt that they had contributed to the disgrace of their friend. But such things were not looked upon then as now, and the guests went to their homes, mellow themselves, and as ready to get mellow again on the morrow.

It was early when Howard dressed himself and passed out into the cool morning air. Its breath was grateful to his hot and throbbing brow, but it reached not the throbbing thoughts in his heart. "*As you value your soul's interest, remember your mother — never touch the intoxicating cup!*" He felt the words of that mother burning like a brand upon his feverish



A COMMON SIGHT IN OAKVALE.

cheek, and her eyes looking into his heart. In a letter left for his perusal, Howard had learned the history of his mother—the ruin and horrible death of his father; and it all now came before him, until he shrank within himself as from accusing spectres.

The man who never takes the first step from the path of right is never endangered. That step once taken, others follow with fearful ease. The anchor once lifted from the heart's integrity, the vessel drifts away before the storms that beat in from every quarter. To-day a man stands firm, and looks proudly in the face of his fellows, and feels himself a man. He has his own self-respect. To-morrow he is for once induced to step aside, and like a breach in the wall the enemy comes in like a flood. A trifling act in itself—the one glass drank with a friend,—may seal the fate of the unwary.

Howard had lost strength. He had been beaten in the contest—beaten when he felt that he was right. The idea of being a drunkard had not yet occurred to him. It was only his own loss of firmness and self-respect, and a shadowy sense of some unknown danger, that now weighed him down.

The festivities which followed the wedding were not calculated to fasten the resolutions which were giving away. Wine was everywhere, and everybody used it. He himself began to think that it would be a bold and unpardonable breach of custom to refuse it with his friends. The decanter and tumbler seemed to be the insignia of fashionable society. Thus he

reasoned as day followed day and glass followed glass, the strong and noble purpose which had been so sacredly cherished to the noon of his manhood, growing less strong under the steady approaches of the tempter.

On the day after the meeting of the board, Howard was riding rapidly up the road, when he was accosted from the steps of the "Home."

"Halloo, Howard! Where now at that break-neck pace? Hold up a minute."

The voice was Colonel Weston's, and, as Howard turned his head, he saw a number of people standing on the stoop. His first impulse was to put spurs to his horse, but Weston was a favorite friend, and he reined up. As Weston came up and laid his hand on the mane of the horse, Howard noticed that he was considerably under the influence of liquor. There was a silly leer upon his countenance, and his manner had that bold and half insolent air about it, so contrary to his usually quiet and gentlemanly demeanor.

"Whoop! my (hic)—boy, which way, I say?" and the Colonel grasped tightly the arm of Howard, and roughly attempted to pull him from the saddle.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel, but you will not detain me, for I am in haste to call on a sick patient."

"Devil take your patient; you must get off and take a drink," and again, with that strong grasp peculiar to drunken men, Weston wrenched him nearly from his saddle.

"You must get off and take a drink. Why, I haven't seen you before since your wedding. Get off, old boy, I say, and drink with us!" and he fetched Howard a heavy slap on the thigh with the awkwardness peculiar to those in liquor, and laughed boisterously.

Howard was shocked, and mildly essayed to release himself from the Colonel's grasp.

"No you don't, my boy; you must drink. Soldiers, anhorse (hic) him," and he led the horse up the steps into the stoop, amid the laughter of the half-drunken crowd.

Howard was fairly pulled from his saddle and led into the bar-room and the liquor called on.

"One drink, Doctor, with your friends," as he bowed and played the buffoon before the bar. Howard remained silent while the liquors were mixing. As Weston took his glass from the counter, he again essayed to release himself by pleading haste to see his patient.

"No you don't, Doctor—you must drink with us," and he handed another glass to Howard.

The latter took it mechanically, and was about to set it on the counter, when the Colonel grasped it, and, setting down his own, wound his left arm around Howard's neck, attempted to pour the liquor down

his throat. The act was so quick that the latter had not time to close his mouth before the glass was between his teeth, and the liquor running down his face and neck into his bosom. He strangled badly, which pleased the rum-maddened crowd all the more. Weston was wild with rum, and swore that Howard should drink. The latter grew indignant and began to denounce such rudeness. Weston caught another tumbler of the liquor which had been prepared, and sprung upon Howard with all the reckless, frenzied strength of partial intoxication, crowding the glass against his lips and teeth until the blood mingled with the stains of the brandy from the corners of his mouth.

“By ——! Doctor, you must take in your bits,” continued Weston, and, in the excitement of the moment, he caught Howard by the throat, and continued pushing the now empty glass into his open and bleeding mouth. The crowd were all wild with merriment, and stood upon the chairs and benches to see the sport. Weston set the glass down upon the counter and called for more liquor. Hermon poured it out. As Weston, with his hand yet clinched in the Doctor’s cravat, was passing the glass again to his lips, against his indignant expostulations, Howard released his right arm from the tipsy fellow who was holding it, and dealt Weston a blow on the temple which laid him prostrate on the floor. There was stillness for a moment, and Howard was released from the grasp of those who were holding him. As Weston came to

and began to rise, he literally frothed with rage, and sprung at the Doctor like a madman. The latter evaded his clutch, and he plunged headlong amongst the crowd.

“*For shame!* Are ye men or devils?” All were startled at the sound of a female voice, and, as they turned, saw Minnie Hermon standing in the stairway, pale and trembling, but her eyes kindling at the scene before her. A rocket could not have produced more confusion among them. The majority abruptly went out, leaving Weston, now abashed and cowering, and Hermon, alone behind the bar. Howard washed his face at the pump and rode away, and, as he thought over the scene in the bar-room of the “Home,” a sigh came from his heart and a tear from his eye. He looked at his bruised hand, and wondered how he came to strike one he esteemed so much.

— But there will be stranger scenes there.

Deacon McGarr lived just below the “Home,” and on the afternoon of the same day the affair occurred which we have related, he was to have a wagon-house raised. As a matter of course, rum must be had at a “raising.” A two-gallon jug was sent to the “Home” and filled, and the hands invited. Deacon McGarr had dranked liberally in the earlier part of the day, and felt happy and witty. About one o’clock the hands began to gather, and very naturally lingered on the stoop and steps of the “Home.” When the hour came for commencing operations, McGarr came over, and, for the purpose of supporting the new tav-

ern, "treated all round." In high glee the company then followed him to the ground and commenced operations.

To those who are familiar with the drinking usages of other days, we need not speak in detail of a "raising." Enough to say that horns of whisky were deemed just as absolutely necessary as pikes or pins. As each "bent" was raised to its place, the jug was "passed round" by some boy, accompanied by one with a pail of cold water. As soon as a "bent" was raised, some of the more active ones mounted to the top. By the time the plates were ready to go on, a number were thus gathered above, and the jug must be passed up and welcomed by such. Before the building was all up, a large class was noisy and mellow.

Among others who first went upon the frame, was Weston. Naturally athletic, he now felt doubly so under the influence of his deep potations. McGarr would have persuaded him from the dangerous risk, but Weston was reckless.

The plates were framed to go on to the ends of the beams, requiring much care in holding them and entering the tenons. The timbers were yet damp from the rain during the night, and required caution in handling them without accident. The ends of the plates were first carried up to the beams, then carried forward and balanced up and shoved to their places, preparatory to entering the tenons. When ready to carry out, a man lay down and locked his

arms around the beam, and with his feet against the plate, pushed it as it lay, as near the tenons as was safe. Weston was at the end, and straightened with all his strength, and the piece slid upon the slippery beam near a foot and a half clear from his feet. A dozen voices from below earnestly cautioned him to be careful—if the plate should go off it would kill some one.

“Let ’em look out for themselves,” he replied, with a peculiar laugh, and again backed until his feet reached the timber, and then straightened with all his power. There was a yell from twenty voices below, and the heavy stick fell to the ground. A sharp cry of pain told its effect. Hermon’s leg was under it, and ground to a pumice. The groans of the wounded man, as he was borne bleeding to the “Home,” sobered Weston, as he saw the result of his folly, and the big drops gathered on his brow. Silently and thoughtfully he went from the frame, and passed after the group to the tavern.

“Come, boys,” said Gaston, the blacksmith, “we can do no good over there, let’s up with the plate again, and put on the rafters.”

Another drink round and they took hold with a will, for Gaston set them an example. The stick was soon in its place and the rafters up.

Young McGarr was the last one standing on the ridge. His father saw that he had drunk too much, and called him down. He started to obey, but met the jug again coming up, and took a drink with the rest. The hot draught made him bold and reckless, and

he swore he would walk the ridge-pole with jug in hand before he left the frame. No entreaty or threatening could change his mad determination, and he clambered carelessly to the ridge. They watched him with breathless attention, for it was plain to see that he was intoxicated. Deacon McGarr was pale, and his lip was pressed between his teeth until the blood started from under them.

Young McGarr succeeded in walking the entire length, and, as he arrived at the end, he turned, and, swinging the jug in the air, huzza'd and turned it up to his lips. As he threw his head back in the act, he fell from the ridge, his head striking upon a green beech log, and his body doubling lifelessly down in a heap. McGarr shrieked and jumped to save his boy, and the shriek was echoed with more piercing, soul-harrowing distinctness from the house, where the boy's mother had been watching the scene with trembling lips and limb. Gaston lifted the boy in his arms, leaving masses of his brains upon the log and ground, and the blood ebbing out with a spinning sound from the crushed head. The mother looked once upon the bleeding and disfigured mass, and sank insensible to the ground. On a board the crushed boy was borne to the house, while equally as tenderly the corpse-like mother was carried after in the arms of Gaston. Deacon McGarr followed like a child in his first great sorrow. The jug was left in fragments, thickly sprinkled with the blood of the young victim.

CHAPTER X.

THE AUTHOR TALKS — A LAPSE OF TEN YEARS IN OUR HISTORY — THE CHANGE.

IN one of the villages of Pennsylvania — it is written — the members of the excise board were assembled, as usual, for the purposes of granting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors. After smoking, and chatting upon general subjects for a time, the customary motion was put, and opportunity given for remark. Up in one corner of the room the attenuated form of a woman arose, spectral-like in features, and meanly clad, and looking upon the members present from sockets hollow and ghastly. In tones of sadness, growing more full and intense as she proceeded, the strange intruder commenced a history of sorrow, of ruin and wrong, which fell upon the astonished group like a spell. Her form raised as she gathered strength, and her tones grew fierce, and a hectic flush came out upon the palid cheek. Fixed to their seats and gazing upon the kindling eye, the excisemen listened to the blistering record. From the smouldering ruins of life's hopes blasted, the scathing truths leaped out. She had heard of their meeting, and from the almshouse came forth to denounce the wickedness they were about to commit. Hers had been the history of thousands — a history

now being wrought out in thousands of hearts and homes. Across the river, a luxurious home, a noble husband, and three promising sons had woven her life's happiness with the golden woof of light and love. They were tempted and fell. The home passed into the tempter's hands, her husband and children to premature graves, and she to the pauper's home. Years of darkness and anguish could be known only to the God of the widow and the fatherless. "You see me now," she continued, with her tall form leaning forward and her long finger extended and trembling with emotion, resting unerringly upon the members of the board, "and know from whence I come. You know my history, and how bitterly all my hopes of this world have been wrecked. And you, sirs, caused it all. At your store my husband learned to drink, and you dwell in my home. You, false teacher," pointing to a deacon, "lured my noble boys to your grocery, and they now are in drunkards' graves. You destroyed them. But for you, husband, sons—all might have now blessed my old age. I have come from the county poor-house to lift a voice against your acts. Look at me, and then if you dare, before high Heaven, grant licenses to sell intoxicating drinks!"

The silence of death rested upon the listeners to the pauper's freezing words, interrupted only as one after another of the cowering officials stole like guilty wretches from the room, not staying to accomplish the work for which they assembled. From her quiv-

ering finger the words had fallen like drops of blistering lava into their coward hearts.

As the mind has swept back through the history of the past, we have often thought of the pauper and her speech. If those who suffer — if the ragged and the sorrowing, should come from their abodes of wretchedness, where, unseen, the scalding tear and the heavy sigh mark the crushing progress of woe, and in squalid garb and touching mien, gather around the excise boards of our country, and raise their protest against the wrong, we doubt whether there is a member of these bodies so utterly lost to every feeling of sympathy and shame as to put his name to the license of death. Let the sorrowing mother upon her staff, with her thin, white hairs, going down in sorrow to the grave, totter to the board, and with a dim eye and shaking voice, speak of children murdered, and an old heart running over with bitter memories. Let a wife steal forth from a home where a husband-demon reigns in the domestic hell. Yoked to a living corpse, she stands up with a ragged babe in her arms — a weeping heart attempting to shield the tenderest and most innocent of her idols from the storm — and with every hope buried in ruin, she demands why her home is desolated, her heart broken, and her babes robbed of bread. The sister comes, and with wringing hands claims that the noble and manly-hearted brother should be restored, for she has wept over him and clung to him with a sister's changeless love—her tears, and prayers, and holy affection weaker than

the gossamer web against the stronger than iron chains that bound him. Orphan children throng from hut and hovel, and public asylum, and lift their childish hands in supplication, asking at the hands of the guilty, those who rocked their cradles, and fed, and loved them. The maniac comes, and in insane gibberish and glaring eye, stares upon the "Court of Death." The murderer, now sober and crushed, lifts his manacled hands, red with blood, and charges his ruin—his own and his children's infamy, upon those who commission the Angel of the Plague. The felon comes from his prison tomb, the pauper from his dark retreat, where ruin has driven him to seek an evening's rest and a pauper's grave. From the grave the sheeted dead stalk forth, and in spectral ranks gather around the scene, the eyeless sockets turned upon the actors, and the bared teeth grinning most ghastly scorn. The lost float up in shadowy forms, and wail in whispered despair. Demons, who rejoice in wrongs which make men more devilish than they, blush at the more than infernal wrong. Angels turn weeping away, and wonder that man can love his brother man, and still license the destruction of his hopes for two worlds. God upon his throne looks in anger upon the stupendous iniquity, and hurls a woe upon the hand which putteth the bottle to a neighbor's lip to make him drunken. Were every excise board girt by such an array, no man on earth would make himself an instrument in all this destruction. But their guilt is really the same. The injured

old mothers, the wives and the sisters, are found wherever rum is sold. The orphans plead eloquently in every community. The asylum, the alms-house, the dungeon and the scaffold bear their evidence, written in the unmistakable language of tears and blood. The dead heave their sodded graves on every hand, and revelation turns shudderingly away from the dark future of the thousands who die as the months roll round, while above, a God who counts the sparrows as they fall, sits in judgment and takes note of all. And yet — we write with a burning cheek — the excise boards of a free people meet with cool indifference and ask of a reckless few, “How many pieces of silver will you give us if we will betray the wives and the children — the helpless and the innocent, into your hands — *How many!*” The tribute is paid, and the people, with the price of blood in their coffers, hold the garments, while their licensed instruments stone men, women and children to death!

— No sane man on earth, if the fountains of evil were forever sealed, would ask that they might be again opened. Then why, in the name of crushed humanity and a hoped-for heaven, will men cling to the waning destinies of the monster iniquity?

The pursuit of an honorable avocation is a benefit to community. In the intercourse of trade, there is an equivalent rendered. The interests of the producer and the consumer are mutually advanced. Industry produces an aggregate prosperity and secures a prompt and adequate reward. Upright and perse-

vering labor, in any branch of business, vibrates through the whole social system, and helps to build up, adorn, and strengthen every honorable interest. The craftsman, the merchant, the professional man, the agriculturist — all who live by honest toil, are benefactors, and each fills an appropriate and necessary place in the social structure. There is no special regulation of these interests. They are useful and indispensable. Their pursuit tends to the general good. They do not exist or prosper at the ruin or extinction of others. The tradesman does not find the mercantile profession a legalized monopoly, and himself precluded, by penal statutes, from selling such as his neighbors sell. Talent and application master the legal and the medical professions, and the young man goes out to build up his fortunes wherever his prospects lure the brightest. The blacksmith asks no license to wield his hammer. The farmer does not annually ask and pay for a permit to put in his crops, to harvest and to sell. Whoever buys of him gets an equivalent for his money; and order, harmony and increase, mark the machinery of society.

But what a disturbing element is rum, in all society! It is the Pandorian box of unadulterated evil, with hardly a hope at the bottom. Nowhere on the green earth of God has it proved other than an un-mixed curse. There is not a redeeming fact in its history. A darker, more cheerless, beaconless waste, never stretched away before the misguided pilgrim. There is not a ray of sunshine in ages of gloom. The

most ardent and honest friend of the rum traffic cannot point to one blessing it has conferred upon man since its first footprints cursed the earth. We have seen the system in its palmy days, but it was the plague in mid-day strength, stalking from house to house, its presence withering the greenness of the happiest life, and filling the land with wailing and unutterable woe. Commissioned by government, it has gone forth, the Angel of the Plague, and happy for hearts and homes, if they mourned for none but the first-born. In palace or hovel—in wealth or want, the shadow has fallen upon man and his hopes, the one to sicken and die, and the other to wither. *It enters society branded as an enemy.* The very power which sends it to our villages and hamlets, has written its character. It glides over our threshold in fetters, society mockingly decking its tail with regulating enactments, and leaving every fang bared for the work of death, and from tens of thousands of retreats endorsed and protected by government, the monsters go hissing forth with the injunction to desolate and kill within the prescribed limits, and according to law. The thief is imprisoned and the murderer is put out of the way ; but here is a worse than a thief or a murderer—the subtle embodiment of all crime, allowed to carry on its devilish work under restrictions, and the effects sanctioned by legislation. It never yet entered a community without proving a curse. Some man has been degraded ; some wife has been made to weep in anguish ; some child has

been turned out of door to go hungry for bread; some pauper has been sent to the almshouse, or felon to the dungeon; some scene of blood and violence has been perpetrated, and the maddened instrument sent to the scaffold; some family has prematurely found a rest in the grave, and an escape from woes which will ever beggar description.

Oakvale was not an exception. A lovelier, more peaceful hamlet of happy settlers, was never hidden among the hills. Years went by, and scarce a cloud had fallen upon the cordial and friendly intercourse which had marked the history of the mountain retreat. The lives of the people passed with the calmness and purity of a summer's day. Scarce a ripple disturbed the sylvan quiet of the scene. Industry, virtue, integrity and kindly feeling marked the unrestrained intercourse of the genial and true-hearted people. The streets were quiet, only as stirred by the silver-voiced happiness of the schoolchildren, and the game of ball, the wrestle, or the leaping match, were the noisiest sports which awoke the quiet of the village green. The path to the village church was well beaten, and all was neat about the unpretending structure. The dwellings wore an air of comfort and thrift, and the yards and grounds were neat and attractive. The Sunday school was full, the Sabbath universally regarded, and the old-fashioned notions of truth and honor deeply rooted in a majority of hearts. Age was respected, and the white-haired grand-sires went down to their graves like the shocks fully ripened

for the harvest. The moustache and the rattan were unknown — the dice table, and the saloon. The young men were stalwart framed and industrious. Pianos, fashionable calls, and indolence in the parlor, were scarcely known, and yet there was true refinement; and from the kitchen, full, rounded forms and hearts all womanly passed out to mingle better currents in the busy world. Litigation was unknown; for each minded his own affairs, kept his fences up, kept his cattle and hogs within bounds, and treated his neighbor with kindness and sincerity. No gun ever broke upon the Sabbath stillness, nor boisterous gathering filled the streets; but the seasons came with their promise, and its harvest fulfillment, their flocks and herds, and household industry prospered, and peace, plenty, and contentment, the love of virtue and the fear of God, made Oakvale a spot where the current of life coursed ever with an even flow.

It was years afterwards, and when the population and business of Oakvale had greatly increased, that the "Home" was opened in the village. Ten years more had gone by, and what a transformation! It seemed incredible, and the stranger who saw it in its earlier history, would look sadly upon the change, and believe it wrought by some infernal magic. The rural neatness and quiet were there no more. The "Home" was a floodgate through which a thousand pernicious and evil influences swept in upon the society of the peaceful vale, a fatal undercurrent, undermining industry and virtue, and mingling the

most corrupting influences with the thoughts and habits of the people. From occasional visits to the tavern, the practice increased, until scarce one of the male population was not in the habit of spending his evenings at the tavern. A love of gossip was soon engendered, and every man's business and conduct was at times made the subject of conversation. In the conversation of the people, the change was as marked as in everything else. As the youth and the children listened, they caught the infection, and the oath, the rude and coarse speech, came from mouths prematurely foul by bad example and association. Ill-breeding soon marked the language of the boys, and slang phrases were current and eagerly learned and banded with a gusto. A low-bred pettifogger had followed in the wake of "business," and petty lawsuits were frequent, and always held at the tavern, drawing a crowd whenever held. Fights were of common occurrence, or petty disputes engendered in ill blood; and discord crept strangely in between families where years of uninterrupted harmony had marked their intercourse. Additional liquor shops, under the euphonious name of "saloons," had been opened, "ball-alleys" and "billiard-rooms." These places were a rendezvous on the Sabbath, the youth deserting the church for the dram-shop. They are ever craters of obscenity and profanity, and the youth of Oakvale were fast graduating in these devilish schools. The nights were occasionally hideous with unearthly yellings. Balls and "oyster parties" were

frequent, and respectable young men, at such times were seen intoxicated. The blacksmith was often seen setting upon the steps of the "Home" in his leathern apron, and customers coming from his shop after him. The miller would leave his grist, and staid farmers would turn aside from their business and drink, and spend an hour in chat. Company and general parades were now held at Oakvale, elections, town-meetings, etc., and drunkenness was common. Horse-racing, also, was frequent, and "turkey shoots," raffling and drinking, with frequent quarrels, and now and then a fight, contributed to demoralize the habits and foster the worst elements of those engaged in them.

"Business" had surely increased in Oakvale, and to the tavern belonged the credit. The change wrought in a few years was broad and impressive. The farms were neglected, the fences out of repair, and the yards and corners of the fences grown up to weeds. The barns and outhouses were dilapidated—boards off, and hovels unroofed. Hardly a farm retained the well-ordered and tidy appearance of industrious care, so conspicuous at the commencement of our history. Clap-boards were off, chimney tops crumbling away, and window-panes broken, old hats and rags, and pieces of board, indicating, in unmistakable language, the cause of all. Some houses were entirely in ruins, and the rank dock standing thickly in the yard, and the winds of winter whistling through the shattered structures. Fences were down

and fields turned to waste ; the path to the church was overgrown with grass, and the sheds were falling to pieces, and the steps decaying, and the weather-beaten blinds unhinged, or slamming in the winds. The topmost section of the steeple had rotted and been blown off in a storm, and the bell, rusty and bare, frowned silently down upon the general desolation. The lightning-rod had been broken, and the end swung loose and unconnected. The village burial-ground had not escaped. Length after length of the board fence had fallen, and the cattle from the streets had broken the stones, and the hogs had rooted over the grounds. Unruly boys had torn away the school-house shed, while whole clapboards had been stripped from the building itself, the lath and the protruding mortar and naked studs, presenting to the passer-by the very picture of neglect.

But if the footsteps of intemperance were so blighting upon the appearance of buildings and fields, it was still more marked upon the population. The pathways to the grogeries were well beaten by the traveling public. Farms, shops and professions, were neglected. The happiest home had lost its attractions. The ruddy flame upon the evening hearth, the holy communion of the family circle, or the changeless ties of conjugal affection, were rent like threads for the false light of the dramshop. Even the church could not stay the work ; its aisles had long been silent ; the dust had gathered upon its communion altar and its Bible, and the spider spun his web in the

pulpit unmolested. For ns with red and watery eyes, hats with torn crowns, broken tops and distorted brims ; garments thread-bare and ragged, the pantaloons fagged at the ankle and lodged upon gringy-looking boots run over at the heel ; with swollen cheeks, and hands thrust to the elbows into their pockets, were constantly stealing to the dram-shops. By daylight, and before a chimney top had sent up a wreath of smoke, they could be seen standing by the dens, or knocking for admittance, creeping about over the stoops in the meantime, and shivering in the keen morning cold of the winter. How quickly their ears detected the sound of the bolt as it was drawn, and as quickly tossing the quid into the street and fetching their hand across their thigh as a napkin, cleared their throats and entered. They came out with the palms drawn across their lips, gave the hoarse ahem, and in the same manner retraced their steps to their doors. Women, with countenances pale and furrowed with sorrow and care, and wrapped closely in scanty garb, were seen gliding gloomily through the streets ; and children, their uncovered hands purple in the cold, and their little forms shrinking at every breath, and often bending under the burden of the jug, thus bearing to their own homes the cause of their own wretchedness and hunger.

“Business” had increased ! Oakvale had become a shire town, and two railroads had opened broad thoroughfares to and from. A courthouse and jail had been erected, and the new state-prison buildings

were rapidly going up. Men had died in the drunken brawl, by delirium tremens, and in the winter's path; the widow and her children had gone out from their broken homes to seek an asylum in the county poor-house; felons were in the jail, or at work on the prison walls, and red-handed murder had lifted a dripping hand at noonday, and the people were feasted with a view of the scaffold and its dangling tribute. A score of grogeries were seething and united in the work of ruin, and Oakvale had become a byword and reproach throughout the country for drunkenness and all its consequent and kindred evils. The change was a sad one, indeed. And yet no plague had come from the hand of God to destroy the people; no storm had swept down their fences or unroofed their barns and hovels; and the seasons had ever brought the seed time and harvest. But the blight was there. It rested upon house, and field, and toil; hunger and wretchedness brooded at the hearth; families were scattered, and fields turned to waste; and want, misery, indolence and vice resting like a deathly nightmare upon the quiet and happy hamlet of "long ago."

— "Business" was increasing!

CHAPTER XI.

A WINTER SCENE.

It was in early winter, and the hubs lay up rough and bare through the snow. The wind was cutting cold, and shrieked dismally as it swept around the "Home." Scattering flakes of snow were sifting from the cold and sombre sky. People were already gathering in the bar-room, for nearly every citizen in the place had learned to love his drams; and the fire shone most welcomely in the old-fashioned hearth. Hermon, just recovered, in a measure, from a severe fit of sickness, was kneeling before a keg, drawing his morning bitters. One after another the customers went up to the bar and followed the example, conversation flowing more fluently as the liquor commenced its effects.

"Did you see Mat Ricks when he went away last night?"

"Yes — what of it?"

"Why, he was most devilish drunk, if *I'm* any judge."

"No live man a better judge," dryly remarked old Barney Kits, already intoxicated, and his lidless balls running water before the fire. A laugh followed the hit, and the speaker continued:

"Old Ricks has made a perfect fool of himself lately. He drinks like a fish. They say he abuses his family, too, most shamefully."

"He is not the only one who does that," again put in old Kits. Lame Tim, the speaker, turned an angry eye upon his tormentor, and chewed his tobacco nervously; yet he dare not measure wit with the inveterate wag, as drunk as he was.

"How is it, Tim," asked Gaston, "has old Ricks' farm all gone?"

"O, yes, all gone to smash;—nothing left at all. I knew 't would be so."

"But his wife had property?"

"Went with the rest. Jones has got it all."

"Sold his water and whisky well," put in old Barney.

"But what will become of his family?"

"Go to the poor-house, of course. I guess the old woman will come down some in her notions after this. Always was mighty nice feelin'. After all, I could n't help kind o' pittyin' on her when she came down here and cried, and took on so about the spoons her mother gave her—swow I could n't."

A scowl from old Hermon told garrulous old Tim that he had gone too far, and he changed the subject by taking another drink.

Doctor Howard at that moment drove up, and entered the bar-room in his bundle of furs, calling for a hot punch. While warming himself, he remained silent and thoughtful. This was enough for Tim

He must know who was sick, what ailed him, and how long they were going to live; and with a preparatory ahem, he commenced:

"Anybody sick this morning, Doctor?"

"No more than usual."

"I thought ma'be somebody might be ailin' this mornin'."

"I presume there is," and the sententious Doctor continued to rub his hands before the welcome blaze.

"Come from over the hill?"

"Came from over the hill."

Old Barney grinned, and attempted to wink at the discomfited Tim. But the latter loved news next to a dram, and he returned to the attack.

"Plaguy cold this morning, Doctor!"

"Exactly — found that out myself."

"Anybody sick over the hill?"

"Nobody sick — all dead."

"Why, nobody but old Ricks' folks lived there."

"Exactly — and the folks are dead, or will be."

"You don't say so! How'd they die?"

"Go and see," and with the curt answer, Doctor Howard jumped into his sleigh and left.

There was truth in his briefly told story. On the previous evening, Ricks, with his father, an old revolutionary soldier, had caroused at the "Home" until a late hour, and with a jug apiece, had started out in the storm, amid many a drunken gibe as they stumbled over the hubs. In crossing the mountain at daylight, Doctor Howard had found the old man, lying

upon his face, frozen to death ! He had struggled where he had fallen until the hubs were crimsoned with blood, and his face most horribly bruised. His hat lay crushed under his shoulders, and the handle of the broken jug was grasped firmly in death. The snow had lodged in his thin white locks, but his bald head was as bare to the night blast as the crag above him. Doctor Howard turned his horse and drove over the brow of the hill to the dwelling. A childish voice bade him "come in," in answer to his rap, and as he entered, crept into the farther corner.

Doctor Howard was used to scenes of distress, but he hesitated on the threshold, and stared for a full moment as he stood. It was but a moment, however, and he quickly asked the boy what it all meant. He only answered with a frightened look towards the bed. There lay Ricks, snoring in the deep slumbers of drunkenness, his clothes on, and the uncorked jug before him upon the stand. At the foot of the bed was a spectacle to freeze the blood. Stretched at full length was Mrs. Ricks, and upon the floor, mats of hair, its whitish blue ends indicating its violent wrenching from the living head. It had been wrenched from *her* head, and the bloody scalp lay bare in hideous spots. Above the ear the blade of the iron fire-shovel had cleft the skull, driving the hair into the brain, and splitting the ear through the rim. The blood had oozed out and ran down into the eye, where it was now frozen, the other glaring wildly in death and covered with frost.

"Who did this?" asked Howard of the boy, as he brushed a tear from his eye.

"*Father!*" whispered the child, creeping stealthily to the Doctor's side and looking from behind him towards the bed, and then, with his gaze still on the sleeping drunkard, he stole behind an old partition, and with wild eyes and bloodless lips brought something away in his hands, and scarce noticed by the Doctor, laid it by the side of the dead mother. Turning his eye at the moment, Howard started as at the sight of a serpent. There was the elbow and hand and little foot of a *babe!*

"For God's sake! what — what is this?" he asked, as he stooped to be sure that his eyes did not deceive him.

"Father — father," whispered the child, still keeping his gaze upon the bed — "threw baby out of the bed 'cause it cried, and then into the fire, and then struck me 'cause I screamed."

The tale — the sight, was horrible, and it was no dream; and there lay the imbruted murderer in his slumbers. Howard spoke sharply in the ear of the drunkard, but it was difficult to awake him. The moment he did awake, he called for Henry to hand him liquor. Ere Howard was aware, the terrified boy had taken the jug, when a fearful oath from his father startled him so suddenly that he dropped the jug upon the floor.

"*Hell!*" now roared the thoroughly awakened sot, and caught the boy violently by the arm. Henry

screamed with agony, and Howard noticed that the arm was broken above the elbow and turned unresistingly in the cruel grasp. It required but a moment to arrest the act, yet with that strange tenacity which characterizes the drunkard's grasp, it bid defiance to his strongest effort. But he was not a man to stand upon trifles, while the tortured child was shrieking in agony. Fastening upon Ricks' throat, he retained his grasp until the bloated cheek became black, and his hold on the boy's arm relaxed. Moving the boy to the corner, he hastily went out to his cutter for his saddle-bags, thinking, in his excitement, to set the arm before it should be worse swollen. The horse was restless from standing in the cold, and as he stepped into the cutter, the horse started upon a gallop, the reins about his heels, and kept it unbroken until he turned up under the shed of the "Home." In a moment Howard had the reins, and was urging his way again up the hill at full speed. He hastily entered the house, when hell itself could not have presented a view more devilish. The drunkard was standing in the middle of the floor, his red eyes glaring with a demoniac expression, and his teeth clenched like a madman's.

"They'll never worry me again about bread, G—d—n 'em. I'll learn the cussed brat to break jugs," and more language of the same nature poured from the maniac.

"*They*" would beg for bread no more! They were beyond the "reach of worldly wants or worldly sor-

rows. In the brief absence of the Doctor, the drunken man had caught his boy, and as it appeared, had, by repeated blows, dashed his head against the fireplace jams until his skull was crushed into a mass of blood and brains, and flung him across the corpse of the mother. The frame of the child was quivering yet, and the one hand even clutched convulsively at empty air, as he straightened out with a tremulous movement and lay still upon his mother's breast.

The news of the tragedy at Ricks', was speedily spread through the community, embellished with many a horror, until the public feeling ran high against Ricks. The landlord of the "Home" was sure that hanging was too good for him.

While people were talking about the affair, a kind hand had been at its work of love in the house of blood. Mrs. Ricks was found, on again visiting the house, neatly arrayed upon her bed, and her child beside her, her wounds washed and dressed, and the crushed skull of the child hidden in his shroud. It needed iron nerves to look upon such work, and yet a gentle hand had removed the more revolting evidences of the murder, and restored order to the desolate looking room. The hand and foot of the babe had been placed by the mother's side, and the visitor gone. When the citizens came through the blinding storm, they looked with surprise upon the calm features of Mrs. Ricks, pale, but without stain of blood, and the floor and room exhibiting no signs of the tragedy so recently enacted.

—Sweet Minnie Hermon! In that chamber of death she kneeled, and with the cold browed and bloody dead her company, prayed that the blood of the innocent might not rest too darkly on a *father's hand*. The bitter storm was unheeded as it swept against her feverish cheek, on her return, for her young heart was full of sorrow. As vivid as the language of fire it burned before her, that to the influence and liquor of the "Home" could be traced the ruin and destruction of the Ricks family.

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The funeral of the Ricks family was one of more than usual solemnity. From the grey-haired grand-sire to the innocent babe, ruin had swept them away at a blow. A large crowd had gathered, for the triple murder had thrilled through the community far and near. The dead were buried in one grave, its wide and frozen walls silently awaiting to enclose this fresh and fearfully generous tribute to the remorseless scourge let loose in the valley. The snow was falling fast from the thick gloomy clouds, and the bottom of the wide pit was already shrouded with white, all combining to render the scene solemn and cheerless. There was but one relative of the family living, and that was the loved and broken-hearted father. He had been brought from the jail in the custody of officers, and now stood, his head bared to the storms, and his hands in irons. The scalding tears bitterly rained down his ghastly cheeks and upon his fettered hands, and his broad chest heaved with convulsive

efforts, which shook him as the blast would shake the reed. He wrung his clenched hands until the blood started from the swollen fingers, and moaned as he stood, a blasted thing in his manhood's prime, the fetter links clanking, but in his soul the iron had gone the deepest. Those who had heard the story of his crime and heaped bitter denunciations upon his head, now looked upon the wretch in his agony, and wept for him. There were mourners at the wintry grave. Minnie was there, crushed with grief; for, in a hundred visits to the drunkard's home on the hill, on errands of mercy, she had learned to love the lovely woman who had suffered so much, and a sister could not have wept more bitterly at a sister's grave. Howard, too, stood a child by her side, and with his handkerchief at his mouth, looked through swimming eyes upon the scene.

As the coffins were placed upon the timbers over the grave, Ricks raised his arms high over his head, and dropped upon his knees, bringing his manacled hands heavily down upon the coffin of his wife, the dead sound from within, and the clash of his irons, mingling dismally with a shriek which chilled with its fierce energy of woe.

"Mary!—O, Mary! My children! How I loved ye! Destroyed by my own hand! Merciful God! here let me die, and be buried with them!"

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The grave was filled by a score of hard hands, and many were the warm tear, that wet them as they toiled.

Elder Snyder stepped forward and returned thanks to the people for their kindness, and prayed that God would sanctify to the people this most "*afflicting dispensation of Providence.*"

"*A providence of RUM, inflicted by human devils!*"

Turning to see from whence those strange tones, the unknown in the tarpaulin was recognized, leaning upon a head-stone, his red eye fixed upon the speaker. The latter turned quickly away and passed out with the crowd.

Howard lingered a moment, and alone sobbed as he watched the old sexton place the rough boards at the head. His thoughts were busy. He remembered the night of his wedding—the jeweled hand which crowded the wine upon him, and the lovely features which then were the admiration of all. The beautiful and rarely accomplished *Miss Anson* was under the clods before him!

Sick at heart, he, too, turned away, with new thoughts busy in his mind.

CHAPTER XII.

THREE MEETINGS, AND WHAT WAS SAID—A PRAYER ANSWERED.

THE events of the last few days furnished fruitful themes for conversation for many a day. The public mind was intensely aroused to the enormity of the triple murder, and nearly all united in unmeasured condemnation of the wickedness of Ricks. Custom in the bar-room of the "Home" was better than usual, for there was a morbid desire to hear and talk over the matter, and the particulars of the affair were detailed for the hundredth time. Men stood with their glasses in trembling hands, and argued wisely upon this or that phase of the transaction.

The faults of Ricks were now as plain as midday! Men who had feasted upon his too generous nature, turned to give him a stab. He was always ugly, especially *when in liquor*—was passionate and quarrelsome. It was a wonder that he had not come to some bad end before.

Howard had been sitting a long time silent with his face buried in his hand, and his feet braced against the fire-place. The remarks of the last speaker aroused him, and turning quickly upon the latter, he broke in :

“When was James Ricks an ugly or passionate man? When did he ever wrong any man or woman until carried away by his accursed appetite for liquor? When was he otherwise than high-minded, noble and kind? *Never, unless intoxicated.* I knew him — have known him for years. A truer or kinder friend, a more affectionate or amiable husband, or indulgent father before he took to drink, never lived in this community. You know it. You know, too, whom he married, and what they both were in this community. You know, too, that he had wealth. Men who have fed upon his bounty should not be eager to add to the weight which crushes the stricken criminal. He is guilty of crime, yet as God is my judge, James Ricks, in his right mind, would no more have done what he has, than I would, and but for *rum*, would now be as guiltless. Young Brayton was right. Our tavern will prove a *curse instead of a blessing.*”

Hermon was stung, and retorted from his bar with a sneer, with his hand upon a customer's glass :

“You had better start one of these Temperance Societies, as they call them. Another drink would make you eloquent !”

“*Hermon !*” thundered the Doctor as he strode towards the former and struck his clenched fist upon the bar, with an unusual light in his inflamed eyes, “I shall *never take another drink from your hand !* I've seen enough. But for your liquor, James Ricks would be now at his old home, in the bosom of his family, an honored and respected citizen.”

"So you mean to charge *me* with the death of his family?" fiercely demanded Hermon.

"I charge it upon the liquor that he obtained at your bar."

"That was his own business, and not mine."

"But, sir, you know that he was begging his family, and abusing them shamefully."

"Permit me to say to you, Mr. Howard, that that was no business of mine. It's my business to sell liquor. No body is obliged to buy or drink it unless they choose."

"Very true. But you know he had no control over himself when in liquor."

"I tell you again, that is no affair of mine. I am no man's guardian. Men have a right to drink if they see fit, and I've a right to sell."

"And I've a right to say what I think of the matter. You took a ring from little Henry Ricks which you knew was the wedding ring of his mother, and let him have whisky when *you* knew that Ricks had driven his wife out of doors, and to the neighbors for protection. Was that as you would wish other men to do by your family?"

"I ain't a drunkard, sir," retorted Hermon, with excitement. "I'm not bound to oversee my neighbors' affairs. People had better *mind their own business*," he continued, with meaning emphasis.

"I understand your threat, sir; I've seen enough of your tavern: it has prospered too well for this village. I have seen more suffering and wretchedness

and sorrow since you opened this house, than I ever saw before in my life. Ricks' was not the only family to whom I have carried bread and given my practice to save from hunger and death. Light breaks in upon me. I see where it all comes from, and I *shall* attend sufficiently to my "*own business*," Mr. Hermon, hereafter, to let your liquor alone, or else *my* property will go where Ricks' has gone, and *my* family be left to suffer, as I and *yourself*, *sir*, know that his has suffered. As God is my judge, I'll drink *no more forever!* Good morning, *sir!*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen upon that bar-room floor, the astonishment could not have been greater. The befuddled intellects were too misty to see the plain truths hinted at by Dr. Howard, but they could easily see that he was a very hasty-spoken man, and had acted like a fool. Drink nothing! It was one of the wildest ideas ever thought of, and a temperance man of this day would wonder at the remarks made by those in the bar-room, after Howard left. All concluded that he acted like a madman, and had abused Mr. Hermon most shamefully. There was not the least harm in the world in drinking ardent spirits — it was necessary. Because a man now and then made a fool of himself, so harmless a beverage should not be talked so about. The Doctor was generally a man of intelligence, and it was a wonder what had got into him to make him act so; — he ought to know better. Guess when he got cooled off he would come round right. So Hermon thought, although the

words of the Doctor chafed him more than he was willing to acknowledge even to himself. Yet he certainly could not be held responsible for what others did;—each one must look out for himself. If old Ricks had not made a fool of himself, he would not have been where he was. He had never taken anything from Ricks without he had paid a full price for it. It wasn't his business to dictate how men should spend their property. Such men were his best customers, and if he should refuse to sell them liquor, his business would not be worth anything. He must get a living. He did not want people to make beasts of themselves. If they did, it was their own lookout and not his. He kept a tavern for the public accommodation. To keep a public house and not sell liquor, would be a curious idea! He wasn't the fool that Howard took him to be, and that gentleman would find it out so.

With such reasoning, Hermon stifled the little conscience left, and after a few days things assumed their usual course, with slight exceptions. All had miscalculated upon the Doctor. He had at once seen the danger, and in the midst of the horrible effects of the liquor from the "Home," had solemnly sworn to drink no more. His manhood, yet unobliterated by his rapidly increasing appetite for liquor, rebelled against the thought of dying a drunkard. Ricks, his schoolmate, and earliest and best friend, had wasted a fortune, and was now in irons as a murderer. Howard shuddered as he looked over the past few years.

and as he swore before God in the bar-room of the "Home," so he would do at all hazards. No influences should drive him from his position.

With bitter words yet upon his tongue and anger in his heart, Hermon passed from the bar-room into the hall. He met Minnie in cloak and hood, with a basket on her arm, just starting to go out among the poor of the neighborhood. In his then ill humor, it was enough to call upon the daughter's head some of the harsh language that swelled in his troubled heart against Howard.

"What new subject of your whimpering kindness now calls you out in the cold? Haven't I told you before to stop this eternal running with provisions after lazy vagabonds? I cannot, will not submit to it longer!" You must stop it!"

"*Father!* I cannot stop it. You must not say that. I am not feeding lazy vagabonds, but the poor and needy, such as the Saviour enjoins upon us to aid. Do not say I shall not, Father!"

"Saviour be—

"O mercy! Speak it not," and she sprung forward and placed her hand quickly upon his burning lips to shut back the dreadful blasphemy. She instantly removed her hand, and bursting into tears fell upon her knees and craved his pardon with burning kisses upon his reluctant hand. The demon was again enthroned in the bosom of Hermon as of old. Maddened with rum and exasperated by his clash with Howard, even the tears of his meek and devoted daughter

were like oil upon the fires that raged fiercely within him.

“Min.! no more of this d——d nonsense! I’ve seen blubbing enough. Your mother was always whimpering around like a simpleton, and I am tired of it. Go into the kitchen and behave yourself. I’ll see, Miss, if I can’t rule my own house,” and with a cruel grasp he seized Minnie by the shoulder and hurled her towards the inner door.

Minnie sprang from his clutch as if stung, but it was not the cruel fingers which reached the quick. Rising erect in all the queenly beauty of her injured feelings, her thin nostrils distended, and her eyes kindling with indignation, she stood before the unnatural parent.

“Father of mine! you may heap reproaches upon me — may even, as you have now done for the first time in your life, lay a harsh hand upon me, — but in the fear of God, never dare again to revile the holy name of one who loved so well and suffered so deeply. Heaven forgive you for assailing the memory of one whom you wronged so cruelly while living. Have you forgotten that she died with the mark of a blow upon her cheek, and a prayer upon her lip for him who gave it? Have you forgotten the promise you gave her then that you would not touch the cup again? By all the memories of the past, of the patient, long-suffering wife — of your own hopes of Heaven, my once noble father, away with this dark demon, and we will be happy again. Else the judg-

ments of God will as surely come upon us as he lives above."

Drunk as he was, Hermon felt humbled somewhat, and in a milder tone muttered about giving away so much out of the house; it would "beggars them."

"And would beggary be any worse for us, Father, than others?" mildly asked the daughter.

"Others is nothing to us. It's our business to take care of ourselves."

"But it's our duty to help the needy."

"But we can be reasonable about it; 'taint duty to support all the poor there is."

"Father, I must be plain. There were few poor and needy ten years ago. I shudder when I think of the undoubted cause of their poverty. Would to God that that cause had produced no worse ill than poverty."

"What do you allude to, girl?—what cause?" fiercely demanded Hermon.

"The Traveler's Home! Its liquor has produced suffering and death in every direction."

"Who told you this, you impudent hussy?"

"Have I not seen it in all its forms from the very commencement?"

"And I s'pose you will say next, as Howard did, 'Lat I destroyed the Ricks family?'"

"*Your liquor did, most assuredly.*"

"But how is that any business of mine? I didn't kill the wife and children."

"But the father did, while in liquor, and the liquor came from your hand."

"My hand!" and Hermon involuntarily looked at his hand, as if expecting to see blood there, and then fiercely moved towards Minnie. But she stirred not, and the madman quailed before the daughter, for she had his own spirit, and it was thoroughly aroused.

"Yes, father, it came from your hand."

"But I have a right to sell, and no one is obliged to buy the liquor."

"I know that the law gives you a right to sell, but God says, 'Woe unto him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips, and maketh him drunken.'"

"You needn't preach to me any more, Miss, nor carry any more stuff out of the house," snarled Hermon, as he turned to go out. You carried provisions enough to Ricks' family to have half supported 'em."

"And were they not entitled to even more than a half-support from us?"

"What do you mean? Am I to support all who are fools enough to fool away their property?"

"I mean, father, that the bread I carried to that family was theirs — every morsel, justly theirs — taken piece-meal from them in their poverty."

"But they had their pay for it in liquor," thundered the enraged father.

"In liquor! and you dare to call that pay for all that has been taken from them. Did you not know that every drop which went there was a curse? Could

Mrs. Ricks, or her children, eat it when hungry, or wear it in the cold? Didn't it make a fiend of Ricks, and cause him to commit the crime for which he is now in prison? Don't you know this, father?"

"Go to ——! I don't know any such thing. I've got nothing but my own."

"*Who has the deed of their farm?* Dare you say you gave him an equivalent? Is that instrument not the death-warrant of the whole family? No," continued Minnie, as the landlord of the "Home" cowered from her, "that bread was not ours, not a morsel of it. It came unjustly. You may revile—you may turn me from your door, father; but, before God, I will restore, as far as in me lies, to those who have been crushed by this house. You will live to bless me for this, and to curse the day you transformed our then happy home into a tavern. I shall now go on my errand to the Widow Gifford's. Her substance and the life of her only child have been destroyed *by rum*. She needs our aid. It is her due, and she shall have it."

"Hell and furies!" growled Hermon, as he slammed the door behind him. "She, too, has got Howard's stuff by heart, and all the devils this side the pit can't stop her clack."

—The landlord of the "Home" felt himself a martyr, and sought to drown his troubles in a stiff horn of fourth-proof, and a vigorous kicking of the fore-stick in the fire-place.

Dr. Howard rode home, with new and strange

thoughts crowding thickly upon each other. Dimly at first, but increasing as he proceeded, the light of higher views of his duties and responsibilities in the matter of using intoxicating drinks, broke in around him. As light came, so did a knowledge of his own danger, and the nearness of the precipice he had escaped. So intense became his thoughts as he dwelt upon the subject, the abyss opened before him, and he involuntarily drew up his rein so violently that his horse reared, and came near throwing him from the saddle.

“I might have fallen worse—far worse,” he muttered, as the fearful vision was dispelled, and he looked out upon the eddying snow and up to the gloomy clouds overhead. It now seemed strange that he had so long forgotten his mother, and the scene in the city garret. A blush crept over his cheek as he recognized the cause of his forgetfulness, and with a holier and more solemn meaning, his recent resolution entered down into his better heart. That cold hand and glaring eye were before him, and the blast assumed a milder wail, as upon that fatal night; and he shut his eyes and spurred on. The light, like a cheering beacon, streamed out from his own window, and he dismounted at the cottage, a free and a happier man. Fearfully plain he now saw the cause of the wasting cheek of the wife, and lingered upon the step to dash a tear from his eye. Not even an angry look or a smothered retort had ever answered his harsh words, or greeted him as he had returned from the revel.

The intense and holy love of a better day kindled up with more than its early heat, and he hurried to his wife's chamber.

Howard entered softly, but the chamber was deserted. The fire glowed in the chimney, and the table awaited his coming. As he turned to look, a low murmur came from the half-opened bedroom door, and he recognized the voice of his wife. The current of air from the hall door, which he had opened, swung the other noiselessly upon its hinges, and the whole was revealed. The child had been placed in the bed, and was slumbering sweetly. The mother was kneeling before the bed, the hand of the little sleeper clasped in hers, and her head bowed upon the pillow. Her hair had fallen from its fastenings, and hung in dark masses over the shoulder. Howard had never before found his wife at prayer, and he stood spell-bound, not knowing whether to advance or retreat. Clear and distinct her words came, and like hot brands burned upon his cheek and into his proud soul. And she, too, had seen his danger; and now, with the holy earnestness of a faith which leaned firmly upon God, and a heart swelling with the sorrow which the public eye never beholds, she was praying for her husband, and wrestling with Him who influences the hearts of men, to save the father of her child from a drunkard's grave. Howard started as though an adder had hissed at his feet. And still the long-suffering, never-complaining and devoted wife plead that their home might be spared

from the destroyer of those around it. She raised her head again, and prayed more earnestly that HE who loved children would guard her own from harm. Tears flooded the channel of words, and she ceased to speak, but—a more touching eloquence—wept her prayers in silence.

“*Ellen?*”

Ere the startled wife could turn, a trembling arm was wound about her, and her hand clasped convulsively in that of her husband, his strong frame heaving with emotion, and the warm tears of stouter manhood’s giving away, raining upon the locked hands. The silence was broken only by the sobbing of a man who seldom wept—

“Ellen, how long have you prayed thus?”

“Oh, many, many times, Henry. I hope you are not offended,” and she turned to look in his face.

“My deeply injured wife, no! ten thousand times, no! But you will weep no more; your prayers have been answered. I have this night sworn to drink no more forever that which will intoxicate.”

Men who know not how much a woman can suffer in the daily crumbling away of her heart’s dearest hopes, can dream how unutterable happiness like the sunshine of perfect bliss came back from Heaven on the pathway of her prayers, as she wound her arms around the neck of her husband, and with her head bowed upon his bosom, wept again. Her tears were now for joy. Each one gave back the light of hope and promise, and a sweet and holy calm pervaded her

soul in that night of storm. In that hour, too, Howard had determined to lean upon her God, and the tempter was forever driven from their earthly Eden. As he stooped down over his child, it awoke, and a smile answered the kiss. It was like an angel-welcome — welcome back to a better and holier life. The evening meal was never so enjoyed. The fire looked brighter, and the tea-kettle sung a livelier air, and its steam curled up from the spout like an incense. The storm was unheeded; and even after the family had retired, the coals glowed and flashed, and the cricket chirruped his happy song under the hearth.

Dreams visited the sleeping husband and wife. The fearful specter which had seated itself at their hearth was driven away, and the Angel of Hope came and smiled where it had been.

CHAPTER XIII.

MABEL DUNHAM.

AMONG the earliest victims of the rum traffic in Oakvale, was Harry Dunham, an impetuous, generous-hearted and high-souled young man of thirty years of age. In the pleasures of the cup, the bondage of the tempter was woven so speedily and strongly around him, that his prospects darkened at midday, and the sun of his promise went down like a meteor. His was a nature to yield at once and madly to the fatal embrace of his enemy, and in a few years the gifted young man had fallen to the lowest degradation, and in soiled and tattered garments spent the most of his time in the bar-room of the tavern. The manly form was bloated, the hair bushy and uncombed, and the full, dark eye of a fiery red. It was pitiable to see the once proud young man, holding horses, cleaning stables, sweeping the bar-rooms—performing the most menial service for the pittance of a glass. As a sixpence dropped into his hand, he would turn eagerly away to the bar and spend it for rum.

The course of Dunham had desolated as happy a home as a young man ever had. But the young wife, who had given him the priceless wealth of her young

heart, was stricken down like a tender flower, and, without a word of complaining, died.

Mabel, the fair child of the brief union, inherited all her mother's loveliness, and every home in Oakvale was gladly tendered the worse than orphan. She had no more a home, for her father deserted her entirely, and plunged more deeply into dissipation. She no more, however, was compelled to visit the "Home," with the tin pail, and in tremulous tones ask liquor for a drunken father at home.

John Gault, a bold, impulsive boy, a few years older than Mabel, was often seen in her company, and at such times himself went into the bar-room and got the liquor for her. John's father, though a clergyman, was a cold, stone-hearted man, and was angry at the intimacy between his son and "drunken Dunham's" Mabel; but the wilful boy would go to school, and over the fields, and by the river, with the sad-hearted child.

The old school-house stood over the river, perched picturesquely at the "four corners" among the rocks and scraggy pines. The walls upon the lower side were covered with moss, tufts of grass growing in the crevices, and a thistle, with a pale red blossom, reaching out its prickly stem. The house is old and weather-beaten, and the chimney crumbling away; but clustering with a thousand hallowed associations. The jack-knife had been busy upon the clapboards and benches, where rude skill had carved ruder images and names, many of the letters turned the wrong

way, and fantastically uncouth. The old door-sill was broken and deeply worn, and the rank grass was growing greenly upon either side of the hard path. There was an old rock by the tuft of elders, sloping back to the hill from its perpendicular front, and smoothly worn by many a summer's treading of bare-footed groups. It was warm—the rock—in the summer's sun, and there were glorious tumbles from the overhanging top.

The rock is there yet, but many of the bare feet have long since trodden the journey of life.

Across the road was a wide-spreading old thorn, with scraggy trunk and lance-like weapons hidden in its leaves; but it bore a gorgeous wealth of white blossoms, and the bees mingled melody with the welcome fragrance. On the knoll beneath, was the mimic carriage-way, with its bridge of bark and embankments of fresh earth. No architects of ancient grandeur were prouder of their achievements than the boy builders. Below the hill was the old mill, with its deep, dark flume, and the pond covered with floating timbers. The mysterious old wheel was covered with moss, and as its dripping arms swung round, a wealth of gems fell glittering in the sunbeams. There was the still water when the old wheel ceased to go round, and the green-looking stones upon the bottom, where the "dace" lay so lazily in the sun, and seemed so wondrous large. It were worth a world to sport again in that cool stream, with the light of childhood in the heart, and its vigor in the limb.

The sun crept stilly into the open door of the school-house, and away across the warped boards, nicely swept, and worn smooth by childish feet. Warm and rich was that sunlight as it came in at the window upon the well-worn seat, and leaped off upon the floor across the room. Sweetly it laughed upon the sleeping boy's face and upon his golden hair. The little sleeper was just at school, and the mistress had kindly laid him down, his feet hanging over the end of the bench, and his arm hanging down to the floor.

— The sun moved away — and so will move away the child-dreams of his school days.

There is a low murmur of voices in the room, and the hum of the fly, as he wings about in the stillness, or crawls on the warm window-pane, or trims his shining wings in the sunshine — save this, all is hushed and dreamy. The sun beats hotly without, where the mowers are busy, the scraping of their rifles, as they sharpen their scythes, ringing clearly across the field. With the shadow of the drifting cloud goes by the breeze, after entering the windows like a spirit of health, with its fragrance of new-mown hay.

The wide old hearth is neatly swept, and the fireplace looks cool with its profusion of boughs. The school mistress moves quietly about the room with ferule in hand, and prompting with a musical voice as the children recite.

There is the beautiful and sad face of the lone boy, as, with his crutch beside him, he sits in the door and watches sports he cannot enjoy. His cheeks are

pale, but his eye of deepest blue has that resigned and patient look which wins the heart, and his sweet and gentle manner endeared him to all. The best apple is his, and he has a favored seat at all our plays; and when we lift him over the fence, where he can mingle with us under the wide-crowned thorn, his look is grateful, and lingers like a sacred thought in the memory. The pilgrimage of the lame boy is ended. He left his crutch at the grave, and in it that shattered form.

In the corner of the crooked fence, and under the thorn, was the play-house, built of fragments of boards, and walled in with cobble-stones. The broken china was nicely arranged, and the turf floor cleanly swept. But lessons were not always well learned within that little retreat. The plump arm was punished with a pin, when the mischievous owner put dock-burs in her brother's hair.

Mabel Dunham was a favorite, for the children had not yet learned to shun the drunkard's child. Her eyes were sweetly calm and blue, her hair long and lying like waves of gold upon her white neck, or glancing in the sun as her hand tossed the heavy braids from her cheek. A gentle and touching sadness had settled upon her features since her mother's death, and sorrow more than years had written its language upon her thoughtful brow.

John Gault, was the boy-lover of Mabel. He carefully lifted her over the mossy stones in the streams, over the fence, or down from the wide rock

by the spring. The yellowest daisy and the freshest wild-rose were hunted out from the meadow and the hedge, and the largest pond-lily was wrenched from its moorings far out in the water. The smoothest and prettiest pebbles were selected from the brooklet's bed for the little house he had built for Mabel, and the greenest moss pulled to carpet the floor. The red maple was climbed for boughs to shut out the sun — those blue eyes ever turned anxiously up that he should not fall. Mornings, John would steal away and watch her coming down the winding path around the hill, and carry her basket to the school. The impetuous boy loved more than boys usually love. He saw her everywhere in night and day dreams. The flame-like foliage of the maple was like the dress she wore. The robin in the beech overhead sang of Mabel. The golden dandelion and the daisy smiled as she smiled ; and the blue sky down in the still water, was as dreamy and still as her eyes were calm. He heard her footfall behind him as he hurried through the dusky wood-path. The stars had eyes like hers ; and in the moonlight, the dew-drop glittered as he had seen the tear glitter upon her cheek. In the strength and purity of his child-love, John had promised, that, when a man, in spite of his father and everybody else, he would make Mabel his wife, and they would have a home of their own, and be happy.

— Boy dreams !

Mabel Dunham lost !

The news spread quickly through the village — for all loved the unfortunate child. The father, deeply intoxicated, had been seen the evening before in her company across the river.

Below the dam was a footwalk, high above the water, for the accommodation of the villagers. Across this was the most direct way to the falls — a place where John and Mabel had spent many hours in childish communion. John was the first to reach the walk, just as the sunshine fell in a broad beam across the pool. There upon the bottom was Dunham and Mabel, one hand clenched upon her arm, and the other upon the handle of his broken jug! The sands glittered in the golden braids of her hair as they lay out upon the clear current; and, as if smiling to the sky, her eye was turned upward. A wild rose was crushed in her stiffened fingers. The father with his jug, and the child with the flower! — both at rest.

There was no little astonishment when it was known that Elder Snyder would not preach at the funeral of Dunham and his child. Few dared, however, to reason the matter with him. His creed was cast-iron in its mould — dark, puritanic and forbidding. He felt that no drunkard could enter Heaven, and believed that the sins of the father were visited upon the children. Dunham was an ungodly man, and Mabel had never been baptized, and it would be blasphemy to pray for those who were already doomed to perdition. Gault indignantly rebuked the bigot because he would not preach for Mabel:

but he was severely chastised for his wickedness and impertinence.

On a bright Sunday afternoon they carried Mabel across the stream, and lowered her gently to her rest. John Gault dare not speak, but his heart went down with the coffin, and he loved the old sexton because he dropped the dirt so softly down, and placed the sods so carefully with his hands, with a tear in his own eye. The old man loved Mabel, too.

— Thus early in life ended the love-dream of John Gault.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING FROM HOME.

"No, I'll not forgive him. He's a wilful boy, and has disobeyed me thrice in this matter. He has shown himself a child of the devil, and he must go out. He is no son of mine, and this is his home no longer!"

"Nay, William," pleaded the tearful wife, "he is our only child. Do not turn him away, but forgive him. He is wayward, but not vicious. Years and kindness will cool his fiery nature, and he will be a blessing in our old age. God will not leave him—we must not. The act may be his ruin, and plant sorrow in our old hearts for life. Our Saviour was forgiving, William," and the earnest woman laid her hand gently on the arm of the stern man before her, "and should we not bear longer with the only one now left us?"

"Tempt me not, woman! Your mother's heart clings wickedly to an unworthy idol. The boy has wandered from the fold and our hearthside and sought intercourse with the ungodly. He is lost, but God's will be done. I must not shrink, for we read that if the eye offend, we must pluck it out. Alfred is determined to inflict disgrace upon us and the church.

His mouth is filled with cursings, and his heart with disobedience, and I can harbor him no more."

"But if the prodigal should return," continued the now weeping mother, "you surely would welcome him to our home?"

"Enough of this, Mary; it is wrong to repine. It is ordered that our child should be cast out from among the righteous, and it is ours to submit."

The angel-hearted mother would have still plead for her wayward boy, but she looked in the face of the stern, tearless father, and with a quivering lip turned away to weep as only a mother weeps, and left that frowning man to walk his study with a firm tread and a compressed lip.

Elder Snyder was a Christian of iron mould. No penance-doing monk was ever more exact and rigid in the performance of his religious duties, and more unforgiving towards the wayward and ungodly. He looked upon the least sin with no degree of allowance, and felt it a solemn duty to heap the fiercest condemnation upon all who did not square by his standard of faith. His was a cast-iron creed, unyielding and unforgiving. He was once a persecutor of the saints, but now a minister of the gospel, who dealt only in the fierce red imagery of hell and its torments, in his Sabbath ministrations. He never spoke of the love of the child-like Saviour—nor wept as that Saviour wept—never forgave as that Saviour forgave. He never smiled; but cold, passionless and stern, stood like an angel with a flaming sword to drive out the

erring forever ; never, like the meek Redeemer, to forgive and pardon on the cross, and welcome to Heaven the praying and penitent thief. He was ever dark and forbidding, and his sermons were ever woven with the sombre texture of eternal wrath. The mild, winning light of our blessed religion never warmed or irradiated his dark nature. He esteemed joy and laughter a sin, and passed among his people with a countenance as rigid and unbending as though no heart throbbed beneath that stolid surface.

Such was the father of Alfred Snyder, for whom the mother plead in the beginning of this chapter. The young looked upon him with awe, but not with love and veneration. There was nothing in his manner or conversation to win the affection of the youth, or to attract them toward him. From the ball-play or the ring he turned away with a frown and a sigh. His prayers were ever of a chilling solemnity, and breathed only denunciations against the impenitent. And in the chamber of the dying, he never wore that smile of hope and faith, which burns like a beacon above the silent wastes of a shoreless ocean. Childhood shrunk away in whispers from that cloudy brow, and hushed the laughter of its joys.

We need not detail the history of an education at such a hearth and by such a teacher. His treatment of his family chilled every warm impulse of his children, and taught them that all earthly joy was a sin. All but one of his children had passed away, but the

iron man never wept — it would have been sinful to have wept over the providence of God !

— And so the mother wept alone in her heart and chamber over the wasting of her idols.

Thus Alfred Snyder grew up to early manhood, looking upon his home as a prison-house, and his father as a stern, hard keeper, and upon the world as a bright realm which lured him to pleasures he could not enjoy. Even the most innocent amusements of childhood were denied him. The tide of young life's buoyancy was frowned back to its fountain, where its pent-up strength struggled against the unnatural and unreasonable restraint. The Bible and the catechism were the only books ; the rod, the devil, and perdition, the only motives in life. The result of such a system of training upon a fiery nature, need not be told. Alfred inherited all his father's firmness, with the buoyant, sunny nature of the mother. His heart was full of the sunshine of life, and of the nobility of manhood. He turned kindly to every one, and eagerly sought the pleasant associations of youth. He was frank, impulsive, and generous, and from a cold and uncongenial home, turned involuntarily to catch the sunshine he found not at his own hearth-side. Thus, step by step, without dreaming of wrong, he crossed the first circles of youthful pleasure. Instead of striving to make home pleasant, and to blend instruction with amusement, the father was harshly stern and unforgiving. Alfred, now twenty years

old, came home from a dance ; the father did not expostulate or entreat, but, with a lowering brow, took the rod and chastised his boy. Alfred's cheek flushed a deep crimson, and his eye flashed, but he stood erect and looked his parent in the face. But the strokes burned, and his proud nature writhed under the disgraceful infliction. The punishment came to the ears of his comrades, and, maddened by the fact, Alfred attended another dance, and was again flogged. And still a third time. The gulf had now widely yawned between the parent and child, and the latter sought his chamber with a pale, compressed lip. A new purpose was formed.

The father knelt and put up his evening prayer, his voice as coldly calm and unshaken as though no shadow had ever fallen between him and his first-born.

The mother stole away to the chamber of her boy, to drop the balm of kindly words and tears upon his smarting wounds and into the lacerated heart. Alfred had thrown himself upon his bed without undressing, and had already fallen asleep. There were tears lingering upon the lids and cheek, and the holy ones of the mother mingled with them, as she kneeled and wept over the wayward, but brave and noble-hearted boy. His cheeks were flushed, and, upon one of them, was a long line of fiery red, where the lash had reached from the shoulder.

The father prayed not for his child, but the mother did. Alfred awoke to hear her asking the blessing

of God upon his head, and he wove his arm around her neck, and wept as a grieved child would weep.

"Mother, I must leave home—it is no place for me. Harsh words I can bear, but not blows. I am disgraced, for the boys all understand the matter."

"No, no, Alfred," answered the mother sadly; "you must not leave. Your father is severe, but he feels that you have disobeyed him. Your mother will plead with him—you are our only child, and you must not go away from us."

"Mother, I must. It's of no use—father never smiles or speaks a kind word to me. Had he done so, I am sure I should not have disobeyed him. I love you, mother, but I cannot love him. Every blow he strikes me smarts to the soul, and, with bitter words, he told me to leave the home I had disgraced. Did he speak to me as you speak, I could get down on my knees to him and beg his forgiveness, but never, with the lash burning on my back. I will go."

Alfred had arisen and stood with erect frame and dilated nostrils, his eye flashing and the whip mark reddening on his cheek. The mother watched him with feelings of pride as he stood, and yet wept at his determination. The mother's tears were yet warm upon the cheek of her boy, to be borne out into the world, and remembered when all else virtuous and holy died out.

"It is of no use," he firmly answered to her earn

est appeals, "I must go. I never shall return until he asks me to, though I will write to you often. And now, mother, I am wild and thoughtless, but you will pray for me when away. I shall be a better man. It is hard to leave—to be turned out, but," and he stood proudly up, "I can wrestle alone in the world, and find none more unkind than him you have told me to love. Don't weep—you unman me. In an hour I shall be on my way."

—Alas! how many stronger wrestlers have been thrown in life's encounters.

The mother spent that swift hour on her knees, and, as the clock struck ten, she hearkened, even then hoping that Alfred would not go. She opened the hall door, passed softly to his chamber, and found the door ajar. She feared he had gone, but she found him bowed and his face wet with tears, and her miniature in his hands. Like the low rustling of an angel's wing, the mother kneeled down, and locked arm in arm in silence, they wept again together, for the mother loved her child.

Alfred stood on the threshold, his heart swelling in his throat, and locked to the heaving bosom of the sorrowing mother. Even then, had that stern father spoken one kind word to the proud boy, the cloud would have passed away from the hearth.

'Twas like wrenching hearts asunder—the agony of that parting. She clung to him with hooks of steel. He had been her idol, and she yielded him as one of the brightest hopes of earth: Clouds had darkened

the sky over their heads, but darker ones were in their hearts.

“I must go, mother — may God be with you, for there are none to love you as I love you. Tell father to be more kind to others than he has been to me, and that when old age creeps upon him, one kindly word will bring me back to our home from the ends of the earth. Don’t weep, mother, but pray for your wayward boy. *Good-bye!*”

Like a part of her own life, Alfred withdrew from her trembling arms, and turned down the road. She listened to every footstep, the sounds falling like barbs into her desolate heart, and, faint and dizzy, she passed into the dark and lonely chamber, where everything reminded her sadly of him who had gone from her sight forever. It stormed during the night, and she saw in each flash the form of her boy, heavy-hearted and weary, toiling alone through life, without mother or home.

The morning was cloudless, and the sun smiled upon the dripping landscape. The father put up his morning prayer with a steady voice, never once alluding to him who was launched out upon a world-wide and treacherous ocean.

—The mould will long gather upon the grave of that mother, ere the wanderer returns.

CHAPTER XV.

UNMOORED FROM THE HEARTH.

ON the fourth day from home, Alfred Snyder found himself in the streets of the Empire City, alone and friendless. The thronging thousands, the rumbling of wheels, and the confusion of tongues, wore the air of novelty for a time. But he soon wearied of all this, and felt himself in a vast solitude, even in the midst of the great Babel. So true it is, that in the very midst of the tramping thousands, the stranger feels like one in a vast solitude, and turns within his own bosom, where there are thoughts of home and friends who are ever joined in one common circle.

It is not our purpose, at this time, to trace the career of Alfred in detail. The chances are against him in the great battle before him. Brave and true men have fallen. There is no true heroism like that which meets and beats back the temptations which, like ten thousand whirlpools, circle and seethe everywhere in the ocean of life.

Alfred was alone, and the principles of virtue and truth not too well fixed. The very manner in which he had been educated at home had robbed such principles of their real attractions. He remem-

bered such teachings as associated with the harsh word and the stinging blow. As he turned to the gay world, its gayeties and pleasures had beauties which have too often proved fatal to those of sterner mould. He was impulsive, generous and brave; and under the influences of a right education at home, he would have been one of nature's noblemen.

Alfred remembered his mother, and felt that he should always respect her parting advice. Poor boy! How soon he learned his weakness. By degrees, yet rapidly, he was drawn into the mesh. His was a nature to welcome all that wore the guise of friendship, and the result was that he found himself a dupe and a victim of designing knaves, his good resolutions vanished, and himself floating away resistlessly upon the tide of ruin. Often he thought of his mother, but temptation came again and again, and still closer her bonds were tightened around the boy. He beat the current with feebler stroke, and turned to go down to his fate.

Six months had passed since Mrs. Snyder bid "good bye" to her boy at the old farm gate. Not a waking hour of that time had passed in which she had not thought of him, and lifted her prayer to God to watch over him, and guide his footsteps. As she sat at the morning and evening meal, the eye would flood as it turned to a spot at the board no longer filled. In his chamber she thought and dreamed, and with longings which only a mother can know, looked for his coming at some future day.

—The mother may dream, but she shall pass from the earth and see him not.

And happy for her that she cannot see him now, as he mingles with the abandoned in the dens of vice. The fair cheek is already red and swollen, and the eye inflamed. How swiftly ruin has written its language on that handsome face and manly frame, and upon his manner and apparel.

The hallowed face of his mother mingles in the dreams of his drunken slumbers, like faint sunbursts struggling into the dank and dark dungeon-house of death. Dim, and still more dim, appeared that form as it receded in the distance, leaving the nightmares of ruin to riot undisturbed in the heart of the victim.

At times, as the fumes of a debauch passed off, his better nature would struggle bravely for a moment, and the yet proud spirit chafe against the fetters which bound him. How eagerly the sick and bruised boy then turned his thoughts homeward, and to his mother, who stood at the old farm gate, as on the night they parted, with outstretched arms to welcome him back! A thousand times, the first impulse had been, to go; but instantly a stern and relentless shadow passed in before him, and with fierce words and thongs, drove him back — the shadow of his father! He could not, would not go back as he was, and he had not strength to burst away and win an honored name among men. There was an enemy in his bosom stronger than he — a sneering devil, who smiled upon the impotent struggles of the enslaved one.

Late one night Alfred Snyder was found in the street near the wharf, drunk and asleep.

When he awoke in the morning, he was bewildered and lost. He pressed his hand upon his brow, where sharp pains shot fiercely through every vein. He experienced strange emotions — the bed seeming to rise and fall as if tossed on an ocean swell. He attributed the sensation to his debauch, but he heard the creak of cordage above him, and a sound like the dashing of waves near his head. A dim light struggled in through a small window above his bed, and he arose and attempted to stand upon his feet. The room rocked, and he believed himself yet drunk, though he could remember distinctly the scenes of the previous evening. He groped around to find a door, but reeled and stumbled against his bed. That sound of dashing waves still continued, and he shut his eyes to determine whether he was not still dreaming. At last he managed to climb up to the window by standing on the bed, and look out. It could not be a dream! yet, there met his bewildered gaze one wide expanse of blue water, the long, unbroken swells plunging sullenly towards a faint blue cloud in the distant horizon. He was on board a vessel, and the wide waters rolling between him and the shore!

Drunk and insensible, Alfred had been borne to the ship which was outward bound for a three-years cruise. As the sun went down that day, he leaned over the bulwarks of the vessel and looked out on the bright pathway of gold, which mockingly smiled

away towards the distant home. Again he thought of that Eden and its mother, and a hot tear leaped from his feverish cheek, and was borne shoreward by the receding wave.

We shall make too much of a digression if we trace all the wanderings of Alfred Snyder. He was wrecked on the Barbary coast, and for three years was a slave to the Moor. He escaped from his bondage but to be wrecked again on the western shore of Africa, and struggle for weeks with fever and deprivation. He was at last taken up by a slaver, and afterwards taken by pirates, and entered as one of their number in their bloody trade.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STRANGER IN THE TARPAULIN.

It was one of the days of late autumn. The morning was cold and cloudy, and the ocean swells came plunging darkly to the shore. A chill wind blew out in gusts, sweeping the water from rising billows, and bearing it along in drifting clouds of spray. The streets were damp from the night before, and all things wore a dismal and cheerless aspect.

Towards noon the heavy fogs rolled out from the shore, and the sun struggled feebly through the broken clouds. Far out, with all sails set, a vessel was beating towards the harbor. But not until late in the afternoon did she drop her anchor at the wharf and furl her damp sails.

With a glass, one might have stood on the wharf and noticed a person on the deck of that ship, as motionless as a block, leaning over the bulwarks, his chin resting on his hand. The sailors were busy aboard, but he moved not, until the anchor dropped and the vessel rocked like a weary and panting monster at the wharf. He then started like a man from a deep slumber, and paced the deck with a quick and impatient tread.

A week or ten days from the time above alluded

to, a man might have been seen toiling up the long hill which led to the village of Oakvale, with a slow and weary step. His sailor garb was hard-worn and dusty. His feet were blistered from travel, and he carried his shoes in his hand, stopping frequently to rest by the way-side. His face bronzed and weather-beaten, and marked with scars, and grossly red, his eye red and fierce, and his hair long and matted. The frame was a noble one in its proportions, but the step had none of the vigor of mature manhood. Slowly and silently he pursued his way, nor noticed the passer-by who turned to look again at the dust-covered and uncouth-looking stranger.

As he reached the top of the hill overlooking the village, he turned from the beaten path, and seated himself upon the stones which had tumbled from the old wall, and with his arms resting upon his knees, gazed long and earnestly towards the village. The sun was setting without a cloud, and its beams rested in all their autumnal loveliness upon the landscape. Peacefully it went down behind the western hills, and still the traveler gazed, until the mingled hum of the evening sounds came up the valley. The moon was already in the sky, and the soft twilight; and clear and distinct the church bell pealed out and swelled up, and then rolled away like waves upon the trembling air. That iron voice startled the traveler, and a thousand thoughts might have been seen creeping over his swollen features. Again he listened, and as the last notes died out in a murmur, he bowed his

head and wept. Like the showering rain, the pent up drops glanced from the feverish cheek.

The prodigal stood again in the outskirts of his native village: the scarred and weather-beaten sailor was Alfred Snyder. He had returned, and there he stood on the bridge and looked down upon the shimmering waters of the stream. He lived again in the past, and stood there as when a boy. But what a shadow had passed over the years of his manhood.

Alfred entered the village. Many of the buildings remained as when he left, and he walked up the familiar street like one in a dream. How strangely the memories of other years stole back in their early freshness, until it seemed but a day that he left it all and the dwellings and the stream, the bridge overgrown with grass, and the mellow moonlight, the clump of hemlocks below, and the weather-beaten school-house across the pond, were the same as then. It was a happy, an ecstatic dream; and as he thought of how much he would give were it in his power to buy back the past, and blot out his manhood's years and their dark history, he wept again.

Here was the old church, the grass green around its old steps, and the tin dome glimmering in the moonbeams. Alfred passed round to the window by the shed, and climbing upon the old bench, peered in through the window. What thrilling thoughts throbbed in his bosom as he attempted to scan familiar places in the dim light. The moonbeams fell upon the old desk where his father had preached from his

infancy, and across into the family pew. Did he preach there now, and his mother sit in that old pew? The outlines of the organ were shadowy. Where was she who once sat at the keys?

The prodigal turned away from the holy silence which reigned within the church, and passed into the heart of the village. The same tavern sign swung between the posts, and the same "stoop" was there. He passed quickly on, for it seemed sacrilege to invade the better thoughts which now possessed him with the bitter memories of the tavern house. A few steps, and he stood where he parted from his mother. He trod softly, for it was holy ground to him, and involuntarily looked to see his mother, as she then stood at the gate and wept her good-bye. Steadily the tear drops ran down his cheeks, and he leaned over the gate, yielding himself to the thoughts which bore him away like a flood. There stood the old parsonage — the home of his youth; and he lingered, and looked through streaming eyes, like a returning wanderer into a holy Eden. The old cherry was there still, its yellow leaves now rustling in the path and upon the green by the roadside. The little porch had not changed, and the wild vines clung to the eaves as of yore. His own chamber window was there, and the low roof beneath it. He longed to go in and look into the garden, but dared not touch the brass knocker upon the front door. He felt that he would have given worlds to have known if his mother was there, yet dreaded to know. He listened for her

footstep as he once used to hear it, when she watched late for his return, but it was the rustling of the leaves which had fallen in the walk. Was the mother there, or had she passed away, and strangers taken her place? The moon came brightly out of the clouds, and he passed up to look upon the old lion-faced knocker. As his foot fell upon the sill, the dark shadow of a cloud passed over the sky, and he shrunk timidly back to the gate. But he felt that he must know, and he again stood within the little porch and peered into the face of the bronzed lion for the familiar name. His heart sank within him, for another name was there, and the stern image seemed to frown upon him, and he turned away, as weak as a child.

Without a thought, he had turned up the street, and stood in front of the old church-yard, its sable gate standing dark and sombre at the entrance. Guilty as Alfred was, and his hand red with crime, the flowing tears, and the sacred memories which brought them, made him forget his own degradation, and he sought the grave-yard as a place of rest. He had not yet thought that his mother might be there until he stood among the sodded mounds; and when the thought came upon him, he gasped for breath, and leaned heavily against the fence. That mother had been a beacon which had guided him in his wanderings towards home, and he felt that if it had gone down in the grave, there was no hope for him. The bruised prodigal felt that she could save him, and

he shuddered as he cast his eye upon the white marble that stood in the moonlight.

Alfred knew where his brothers and sisters were buried, and, as if dreading some fearful revelation, he passed on among the graves. How loud the sear leaves in the hollows rustled in the stillness of the night. Weak, trembling, and dizzy, he reached the iron paling, and for a moment shut his eyes in dread. The cold drops stood out upon his brow, and yet his cheek burned hotly. He lifted his tarpaulin from his head, and as the cool night wind stirred his shaggy locks, he felt strengthened. And there, in that enclosure, stood a large marble slab. With the weakness of a child, he reached out and clung convulsively to the monument, and read, as he dropped his hat upon the grave, "Sacred to the memory of MARY SNYDER, who died May 10th, 18—, aged 56."

His mother was dead, and the grass of four summers had been green on her grave. That beacon to which he clung for salvation, had gone down in the night of death, and he was alone! Her arms were not spread to receive him, or her tears of welcome to fall upon his neck. Hope died away in the prodigal's heart, the graves swam around him, and he fell heavily upon the leaf-covered mound, his scalding drops pouring out the love of years, and mingling with the dew which trembled like gems upon the rank blades.

—The fallen one would have been happy could he have lain his head by the side of his mother's upon its pillow of earth, and with her been at rest.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TRIAL.

As the time approached for the trial of Ricks, the circumstances of his crime were again brought to the public attention with an interest equal to their first development. His conviction and execution were looked upon as a matter of course.

Time had laid a heavy hand upon the murderer during his imprisonment, and the days had been dark and dreary. There were none of kin to befriend him in this great trouble, and there were few in the community who ever gave a thought to the prisoner in his cell. Elder Snyder had never yet seen Ricks since his confinement, but had contented himself with thundering wrath upon his head from the pulpit.

But there was one who visited him often. The penitent and humble criminal had learned to listen to her footfall as that of an angel of peace. To her he was indebted for many a comfort, and many a word of kindness and consolation. Hers was the only countenance which had smiled upon him in his solitude. Her woman's heart had sympathized with his, and her tears had mingled with his tears, while, with the calm and cheering faith of the Christian, she pointed him to one who could save to the uttermost.

There was a sublimity in the scene — the red-handed murderer bowing and weeping like a child, as the gentle friend plead in her sweet low voice for one so deeply guilty. When those who had shared the prisoner's too generous bounty left him to his fate without a word of commiseration, the daughter of the man who had brought the ruin upon him clung to him like a sister. As Ricks thought of all she had done for him, he forgot much of his bitterness against the father.

So strong was the current against Ricks, that none of the lawyers would defend him. The ruined man had no money or wealthy friends with which to command aid. On the day before the trial, the one at first retained avowed his determination to abandon the case.

"You are a sensible man," responded Hermon from his bar, "his case is hopeless. A man would gain no credit or money in such a case. He must swing."

"And he ought to, if ever a man did," continued several in the bar-room.

"*There are those who deserve the rope more!*" hissed the man in the tarpaulin.

"That may be," retorted Hermon, looking meaningfully into the face of the speaker.

"*And will hang yet!*" deliberately added the stranger, rising to confront Hermon, that wild eye kindling with unwonted glitter, as it gazed into that of the shrinking landlord. The latter turned away as from a reptile's spring, for there was something

about the sailor which always repelled too much license.

"And why, may I ask," said Doctor Howard, who had listened to the conversation, "should not Ricks be defended?"

"He owns up, and what's the use?" answered Hermon, glad to get rid of the sailor.

"But the worst men are entitled to counsel. Our laws guarantee it."

"But he has nothing to pay. Can't expect people to defend a gone case for nothing."

"Perhaps," coolly remarked the Doctor, "some of his *friends* will aid him with means, eh?"

"What do you mean, sir, by '*friends*'?" angrily demanded Hermon.

"*Those who have his money in their pockets*," replied Howard, looking the landlord calmly in the eye.

"What do you mean by that? — that *I* have got any of his money?"

"I meant what I said," continued the Doctor, with coolness, in spite of the angry advance and menace of Hermon. "Ricks once had enough to employ able and *honorable* counsel, and command the respect of those who like cowards heap their venom upon his name." The shot told, and there was a brief silence in the room. Coloring deeply, the lawyer turned from the bar where he had just swallowed a dram, and inquired of Howard if he meant to "insinuate anything by the word honorable."

"Yes, sir; and to make the matter understood, I now say that no honorable man would desert a client because his cause is bad and his purse empty. I trust there is no insinuation about that!"

"Do you mean to say, sir, —

"Just what I did, Mr. Skillott," broke in the Doctor, as he saw the former move towards him with clenched fists. "Men who *win* money so easy, should not desert a client with an empty purse!"

"But," said Skillott, in a more softened tone, "the man is a bad man. He acknowledges himself guilty of a brutal murder, and declares his determination to plead *guilty*. What is the use of a defence?"

"Every man, sir, is entitled to a defence. Ricks, at heart, is no more a murderer than you or I."

"How can you make that out?"

"The process is simple. He was maddened with liquor. When sober, he loved his family and was kind."

"Nobody was to blame for his drinking but himself, I am sure. It was his own business."

"The man who sold to him was *more to blame*. He knew the appetite of Ricks, and how he treated his family when in liquor, and in rigid justice is as much *guilty of the crime as Ricks*."

"*You're a — rascal!*" belched Hermon, springing for the poker, and brandishing it over Howard's head. There was a crimson flush upon the cheek of the latter, but it passed away, and he eyed his infuriated enemy with a steady nerve.

"Keep cool, Mr. Hermon; you'll find it a more troublesome matter to attack a sober man than to put a drunken one into the street."

"*You* deserve to be kicked into the street. A murderer, indeed!" muttered the landlord of the "Home," as he trembled with rage.

"Mr. Hermon, there are ways of committing murder without coming within reach of human laws. But God's laws are plain. You could not sell arsenic to a man who you knew would use it for self-destruction. You cannot dig a pit that a neighbor may fall therein, or let an unruly ox run at large."

"But, sir, how did *I* ever touch Ricks' family?"

"Touched them with the most cruel torture. You *knew* that every sixpence Ricks brought you was needed by his family, and yet you took it *to the last one*, and sent there that which you knew was destroying them by inches. You laid the train to their door, liable at any moment to produce just such results as we have witnessed. But for this tavern, Ricks would now be an innocent, a wealthy and an honorable man. If, as in olden time, the blood of the murdered should be traced to the nearest threshold, your own would be crimsoned with the blood of the Ricks family."

"False as h—ll!" thundered Hermon. "I have a license to sell, you abusive scoundrel, and am not accountable for other men's doings. I tend to my own business, and I wish others would mind theirs."

"Be sure you take your license to your grave and

to God ; and may you find that and your own hand guiltless of others' blood ! Good morning, Mr. Hermon," bowed Howard, slowly turning upon his heel and going out.

" Please remember, gentlemen, what that man said. I'll sweeten him for slander, or my name ain't Hermon," hissed the exasperated landlord, as he turned into his bar.

" We (hic) — we will, and more too," stuttered a poor sot, reeling on the " bunk " in the corner.

" Yes, for the murderers are not all hung yet," added the sailor, as he sat with his chin in his palms.

" Take that, you devil ! " shouted the gored landlord, bringing the poker, still in his hand, down fiercely over the speaker.

With the spring of a cat, the latter writhed from the blow, and fastened upon the throat of his assailant.

" Playing poker, eh ? Think to train Tarpaulin because he's crazy, eh ? Not so easy killing sober men ! Stick to your bottles, and let iron alone, and murder in safety — ha, ha, ha ! " That half-maniac laugh fairly burned upon Hermon's cheek, so near was the face of the sailor, as he glanced with a fiendish glee upon him. That iron grip would have proved fatal in a moment more, for his eyes rolled back in his head, and his tongue, black and swollen, protruded from his mouth.

" Stick to your bottles, Mr. Hermon ; there is more blood to shed, and men to hang ! " hissed the sailor, as he released Hermon, and again emitted that pecu-

liar chuckle. When Hermon recovered his voice, the sailor had gone.

Walter Brayton had just completed the study of the law, and returned to Oakvale on the evening preceding the trial of Ricks. His generous and noble nature was indignant, when he learned that his counsel had deserted him just on the eve of his trial. Walter's resolution was taken, and he immediately took his way to the jail, though late in the evening, for the purpose of offering his services in the case.

It was with the utmost difficulty that Walter obtained admittance to the prison. Had not the jailer been a personal friend, the doors would have been closed against him ; for the sheriff, Landlord Hermon, had that day strictly forbidden such privileges to the prisoner. "I have already violated the injunction," said the kind-hearted man, as he put the key in the lock.

As they entered the passage leading to the cell a female figure, deeply muffled, stood at the grated door awaiting the coming of the jailer. As the ponderous engine swung grating back, the figure, drawing the hood still more closely over her features, passed lightly and swiftly out.

"That," said the jailer, "is the only person, Lawyer Skillott excepted, who has ever visited Ricks since his confinement."

"I was not aware," said Brayton, "that the unfortunate man had any kindred left. Who can she be?" he continued, in a tone of surprise.

"I am not at liberty to tell her name, even to *you*; but she is one of the angels of earth, and never fails, in any weather, to visit the prisoner. A thousand comforts, sir, and what is more, kind and forgiving words, have come from her. I have been blamed for it all, but she comes and goes in the night, and I could not help it. Her voice would open the doors themselves, it seems to me, it is so soft and kind, and her face is so sad. Poor girl, she is seeing sorrow," and the kind-hearted man brushed away a tear with his sleeve.

Brayton found Ricks bowed over his Bible and in tears, but the latter welcomed his young visitor with a smile. To Walter's proposition, however, he maintained a determined opposition for a long time.

"But," said Walter, earnestly, laying his hand upon the prisoner's arm, "you are not entirely indifferent to the opinion of the world. You are looked upon as one of the most cold-blooded of ——

"*Murderers*, you would say," broke in Ricks, with a shudder, as Walter hesitated.

"But," continued the latter, "you are not. You were maddened with rum. You loved your wife and children as well as any man. By these memories, and for your own name, it is your duty as well as a privilege to make a defence. To be sure, the case is a dark one, but we can hope for the best."

"*Hope!*" echoed Ricks, in a hollow voice, "I hope for nothing but the rest of the grave;—I dare not hope for Heaven. And yet, Walter, as I am a dying

man, I am *not* a cold-blooded murderer," and the cheek blushed redly at his own words. "I *did* love Mary and my children. God! what a horrible dream," he muttered, as he bowed his face in the open book before him, until the pages were wet with hot tears.

"But I have not a farthing in the world," said Ricks, looking up.

"Don't speak of money," quickly replied Brayton. "I am young, and have no experience, but it will afford me a happiness you will not deny me, I am sure, to allow me to aid you what I can."

"Well, let it be as you wish, but it will be of no use. Yet I shall owe you much for your kindness, for the friends who have remembered me in my misfortune are few. But one *friend*, besides yourself and the jailer, sir, has ever been within these walls. May God bless her for what she has done for me. Her father, though he has ruined me, has even ordered that a friend should not see me."

"Her father! And she whom we met was ——

"*Minnie Hermon*," added Ricks. "Her kindness alone has made life bearable. Would that I had *her* faith in the Redeemer!"

— Walter went out with a holier love for the rum-seller's daughter.

The streets of Oakvale were thronged early on the day of the trial. By the time the court opened, the

court room was packed by the people of the village and the surrounding country, the dense mass swaying in excitement as the prisoner was brought in and placed at the bar. Revengeful feelings gave way in many a heart to the nobler one of sympathy and pity, as those who had known Ricks once, looked upon him now. He had come forth from his cell with his hair of a snowy white, and the form and bearing of an old man. In the darkness of his imprisonment, the bronze had faded from his cheek and brow, and they were now of an ashy paleness. There was a slight flush on his features, as he looked round upon the multitude. As he seated himself, his eye fell upon a pitcher of flowers standing before him, made up of the choicest of the season, and tastefully arranged. The prisoner well knew what hand placed them there, and the thought of her, with the perfume of the flowers, stole like a cooling shadow upon his burning cheek.

"Who is your counsel?" asked the judge of the prisoner, as it was well known that Skillott had refused to have anything more to do with the defence. Ricks looked around, and a shadow passed across his features, as he felt that young Brayton, too, had been overawed by the strong sentiment against him. At that moment the stalwart form of Walter Brayton was seen crowding up the opening in front of the bar. Slightly pale, but apparently calm, the boy advocate took his seat by the prisoner, and to the usual question firmly answered "*not guilty!*"

The outside interest increased at the prospect of a struggle, but the cause of the defence seemed so utterly hopeless, that the better portion of the audience turned with pity from the prisoner and his counsel, and all wondered at Brayton's temerity in undertaking the case against such odds. Skillott, now engaged on the prosecution, smiled with ill-concealed contempt, not unmingled with delight, as he counted upon an easy triumph. Walter's eye fell upon the bouquet before him. To his better-informed mind, it read a language which nerved every purpose within him: "*Hope, faith, courage, deliverance!*" Walter at once knew that the messenger spoke to the prisoner, and felt a thrill as he recognized the hand of the author. But what could it mean? As he raised his eyes he saw the sailor gazing upon him with a meaning but mysterious look.

We need not follow the trial of Ricks through in detail. The proof was conclusive, and left not a loophole for the prisoner to hang a hope upon.

All eyes were turned upon the prisoner's counsel as he arose to address the jury, and Brayton himself felt a crushing weight upon him. There was a tremor in his voice, and the brief shook slightly in his hand. An insulting sneer rested upon the face of Skillott, as he leaned back in his chair, and with his thumbs in his vest looked Brayton full in the face.

Brayton was evidently embarrassed, and blundered in his opening. To a remark that he was inexperienced, Skillott retorted in a whispered insult, but

distinctly heard by Brayton and the bar. The half-suppressed titter stung the young man, but he was calm—fearfully cool and calm. The crowd were taken by surprise at the matter and manner of the young advocat . To a voice of unusual depth and power, and a mien noble and commanding, he added a rich imagination, a mind well stored with reading, and a logic relentlessly close and convincing. Turning his kindling eye upon Skillott, he deliberately stated the cause of his treachery to the prisoner, with comments so withering, that the smile passed quickly from the face of that veteran advocate, and he looked more like a guilty one than the prisoner. The bold and successful castigation of one so dreaded in the courts, produced a sensation in the room, and people essayed more eagerly to catch the tones of the speaker. But as he warmed and forgot himself, they swelled and rolled until distinctly heard by the vast throng assembled without. The oldest in the profession were taken by surprise. Brayton's argument exhibited so perfect a knowledge of all the intricacies of the law; so wide and thorough an acquaintance with authorities; so complete a mastery of every avenue to the human heart, — skill in attacking and defending, and exhaustless power of illustration, — that old counselors were spell-bound as he proceeded.

After going through with the testimony, he concluded :

“Gentlemen, I know not what the result of your verdict may be. But beware how human prejudices in-

fluence your decision this day. The unfortunate man whose life is at stake, may be guilty of wrong; but it is not the part of men — of Christians, to pursue an erring brother vindictively into the very presence of a final Judge. I have been pained at the unfeeling and unforgiving character of the public mind in relation to the alleged crime of the prisoner at the bar. He was in prison and you visited him not. The meek and holy Master, who wept over sin and spoke kindly to the guilty, has found no representative in your midst, save one, to extend the most common human sympathy to the lone one in his cell.

“Gentlemen, you are all the creatures of circumstances — of education. The ordeal that tries men, brings out their true character. Who among us shall dare to say that no temptation could shake him from his position? Man does not know himself. The strongest of to-day, tried by adversity to-morrow, may fail — the best may err.

“Look at — Ricks, gentlemen! Until his ruin by a vice now too lamentably prevalent, and the acts now alleged against him, was he not the peer of the proudest in this community? Who of you ever heard ought against him or his? His honor was untarnished by an unworthy word or deed, his generosity almost a fault, and his worth, as a man and a citizen, equal to any. What wrought his ruin? *The foul and festering hell of corruption*, whose fumes even now come up into the precincts of the very temple of justice. Your tavern ruined him. But for that, a

good citizen would stand blameless among you to-day, and a husband and father dwell in peace in the bosom of a happy wife and children. And are there none to blame for all this ruin? Before God, I believe the people of this community as guilty of the destruction of the Ricks family, as the prisoner at the bar. To be sure, they did not strike the blow. But their agents, the members of the excise board, signed their death warrant; and while at their *homes and their prayers*, the devilish work was carried out. The victim was first bound in the chains of an appetite, which has ruined the strongest intellects ever created, his substance taken from him, and his brain maddened with poison. Under the direct influence of liquor, then and *now* sold by law in this community, he committed the deed charged upon him. Who placed that temptation in his way? Are none but him guilty of the fatal results? The rum which caused the deed, went from your tavern. As I once dared to say, it *has* proved a curse indeed. You have, Prometheus like, chained down the victim, and then let loose vultures to tear him. There are accessories to this triple murder, who are not punished by law. The people and their agents are *particeps criminis*. They have aided and abetted the sweeping tragedy. There is broad trail of blood from the ruined altar of the Ricks family to your own, and the threshold of your tavern. The unoffending wife and innocent children died legally — died by authority of the people of Oakvale — died a revolting and cruel death,

under a warrant, with your names, through your delegated instruments, attached in full to the parchment of blood !

“Gentlemen, this prisoner is not the only one who is to enter this room in custody. Pauperism and crime are being manufactured in our midst at a fearful pace. A fearful change has come over our once peaceful and happy village. Our families have been ruined, and our fields turned to waste. Pauperism stalks your streets in its rags. Blood!—innocent blood, smokes hotly from the licensed butchery of the rum demon. There is a note of sorrow, and a maniac wail upon the ear. Mabel Dunham and her imbruted father—Hinson in your jail, with the flesh bitten from his arms, and his body drenched in blood—an esteemed citizen frozen within sight of his own door—the Watt family at *this hour* weeping around the corpse of a broken-hearted mother—Ricks the elder, of revolutionary memory, with the snows of winter in his thin locks, and the frost in his eye—a once happy family, at rest in a bloody grave—families once wealthy and respectable, now living as *town paupers*—scores now doomed to the same fate, and desolation and wo scattering broadcast among all classes,—all point to your liquor business as the source of all ! Blood cries from the ground, and fresh tragedies will startle, when too late, a guilty community from its deathly slumbers

“But I will not detain you longer. I leave the fate of the prisoner with you and with God. There

are few to weep in the event of a conviction, for he has no kindred on earth. The last of a noble family is before you, charged with a capital crime. Those whom he loved, as you love those dear to you, are in their graves. Whatever may be the result, may this community bear in mind the period when the prisoner at the bar was all that a parent, husband, and citizen should be, and as you go to your homes this night, ask yourselves the question — what caused the fall of one so high in your estimation?"

There were few dry eyes in the audience during portions of the plea for the prisoner. The judge's lip even quivered with emotion. In the minds of some, new light had dawned in relation to the liquor business, while others ground their teeth, and watched the bold advocate with lowering brows.

Skillott's plea was labored and bitter — aimed more at Brayton and his "dastardly slanders" upon a respectable community and profession. He evidently writhed under the reflection that he had met with an antagonist more than his match.

The charge was feeling but plain, and after a brief deliberation, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty." On being asked if he had anything to say, Ricks arose and said:

"I have but a word to say. I wish to look you, gentlemen, in the face, and every neighbor in this room, and before God, declare that I am not a deliberate, willful murderer. I loved my wife and children when I let rum alone. To that alone I owe my

ruin and my crime. I do not fear to die,—there is no tie which binds me to earth. If my poor life would restore my wife and her children—my own good name, and our unblighted home, I should die happy May all beware of the cause of my fall.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE GAILLOWS CHEATED OF A PREY — THE PEOPLE OF A SIGHT.

LATE in the night previous to the day appointed for the execution of Ricks, Minnie Hermon was passing from the jail to the "Home." For the last time she had stolen to the cell of Ricks, to administer a kind word, and to ask forgiveness for her father.

As she passed out into the yard, and between the jail and the court-house, she was confronted by a tall form standing immovably in her path. She was startled, but did not cry out, as many would have done, at so abrupt a meeting in the dark. The intruder manifested no disposition to stir from the passage, and remained silent. Minnie mustered firmness to demand the cause of the interruption, and who it was who thus intruded himself upon a defenceless woman.

"A friend. You know 'Crazy Alf.' You gave him bread, and treated him kindly."

"If you are a friend, let me pass, and you shall never want when you ask bread again. Do not detain me here."

"Miss Hermon is a friend of the prisoner?" whispered Alf, not stirring from his tracks.

"I am, and hope you are," replied Minnie, now

thoroughly alarmed, fearing that her movements had been watched for no good purpose.

“*I am* — must not be hung — horrible!”

“What can you mean?”

“Hist! Speak lower. Ricks not a bad man — never do wrong again — *must not hang!*”

“I do not understand you. He is to be hung to-morrow,” and Minnie shuddered at the word.

“*Must not hang*, I tell you. Murderers not all hung yet — *give him wings!*”

“How? — what?”

“You do not want him hung — do no good — bring no dead back. Must let him go!”

“How can that be? Would it be right?” asked the eager girl.

“Right to cheat the gallows? — to cheat rum? — to let a penitent go to do better?” No more a murderer than *I am!*”

Minnie startled at the firm energy of that “*I am.*” It was ground between the teeth with a shudder.

“What can be done?” she timidly asked.

“Take this to the prisoner — *you* can do it,” and he drew something from his sleeve and held it towards Minnie. She involuntarily reached out and clasped some hard substance wrapped in a paper.

“God forbid! You would not have him commit —

“No, no. But he has iron to gnaw before he can fly.”

Minnie was easily convinced that the ends of justice would be just as well answered in the escape of

Ricks, as in his execution ; for her woman's heart shrank from the latter alternative, and she turned back toward the jail.

The bar-room was full on the evening preceding the day of execution, and the event of the morrow was earnestly discussed. Hermon was mellow, and spoke with brutal levity of his duties as sheriff at the scaffold. Rum flowed freely, and the probable bearing of the condemned was canvassed over jingling glasses.

Unnoticed by the intoxicated group, "Crazy Alf" had stolen into the room, and seated himself in the corner, behind the stove, his eye wearing an unusual glitter as he watched their movements. In reaching for wood, Hermon stumbled over the strange creature, and recoiled at the touch.

"Many a worse fall, yet, Sheriff Hermon! — ha! ha!" hissed Alf, rising to his full height.

"Come, come, Alf, none of your vinegar. Let's be friends, and take something."

"Guess I will — we must know each other better, eh?" and Alf followed Hermon to the bar. None saw the former turn his brandy down the outside of his throat, into his bosom, but rather made themselves merry over the apparent effects of the liquor upon the half-crazed sailor. Alf craved more, and drank again and again with Hermon, the latter glad to thus win the good will of a troublesome customer. The sailor was forward to display his money, and all drank at his expense.

Hermon was soon reeling, and in passing out of the

bar to assist a traveler, he lost his balance, and fell headlong.

"Worse falls than that, yet," came from Alf in that peculiar, bitter tone, as Hermon arose to his feet by the aid of a chair and the arm of the traveler. When the landlord of the Home again looked for the sailor, that personage had gone, and none had witnessed his stealthy exit.

"All drunk and Alf sober. Now for it, while rum and darkness lasts," said he as he swiftly glided down the street. Creeping under a long tier of sheds, after listening a moment in the court-house grounds, he drew forth a long, light ladder, and carried it across the garden, and to the rear of the jail. All was dark and still, the rain now steadily falling, and the wind beating in gusts as Alf proceeded to carefully raise his ladder and rest the top against the top of the grated window of the cell where Ricks was confined. At this juncture, the jealous dog noticed the movement, and came growling from the woodshed. Alf was a familiar character about the premises, and he called the dog to him.

"Hate to do it, but men worth more than dogs," he muttered, throttling the unsuspecting mastiff, and cutting his throat from ear to ear. When the dog became still in his hands, he dropped him and cautiously ascended the ladder.

Portions of the iron window had been cut and left to be easily removed, by Alf, some days before, and it was but a moment's work to lift out the bars and

silently tie them to the ladder so as to avoid noise. Lifting the window by hair's breadths, he leaned in and listened for a long time. He had feared that the officers would watch with the prisoner during the night; but Hermon was drunk, and the jailer absent by a cunning ruse. Alf could hear but one person breathing in the cell, and he ventured to whisper the name of the prisoner.

"Who calls?" slowly answered the latter, doubting the evidence of his hearing, and rousing from his cot.

"A friend."

"And why here?"

"*To save. Do no good to hang!*"

Ricks shuddered. The word entered his soul like the chill of death, and crept through every vein, as the scaffold and the crowd loomed distinctly out in the darkness of his cell. *To hang!* He closed his eyes to shut out the horrible phantom, but it was still there — his neighbors staring at the solemn spectacle, and the victim, wearing his own features, ghastly and swollen, looking down from the scaffold in his shroud of white.

"James Ricks! are you *ready?*" impatiently demanded Alf, leaning still farther into the cell.

"Ready for what?" muttered the former, confused and hardly knowing whether he was awake or asleep.

"Ready to *leave*. Do no good to *hang*, tell ye. Go off and be a better man."

"I begin to understand you. But why flee?" asked the prisoner sadly and proudly. "I deserve

my fate, and will meet it like a man. How could I escape if I would!" Ricks continued, as a thought of life and liberty shot like lightning to his heart, and made it beat wildly in his bosom. "The brand is upon me, and justice would dog me wherever I went. Do not excite within me hopes which cannot be realized."

"Excite no false hopes. Do no good to *hang*, tell ye! nobody thank ye for 't. Go off — do good, and die natral."

Liberty is ever sweet. It lives and throbs in every heart. In spite of crime, of sorrow, of bolts and chains, its flame lingers in the human heart, and kindles up at the sound of deliverance. The slave dreams of it while at his task, and in his weary slumbers. The captive watches the sunlight, and the prison walls cannot hide from his vision the distant home and hills. Tyranny cannot crush it; iron cannot bind it, or steel kill it. 'Mid ruin it smoulders. Like the captive eagle, it beats its fetters as it listens to the wild scream in the distance.

Ricks had thought to meet his fate with resignation, convinced of its justice and necessity. But the love of liberty and life *is* sweet and never-dying. At the word of hope, that love grew wildly strong, and an ignominious death upon the scaffold was dreadful. He quickly rose upon his feet, but to sink again, as the sound of the clanking fetters fell like lead to his heart.

"*Devils!*" hissed Alf. "Chains on yet? Why

didn't you cut 'em — nobody bring a file here, eh?" and the sailor swung like a cat in upon the dungeon floor.

"A friend did bring something, but I supposed it a knife, and would not undo it," and here light flashed into the mind of Ricks.

"No knife — *file* — should 'a used it."

But Alf was not to be foiled. Feeling from the staple in the wall to the ancle of the prisoner, he found a link through which he could put the ends of two of the window gratings, and prying in opposite directions, the link was broken with ease. The same process wrenched the padlock from the fetter, and the limbs of the prisoner were free. None can tell the strange, wild emotions that stirred the heart, for he had given himself up to the hope of freedom, and escape from an ignominious death. Tears fell upon the hands of Alf as the latter removed the iron from the calloused ancle.

Swiftly and cautiously the two descended the ladder, and crossed the fields to the river. A skiff was hidden in the underbrush which lined the bank, into which the two sprang, and with a noiseless stroke, Alf struck out for the opposite shore. An hour's walk after landing, took them several miles up the ravine, by a foot-path which led over the mountains and across the wilderness to Pennsylvania. At a deserted sugar cabin, a horse was found saddled and fastened in a dense undergrowth.

"*Mount!*" whispered Alf, with emphasis, as he

unhitched the spirited animal and led him before Ricks.

"But the horse is not mine," said the latter, yet proud and honorable as in his better days.

"*Devil*. I know that; mine, though. Time lost, tell ye. *Away!* Better ride than *hang!*" and Alf seized the emaciated form of Ricks in his powerful grasp and swung him into the saddle as though he had been a child.

"There!" putting the reins into his hands, "money and bread in bags. Shun daylight and *rum*. Remember Crazy Alf and Minnie Hermon — ply the *gad!*" and ere the excited Ricks could thank his deliverer, the latter had disappeared with rapid strides down the dark gorge.

Alf muttered that peculiar chuckle as he listened to the quick ringing of hoofs up the mountain, and strode muttering back to the place where he had left his boat. It was brief work to replace the bars in the jail window, to wrench his ladder in pieces and cast it into the river, and steal away to the deserted hut where he sometimes found a shelter.

There was intense excitement in Oakvale on the morning of the day appointed for the execution of Ricks. On visiting the cell at day-break, but the irons which were upon the prisoner remained, and no farther signs which revealed the manner of his escape. By the appointed hour, more than five thousand people had assembled. To the disgrace of our common humanity, we are compelled to say that a

large class of both sexes manifested much ill temper in their disappointment. The immense throng at the scaffold finally gathered in the rear of the jail, as it became known that the prisoner made his escape from the window, and until a late hour discussed the matter, and gazed at the gloomy window as though they hoped to see the prey of the scaffold still within reach.

Hermon, intoxicated with excitement and rum, stormed imprecations upon those who procured the escape; for it was evident from the tracks to the window, that two persons had left the jail. Constables and parties returned late in the afternoon, finding no indication unusual, save the tracks of a horse under full gallop, but headed towards the river.

Alf had himself shod the horse with the shoes reversed, and with a lurking sneer he walked up to where Hermon stood in the crowd, and looked him steadily in the eye.

“Bird flown, eh? Didn’t catch him, s’pose. *Murderers not all hung yet!* — ha! ha!”

Hermon turned away from that dreaded eye and entered the house. Drunkenness, rioting and horse-racing ended the day’s history.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WATT FAMILY.

IN Rhode Island, many years ago, there lived a wealthy family by the name of How — their worth and standing equal to their worldly means.

With a morning sky unclouded, and light with hope, the accomplished and favorite daughter of Major How married an estimable young man by the name of Watt, a gentleman of high integrity, honor, and irreproachable private character. His future was full of promise, and he took his young bride to a home of happiness and affluence.

The customs of the day stealthily fastened a love of wine in the system of young Watt, gathering strength while the victim dreamed not of danger. Indeed he would have laughed at the idea of danger to a man of his mind and position. The current swept beneath with a swifter tide, while he beat the waves with feebler stroke. It was long before Bertha Watt realized the fall of her heart's idol. Day by day brought the fearful truth to her mind, until the heart-crushing conviction fell like a stunning blow upon her happiness and hopes. She was not the woman to complain. Proud of the world's opinion, but meek and gentle, she suffered alone with her tears,



BERTHA WATT

hiding the ragged iron in her soul. Bertha had none of that sterner stuff in her nature which rallies as the storm beats down hope after hope; but alone with her babes, her shrinking and trusting spirit, as mild as the sky of summer, suffered on. The young cheek paled, and the light grew dim in the eye. She would not, for a world, have spoken to her high-minded and sensitive husband of the dark vice which already left a broad shadow of coming ill at their hearth-side.

In their new home near Lake George, in York State, the almost-despairing wife and mother hoped that her husband would escape many of the baneful influences of the society he had been accustomed to move in. The hope was vain. The drinking usages of pioneer life, though less refined, were none the less general and fatal. And besides, step by step, Watt had lost much of his chivalric pride of character—his manhood was degraded. The crater kindled within him, was burning out every sentiment of his better nature. He became familiar with coarseness and vice, gambled without hesitation, and was often in a state of shameful intoxication. His business was neglected and his temper soured; he spent most of his evenings at the tavern, and when at home was sullen and harsh, or broadly abusive.

Darkly the days dawned at the neglected hearth, and darker still their evenings. The unkind word and constant neglect, were wringing to agony the heart's every fibre, and unseen tears, scalding with sorrow, were wearing deep channels in the pale and

wasting cheek. The pure smile and winning way of the babe, or the witching laughter and prattle of the older children, had no power to win a parent from the embrace of the tempter. Home, and its circle was deserted for the bar-room; the wife and her treasures, for the cup and the boon companion. The trail of all his ruin was broadly slided from the threshold to the hearth, and there Want and Despair sat amid the domestic wreck. No resource of the mother could long keep her loved ones from going forth in rags. The appeal for bread, made in the silvery voice of trusty childhood, was answered with a curse, and from the barren board, the recreant husband and parent went forth to steep his soul in deeper potations. The child that once crawled upon the knee and threw her light arms over the shoulders, and with stainless lip kissed the bearded cheek, now shrunk away and hushed its half-sad mouth at the dreaded approach.

—And thus an idolized parent's returning tread was the herald of sorrow and tears, and his darkening form a shadow upon every joy which, like pale flowers, still sprung up on the wintry waste.

From carelessness when drunk, the dwelling was fired, and the family driven from their beds into the snow of a winter's night, one of the older girls leaping from the chamber window just as the flaming roof fell in. After this fresh calamity, the family removed to Cherry Valley, and still again to ——— county.

In the haggard and sottish drunkard, none would

have recognized James Watt. He was ill-tempered and abusive in the extreme; quarrelsome, reckless and profane, and outraged nearly all the proprieties of life. At times, he would earn money fast but to spend it in one prolonged debauch. Not a penny ever went for the support of his family.

Mrs. Watt and her children existed from day to day, no one knew how. The children and herself were in rags. Silently and in secret, for tears provoked the harsh word or blow, she wept away her life. With a languid step and a vacant stare, she moved about, hoping for the long rest of death, yet dreading to leave those who now alone bound her to earth. Late at night she toiled, and the morning found her without rest. With a compressed lip, she bore the sharp gnawings of hunger, that her babes might not want for bread, and still the moan of the famished one would often pierce the lacerated heart like heated barbs. She was yoked to a living corpse, and as she listened to the snoring of the drunkard in his slumbers and smelled the stench of the consuming fires, she could look down into a once manly heart, now a seething crater, where all her earlier and brighter hopes lay smouldering in charred and blackened ruins. The lips it had been her pride to greet were flaming with rum and the wanton's loathsome kiss. As she felt new life throbbing in her bosom, she locked her wasted fingers together and prayed to die.

— Ill-fated Bertha! there was dark ending of life's summer day after so light a morning!

Summer was fading into autumn, and the leaves were already falling. Within a miserable tenement, Bertha Watt was fading away. Few ever entered the pauper dwelling, and with her children to watch her, she journeyed downward to the dark valley. A few were charitable, and the family were saved from actual starvation. Desolate and cheerless the room and the couch of the dying; more desolate still the stricken heart, as she looked around upon a group of ten, who were doubly bound to her by the ties of years of common suffering. Yet, blessed God of the poor! Hope lit her torch at the waning flame of life, and pointed sweetly away, over the misty realm of sod and slab, to one of happiness and rest.

As the sharp wail of her tears broke upon the night's stillness, Bertha Watt lay silent in death. The crushed and broken spirit of the meek and injured sufferer was free from its wasted temple, and far out upon a shoreless sea!

They said she died of consumption. Aye, consumption of the heart—its hopes, like drops of blood dripping away, through the long night hours of rayless years. Hidden away, and unseen by the public eye, are such triumphs of the scourge as these, and thickly written in the history of its progress, as are the leaves upon the forest in summer time.

— And there is a place where the weary and the heavy-laden shall find rest!

A wide world for the worse than orphans! Rum had not yet sufficiently ravaged their home. From

the grave of the wife and mother, James Watt went back to the bar-room, more abandoned and shameless than ever. Rum had burned out the image of her who stood with him at the altar, a trusting and a happy young bride. He never gave his family a thought. Penniless, fireless, and breadless, gathered the stricken group where a home had been. While the earth was still fresh upon the mother's grave, the rumsellers came with their executions, and stripped, under a stringent law, the very bedding which that mother, in all their misfortunes, had retained, as the gift of her girlhood's home. But another blow came. The imbruted father sold the cow, and with the proceeds, left the village with a boon companion, and squandered it in dissipation.

Two older sisters fought hard to keep the family circle unbroken. The father returned to curse them. They whom he once loved, and who loved him with all the holy intensity of child-love in return, learned to hate him, and as he went from the dwelling, prayed in hearts fearfully old in grief, that he never might return. And in a land of Christians, James Watt had that dealt out to him for his money which demonized his manhood, and made him desert and hate his own flesh and blood, and fostered hatred in return! Slowly the sacred ties which bound parent and child were withered and broken, under the scorching fires of the bowl.

Money exhausted, the father returned. The elder daughters toiled in a factory, its bell starting them

from feverish slumbers, and its walls a prison to their drooping frames. Every Saturday night, the father would demand the wages of heart and brain-aching toil, and spend the money for rum with his companions on the Sabbath. And many a day did the children gather around the rickety table, with bran bread its only dainty, a jug of rum upon the shelf, and a drunken father snoring upon the floor.

— The children, who had committed no crime, went hungry and ragged, that the licensed robber might have his plenty!

Darker yet gloomed the sky over the Watt family. As per poor laws of that day, the younger children were *struck off at auction*, and put out to be kept by the *lowest bidder*, while arrangements were made to seize the others, and from town to town drive them back to the county they came from. One child-sister, of four years — a sweet child in rags, whose tiny hands never wronged a being on earth, and who never knew why she was a pauper — found cold-hearted keepers, and in the winter time, died in the entryway upon rags for bedding, and *covered with vermin*, no mother's hand leading her into the shadowy land, or sister's kiss warming upon the chilly lip. The blue eye, which had known little but tears, turned upward to a Christ kinder than men, and glittered with frost in the clear morning sun.

The grave lies between the two worlds. The winter sod shut the infant victim beyond the reach of the scourge, and she wept for bread no more.

CHAPTER XX.

“MORAL SUASION.”

MUCH has been said and written, in the course of the temperance reform, about the power of moral suasion. There is a power in its tear and its tone. With kind words it appeals to the better nature and essays to win back the fallen. With a gentle voice and look it knocks at the heart of the erring and points out a better way. It meets the prodigal with a tear and says, “go and sin no more.” In a thousand forms it finds the human heart in its wanderings, and with a tear for its follies, points with a smile of hope and forgiveness back to honor and truth. The proud spirit which would fling back with scorn the hatred of a world, would melt and sway like a summer leaf at the gentle whispering of words of kindness.

Moral suasion has accomplished much in winning men from their cups — more than the penal enactments which drag the drunkard from a *legalized hell*, to incarceration or fine. It has saved many from the fang which glitters in the bubbles on the breaker’s brim. Even from the midst of deepest ruin, some word or kindly deed has brought back the erring to virtue and duty. It is doing much yet, and will never fail to do much while there are hearts to love the drunkard and weep over his ruin.

There are some of our friends who avow their readiness to rely solely upon the power of moral suasion for the removal of intemperance. It seems to us a strange infatuation. Prayers, and tears, and appealing words, against an evil impregnable in its citadels of legislation, and backed by the whole force of the government! Would the same friends content themselves with appealing to the incendiary and the murderer to spare their homes and their lives, and the torch and the knife at the same time commissioned to do the infernal work, and the hand that wielded them protected by law? What would the cold-blooded butcher care for the pleading of innocence or weakness, when licensed, *for a price*, to drench the very hearth in warm blood? And would the incendiary, empowered to burn, and sustained by the so called respectable, in the light of the kindling flame, renounce the desolating business which he had purchased of government the right to engage in?

God never designed that a wicked world should be governed by moral suasion. He himself has put on record penal enactments against sin—against vice and crime. Until human nature is utterly changed, moral suasion, as a sole-restraining power, will be impotent. All the blessed influences of the Gospel, the influence of home, friends, virtuous teachings, and the hopes of happiness and Heaven, as a motive power, will not restrain the vicious. All men are not susceptible of moral influences. If they were, the dust of oblivion might gather upon our statutes, and

not a crime should mar the harmony of the universal brotherhood of man.

Those who deal in rum, are certainly the last class which should ever utter a word about moral suasion, and claim that the temperance reform should be carried forward upon that basis alone. We could smile at the coolness of the idea but for its insulting wickedness. It comes with a bad grace in the teeth of facts, upon a record of more than twenty-five years' duration. Here as elsewhere, moral suasion has had its effect, and men, regardful of its influences, have yielded to the light of truth and abandoned a wickedness. And in the high noon of our reform, those who still persist, against reason, right and revelation, in the business, ask the people to follow their direction in the matter, and continue a course which up to this day they have utterly disregarded!

With legislation against it, it requires the whole power of the temperance reform to keep its giant antagonist at bay, while in security it revels upon all which comes within its clutch. Moral suasion knows not a phase which it has not assumed in this great work. From broken altars where every domestic tie lay shivered, prayers have gone up where there was no hope but of Heaven. Gather them from the angels' record, and a tempest of prayers would swell its note of accusing thunder. An ocean of tears has dripped its bitter way over cheeks which bloom not again. Days and years have passed by, until ages of sorrow have accumulated in judgment. Wherever

the victims of the wrong have loved, and suffered, and died — at home, in the alms-house, dungeon, or on the scaffold, — the sob, the sorrow, and the wail, have appealed to the authors of all the woe, vice and crime. Mutely, but ah ! how eloquently, the cowering and ragged drunkard's child, and the pale-faced wife and mother, have presented to the dealer his cruel wickedness and their bitter wrongs !

The rumseller is not ignorant or deaf. He knows the sweep of the engine in his hands. He sees its effects, and while his own neighbors, and kindred even, are demonized and imbruted by the drug from his hands, he sends them home to wound the innocent and the helpless. Every coin he drops into his drawer, is the price of the hunger, nakedness and degradation of those who never wronged him or his. He knows the enslaved appetite cannot turn away, and he feeds it to the death. He deliberately manufactures a kind husband and father into a devil, and a happy home into a hell, where the victim can torment his own wife and children ! Entrenched with legislation and leagued with unscrupulous demagogues, they have continued this fearful work against all the efforts of the tongue and pen. Their victims have suffered, and wept, and died, in vain. Human and divine laws have alike been trampled upon ; and to-day, while preaching moral suasion, they are banding to sustain the system of cruelty and wrong at every hazard.

Moral suasion ! Let the stricken mother go pray

upon the slippery deck of the pirate when blood leaps smoking from the scuppers, and beg the life of her boy! Send childhood with a tear on its cheek, into the den of the famished tigress, and with a silvery voice beseech the life of a parent, writhing in her remorseless fangs!

—For the universe of God, its wealth and its honors, we would not, in the light of this day, have the guilt of rumselling rest heavy on our soul.

One more visit to the miserable tenement of Watt, All that the law spared has been carried off by Watt and pawned at the tavern. The Bible of the dead wife, her only legacy to her children, has been stolen from the place where young Bertha Watt hid it, as a priceless treasure, and sacred with the heart-drops which had fallen upon the worn pages, and sold for rum.

Little Bernard Watt lay sick unto death. With many a bitter curse, the father had turned from the door, as Bertha plead that her sick brother might have the doctor called, and left for the tavern.

And all within was hushed and still — every foot-fall as light as the falling leaf, for fear of disturbing the sick one. With hot tears upon her cheek, Bertha leaned upon the scanty couch, the tiny and feverish hand clasped convulsively within her own, as if to hold the boy-brother to earth. Though pale and fading, the features were classically beautiful; but a clammy sweat had gathered upon the white brow, rich with the last kisses of a dying mother.

The chubby cheek had grown thin and touchingly pale; the eye had lost its laughter, and looked languidly upon the group around him. The white teeth appeared through the half-closed lips, and the rich golden hair lay back upon the coarse blanket pillow. On the fourth day, as the sun was going down in the west, the child was passing away.

Through the broken window, a broad beam of sunshine, like a ray from bliss, entered and trembled for a moment upon the hair, and then burst like a flood upon the pale features of the child. He turned his face to the sun, and a smile, sweeter than the sunlight, came over the wasted and bloodless lips. Upon that golden pathway the little one was smiling back upon kindred angels in Heaven!

"Bertha, do they always have sunshine in Heaven? — and will my little flower grow there, and the birds sing? — and will the angels you told me about last night be good and love me?"

"Mother is there, — she will love you," replied the choking Bertha.

"How I want to die! You say I won't hunger there, Bertha, and I'll have clothes so bright, and always feel happy. I won't cry there, Bertha, will I?"

Bertha could not answer from her swelling heart, but the tears wound their way down her cheeks, and fell like rain-drops upon the glistening locks of Bernard.

"Bertha!" — and the boy looked wildly out into the room, and shut his sharp thin fingers tightly upon

her arm, and in a whisper continued — “Father won’t be there to whip us ’cause we can’t help crying, will he? Oh, I hope Mr. Hermon won’t go there, to sell any rum. The good God don’t sell rum, does he? Why can’t you die, too, Bertha, and go when the angels come after me?” Sobs only answered the faint prattle of the innocent.

“Bertha, give me some more of that toast. When I get to Heaven I’ll tell ma how good Minnie Hermon was to us.” Bertha looked, and the toast was gone, and with it the loaf of bread and the wine which Minnie Hermon had brought that morning, as she learned of their sickness and destitution. The father had robbed the dying, and sold the loaf for two drams. There was not a morsel of food for the boy, and Bertha’s heart almost broke as she thought how cruel that Bernard should die hungry.

“Bertha — I’m going to sleep — kiss me. Good night! Bright! — ma, Bernard com — ing!”

The setting sunbeams lingered upon the palid face of the sinless sleeper, as the whispers fell with crushing weight into the hearts of the little band. The pauper children loved each other.

The night of death had gathered around the little brother. The pilgrim of four summers had turned aside from a cloudy pathway, and passed directly to Heaven. He who loved such, led the gentle spirit through the shadows of the dark valley.

Even in that curtainless, carpetless room, there were gentle footsteps in the depths of the night,

where lay the unwatched and unshrouded dead. Convulsive sobbing, and many a flood of tears, and close and warm were the kisses which clustered upon the chill and unanswering lips of all that remained of Bernard Watt.

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Early one morning Hermon met Minnie upon the hall steps, with her work basket in hand and hood on. He had, by dissipation, become utterly insensible to shame, and at times ill-tempered towards all. As he became degraded by his own habits and avocation, and blackened with guilt, he was bitter and revengeful. The consuming wreck of his nobler nature kindled into intenser flame all that was mean and base. He had just received one of the stinging shots of Doctor Howard, in relation to his treatment of the Watt family, and was much exasperated.

“Who now have you taken to support?” he angrily demanded of Minnie.

“No one, father.”

“But where are you going?”

“To Watt’s.”

“D——n the Watts! I’ve heard enough about the paupers,” he retorted, snatching the basket from her hand, the contents falling upon the steps.

“What now! — clothing, too, eh? A fine pass, if I’ve got to clothe and feed all the paupers in the country.”

“*Clothing for the dead, father; this is a shroud for little Bernard Watt. He’s dead!*”

"Pity they wan't all dead!" muttered the thoroughly brutal dealer, as he turned away.

Unseen by Minnie, Bertha Watt had entered the "Home" from the other street, and met Hermon as he left his daughter in the hall. Watt had taken a ham which Doctor Howard had sent to the children, and upon the pawn-money was deadly drunk in the bar-room. Boiled turnips and salt, without bread — without anything else — had constituted their breakfast. From the table, Bertha, with but a thin handkerchief upon her head, her heart running over with injuries inflicted, started for the "Home."

As Hermon entered his bar-room, he started at the thread-bare and shivering apparition before him. Bertha caught him by the hand, and poured into his ear a tale which a damned one would dread to hear — a tale of grief, hunger, cold, neglect and abuse. She knelt before the man and wet his hand, in spite of himself, with scalding tears, as she besought him for her mother's Bible, and that he would not sell her father rum. With an eloquence which is only woman's under similar circumstances, she told the history of cruelty in a drunkard's home.

"Don't come here to blubber, bold Miss. This is no place for woman. Better tend to your own business, and go to work instead of begging round the neighborhood. Your father can take care of himself. Better leave, I say," and Hermon put his hand rudely upon the shoulder of the girl, and crowded her towards the door

"That's (hic) — right, Miz-zer Hermon, turn the (hic) — hussy out, by ——!" hiccoughed the shameless father, as he managed to rise from his chair, and thrust his hands into his torn pockets.

As Bertha stepped over the threshold upon the steps, slippery with frost, Hermon passionately slammed the door together. Striking her feet as she lingered, they were knocked from under her, and she fell quickly and heavily at full length upon the stones, shivered as the limbs extended, and lay still, the blood running freely from the nose and open mouth upon the step.

"God Almighty's curse upon ye, murderer of the innocent, and robber of men! The gibbet would scorn such carrion, and hell vomit you from its bowels, John Hermon!" literally howled Crazy Alf between his fiercely set teeth, as he bounded over the prostrate body, and planted a crushing blow under the ear of the now sobered landlord, which would have felled a trio of such men. "Strike a woman, you cowardly savage!" he hissed, and ground his heel into the face of the prostrate wretch.

Alf had seen her fall, and supposing that Hermon had struck her, his half-maniac nature boiled at the act.

"*Murderers not all hung yet!*" he muttered, as he glanced upon the landlord; then taking Bertha in his arms, he carried her to Doctor Howard's.

Minnie made another shroud, and another grave was dug in potter's field. Bertha was with little Ber-

nard at rest. The door of Heaven was not shut against them, or the prayer answered with a curse.

The Watt family were scattered. Their graves are wide apart in this land to-day. Three years ago, in ——— county, James Watt died a pauper by the roadside, and at the public expense was buried in potter's field.

— The Pilgrim blood of the Watt family, freighted with bitter memories, beats in living hearts, who with prayers of hope and faith await the day when a righteous enactment shall crush the evil which scourged them, and avenge their wrongs.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BEACON ON THE WASTE.

WE will not — could not, detail the fearful history of the ravages of rum in Oakvale. The serpent had slithered every threshold, and lay coiled upon nearly every hearth. Pauperism, Vice and Crime stalked hand in hand, and the almshouse and jail swarmed with human wrecks. Fortunes, rank and standing had drifted into these receptacles, yet the storm swept on, with not a star of hope in the sky — all dark, cheerless, desolating.

The wildest dreams of fiction would prove tame in comparison. Tragedies more fearfully startling than Avon's bard ever traced, had often occurred. Scenes which would mock to scorn the artist's pencil, were of daily occurrence. The home where a heart desolated clings to and weeps over the wrecks of its youth-idol; the child-group shivering in the cold, or clinging to a mother and asking for bread; the orphan turned out into the world with no friend but God; Youth wrecked and palsied with premature age; Manhood reeling amid the ruins of moral and intellectual beauty, where a thousand hopes are buried; Genius crumbling in ruins and driveling in idiocy; the virtuous and high-minded turning away from truth and honor, and plunging into every vice; the parent and

citizen wandering away from a home-heaven through a dark pilgrimage to a dishonored grave; hearthside altars cast down, and the home transformed into a hell; Childhood and Innocence thrust out from the love-light of a mother's eye, to wallow in all that's low and vile; Poverty and Want looking with pinched and piteous gaze upon the scanty tribute of Charity, as Hunger drove them out in their rags; foul and festering Vice, with bloated and sickly features, leering and driveling in leprous bestiality; Madness, with fiery eye and haggard mien, weeping, and wailing, and cursing in the rayless night of intellectual chaos; Murder with its infernal ha! ha! as with dripping blade, and smoking in hot blood, stalked forth from butchery;—these and ten thousand other combinations of warp and woof with rum and skill, would weave a fibre of terrific intensity and power. The hovel, the dramshop, the subterranean den, and the mansion of fashion and wealth, furnished their chapters of revolting history. The weird creations of history would be faint copies of what transpired in Oakvale. Religion mourned over the broad inroads upon her heritage, for from the desk and the bosom of the church of Christ, souls were dragged away. Patriotism turned aghast at the sweeping destruction of the staunch citizen and the most gifted statesman. Humanity wept over the desolations. Still, men lay down and rotted while they died; for no brazen serpent had been lifted. There was one dead in every house, and still the Angel of the Plague

commissioned by human power, continued to feast upon death in its aceldamas of blood.

A few of the more striking events may be mentioned in passing. Leonard Bascomb, a young man of twenty, carried his jug into the woods. A brother, in going after wood at night, drove the sled against him, and rolled the dead body out of the snow which had covered it, the jug clenched firmly in the stiffened fingers. The corpse was carried to a deserted cabin, where the jury of inquest drank from the dead man's jug before any testimony was taken!

Little Willie Warner went from Hermon's with his father's jug, and froze by the wayside. The next morning the remains of the Warner family were found amid the smoking timbers of the burned dwelling. By the headless and limbless trunk of the mother, the white bones of the babe glared in the blackened ruins. None but God knew whether butchery was not there hidden in the ruins, and its blood licked up by the flames.

An old and once respectable citizen returned home late at night, and in his rage turned his wife and babe out into the storm, and after first burying the axe in the head of one of the sleeping boys, cast the body upon the fire. The older boy jumped from the window, the axe severing his hand as he sprang to the ground. The mother was found dead, nearly naked, and the clothing wrapped around her child, her hair frozen to the cheek of the babe with tears and sleet.

The West family, mother and three children, were

frozen in one of the severest storms of the season. The husband had been sent to purchase medicine, but drank, then gambled, and for three days lay at the house in bestial intoxication. The wife was found upon her knees, her hands tightly clasped, and a tear-drop frozen upon the icy cheek; the babe before her on the floor, its fingers standing out from each other, and the two older children locked together in their crib, as if to keep each other warm. George West became sober, but to learn the extent of his wickedness, and to live on helplessly insane. For years he lingered in the asylum, and called piteously for his wife and children.

— But it is painful to linger over so extended and dark a record.

About this time, the news came that temperance societies were forming in the eastern part of the State. It was received with a laugh of scorn by some, and astonishment by all. As the object became known and the pledge, the astonishment was greater still. Pledged to abstain from even the moderate use of alcoholic drinks! It was the very essence of fanaticism! So radical an inroad upon the good old customs of the times, was truly startling — 'twas outrageous. What was the world coming to! What could people do without ardent spirits? They could not withstand hard work, grief, heat, cold, or wet. Men must be crazy to think of such a thing. Temperance was a good thing, but this was going altogether too far, and the people would not stand it. Some were

wiser than the common bar-room rabble, and saw in the new movement only a scheme of priests for the union of church and state. Good citizens were imperatively bound to frown upon the mad scheme of designing men.

In due time a temperance meeting was announced for Oakvale. The churches were closed against the agent, and after much wrangling, the school-house was selected for the occasion.

Such a commotion in Oakvale! The rumsellers, old Hermon conspicuous among them, felt outraged—indignant at so disgraceful a proceeding. They were as much friends of *temperance* as anybody, but this priest-craft, speculation, and union of church and state—why, such men ought to be rode out of town. Groups discussed the momentous question every night until the meeting, and the tipplers hiccupped amen.

The afternoon came, nearly every drunkard's wife, some of the middle class of women, a few of the better citizens, and the rumsellers and tipplers, were all that attended. Many of the wealthier class did not deem the matter of the least consequence, and paid no attention to it. None of the clergymen were present. The old soaks looked knowingly, and winked at one another with mock gravity. The dealers sneered upon the whole transaction, and felt sure of looking down the hot-headed affair. Crazy Alf sat with his chin in his palms, as usual, and behind him, old Barney Kits. The rumsellers were flanked by their

best customers, not omitting Counselor Skillot, of puritanic phiz.

The speaker was a clergyman, of medium height, slightly gray, benevolent countenance, and great good humor. As calm as a summer's morning, he arose, and in a familiar and unassuming manner, introduced his subject. He told no anecdotes, — made no startling appeals; but in a plain, common-sense manner detailed what all knew to be facts. He dwelt upon intemperance, its desolations in the domestic circle, its annual destruction of drunkards, its direct agency in producing pauperism and crime, and in increasing taxation, and showed the necessity of doing something to arrest the growing evil. All classes would see the necessity of such a step, for nearly all had been injured by its ravages. The pledge was proposed as the instrument of the measure, concentrating and harmonizing action, and bringing the friends of the measure upon a common platform, where their influence would be more efficient. It was a fraternal bond. It had been objected that men who took it would sign away their liberties. What liberties? The liberty to use that which produced individual degradation and family ruin? Which destroyed industry and brought beggary in its train? To be sure, all who drink do not die drunkards. But from drinkers comes the vast array of drunkards who go down to premature graves. Here is a safer path. None who go this way, are in danger. None who go the other, are safe. It was not expected that the drunk-

ards could be saved. They were bound by an appetite which could not be controlled. Those who were not yet slaves, ought to turn away from the temptations of the cup. Those who had not yet formed an appetite, ought certainly to give their names and their influence to save the youth of the land from destruction. The pledge was merely an expression of sentiment in union as touching one object, committing those who signed it against the prevalent evils of intemperance. Society was a pledge — government was a pledge — the church was a pledge. But it was said that the signing of a pledge was an acknowledgment of weakness — of danger from intemperance. It was but an expression of opinion publicly made, a solemn giving of name and influence to a certain object. It was said that men did not need a pledge. The pledge makes a resolution stronger, and brings those of similar views in closer union. The Declaration of Independence was a pledge. Those who staked life, fortune, and honor, in signing it, did not deem the act any impeachment of their patriotism or of their strength of attachment to the principles of liberty. It was the great anchor of freedom, thrown out in the storm, and held indissolubly together, while giving them strength and influence to contend with England. The speaker concluded by an earnest appeal to all good citizens to come forward in the work, and presented for the action of the meeting, the pledge, constitution, and form of organization. After a few moments' silence, Her-

mon moved that Counselor Skillot be the president of the new temperance society. In good faith, the speaker put the question, and it was adopted amid the tittering of Hermon's crew. Doctor Howard, from the first, had seen the truth and the necessity of the very measure proposed, and eagerly entered into the plan, determined to follow Hermon with something more than child's play, and immediately nominated Walter Brayton as secretary. The motion was carried, putting a more serious aspect upon the affair. Treating the matter seriously riled Hermon, and, for the purpose of insulting Brayton, Howard, and the movement, he nominated Crazy Alf as a committee on resolutions. A few tittered, but the most of them anticipated trouble for the aggressor. Alf raised to his full height, and leveling his long finger at Hermon, and hissing between his clenched teeth, retorted :

"And Crazy Alf moves, Mr. Speaker, that Mr. Hermon be a committee to look after drunkard's wives and children, and report number and condition to the next meeting !"

The thrust went to the red, and Hermon belched out :

"Turn out the drunken vagabond. I did n't come here to be insulted."

"I'm not in your bar-room, sir," continued Alf, walking towards Hermon ; "nor am I drunker than the man I bought my liquor of."

Hermon drew his fist menacingly, but quailed as

he looked into the glittering eye and upon the huge proportions of his antagonist.

"Stop to measure when you strike *men*, eh!" continued Alf, as he surmised the thoughts of the landlord. "'T wan't so with — ha, ha! — with *Bertha Watt!*"

The barb went to the feather, and was sped by the hand of a customer. Skillott wanted to know if gentlemen who came here were to be abused by drunken men, and Hermon, muttering curses, indignantly left the house. His friends finally left, one after another, and the remaining people proceeded with the organization. You can see, quietly remarked the speaker, that Satan's kingdom is divided against itself and must fall. Whereupon Deacon McGarr, with an air of holy horror, also left. Skillott sat uneasy, but wished to see the end of the meeting. He declined signing the pledge when it came round — he was not exactly prepared to give an opinion upon the matter, and he stroked his chin, and looked uncommonly candid and wise. The pledge had passed, when what was the surprise of those present to see Alf step boldly forward and append his name to the pledge — "*Crazy Alf.*"

Skillott, at the close of the meeting, went immediately to the tavern, where the tipplers and some of the neighboring magnates were busily discussing the temperance meeting. The would-be demagogue here appeared in his true colors, and in low and vulgar slang heaped abuse upon the movement. Hermon

declared it was all got up by Howard and Brayton to injure him, and as for Alf, he should never have any more liquor at his bar.

"Without the money," put in old Barney.

"Shut up, you old devil!" snapped Hermon, "or I'll start your drunken carcass forthwith." Barney loved rum, and smothered the cutting reply that came to his tongue's end.

"Let 'em come here to get me to sign the pledge," sneered Hermon, as he resumed his conversation with Skillott. "But what 'll you do?"

"O! let me alone for that. I'll write 'em a letter declining the honor—ha, ha! and tell 'em a thing or two. I only wanted to see which way the cat jumped."

That was a capital idea, and the company drank around, Hermon getting in better humor and treating old Barney.

A committee had been appointed at the meeting to obtain signatures to the pledge. Doctor Howard was one of the committee and boldly offered the paper to all. Hermon and the brother grog-sellers were already friends of temperance men, but these fanatics were making altogether too much fuss—going too far. Better mind their own business. He had as good a right to sell liquor as the Doctor had to sell medicine. It was his business to get an honest living, and tend to his own concerns. If his neighbors wanted to combine against him, they could work at it. He had done a good deal for the place, and did not

expect to be abused because he was trying to accommodate the public and support his family.

“By robbing other families!” put in Alf, who had come up unobserved. Hermon wanted no more encounters with that personage, and turned into his bar.

Drunkards would not sign the pledge—it was signing away their liberties—glorious privileges their fathers fought for, while the better class, so called, looked over the list of names with undisguised contempt. They would not be found in such company. It was well enough for drunkards and women, but too vulgar for their countenance. Even the sister of George West turned up her nose as Minnie Hermon asked her name. Let weak minds take the pledge, for her part she should be ashamed if she thought there was any need of her signing it. Others tittered as they saw the name of Alf, and of some poor women in the neighborhood. Howard was often discouraged, but believed himself right, and had the moral courage to stand by it.

Many were the sharp and witty sayings about the “cold-water” scheme. There were merry times in the bar-rooms, but many looked thoughtful as some worthy citizens gave their names to the move. Alf stood by his pledge, and became a theme of remark, especially as he waged an incessant and bitter war upon the rummies, and drew off some two or three of the hardest customers. Many a plan was laid to get the renegades to drink again.

— Slowly and dimly the star of the reform went up. From the pulpit and the church it met with opposition. But in desolate homes, and with a rumseller's daughter, it found hearts which watched its early dawning with earnest hope.

CHAPTER XXII.

BREAKING GROUND AGAIN.

THE old pledge was the entering wedge of the temperance revolution. It was an untried experiment—the commencement of a great work. More could not have been achieved at the time. It was the first distant and rudely constructed parallel before the overshadowing fortress of the monster iniquity. It was but the faint bugle blast upon the stillness of the slumbering dead, and few were the friends who aroused to the unequal strife. It but heralded in feeble foreshadowings the coming of a brighter day. It performed its work, but scarcely left a mark upon the enemy. The tenderly feathered missiles fell short of the mark, harmless and inefficient, in effecting the final object.

Deacon McGarr found no trouble in adhering to the pledge. He drank with the drinkers, yet preserved it inviolate. While the ragged bloat at his elbows swallowed his raw grog, the Deacon sipped his wine, and descanted eloquently upon the virtues and duties of temperance. He faithfully warned them of the danger of such habits—the good temperance man! Many were the nights he went home from the tavern heavy-laden with the beverage, and then ad-

ded the usual mug of hard cider before retiring to his deep and peculiar slumbers.

Early in the winter, McGarr and Barney Kits started for home one night, and as neighbors, became more than usually friendly as they assisted each other arm in arm. It would have puzzled an observer to have determined which was the drunk one. Striking a drift in the path, McGarr stumbled, and breaking loose, the two parted, the Deacon falling on his face in one direction, and Barney backwards in another, into the drift to the arms, in a sitting position. McGarr was soon upon his hands and knees, grunting with his exertions to rise, and spitting the feathery snow from his mouth. He partially succeeded in rising, but stepping upon Barney's jug, it rolled from under him, and down he went, this time in a sitting posture, the snow gushing up like spray as he settled to the crust. It was in vain to try to raise squarely up.

"Barney, my f-friend; why the d-dogs don't you (hic)—help a—*where be you, B-arney?*"

"Halloo, Deacon! you th—there?"

"No; I'm here."

"So be B-arney,

'An' that — that f-fast anchor'd hi — hile,
And they do — (hic) roll' —

You—you there yet, Deacon? Where's my j-ug?"

"No, I'm here. Your — your jug, Barney, has — has (hic) throwed me down."

"Me too, many a—a time."

"Barney! you o-ought not to (hic) drink so, you — had n't. Barney, help me — up. This cus — this con-f-ounded crick in my (hic) back, h-olds me down, B-arney."

"The *creek* went d-own your throat, I guess," replied the ever witty Kits.

"My friend, I—I'm Deacon Mc-McGarr. You should speak properly — you should."

"And I'm Barny Kits. I re-re—I regret to see a deacon so-so *spiritually* inclined."

"I am lame, Barney; assist me if you p-lease," and McGarr wallowed over within reach of Barney.

"Lift, McGarr! *now* he-he-*heave!*"

Barney had crawled up to McGarr and caught awkwardly into the skirts of his coat, and was lifting as awkwardly, managing in the operation to pull the coat over McGarr's head and wrongside out. At the same time McGarr had fastened one hand into the seat of his pantaloons, and the other into Barney's shirt bosom, and was tugging and blowing industriously to raise himself upon his feet. At last they both managed to get upon their knees, and their arms around each other's neck, and leaning hard upon each other, trying to rise, McGarr lurched and both fell sideways into the snow. Here they were sprawling and clinging to each other as Doctor Howard drove nearly upon them with his horse and cutter. With considerable effort he lumbered them into the cutter and drove back to the tavern. As they were aided

into the bar-room, Deacon McGarr felt that he must say something about Barney's drinking. The latter, as he came to the fire, had lopped helplessly down upon the floor.

"What a (hic) — a sad sight to — s—ee a man in such a sit-sit-sittyation, Doctor How—ard!"

So it was! But Barney was no drunker than the Deacon, yet the latter had violated no pledge, and was a temperance man in good standing.

Our readers will see the working of the old pledge. The appeal to the bloated customer of the dramshop fell with pointless effect from lips fuming with wine. The effects of wine and common whisky were the same. They both produced drunkenness. Day by day and step by step the wine drinker went downward, until he became a common drunkard and an outcast, yet violated no pledge until he commenced upon "*ardent* or distilled spirits!"

The history of those who attempted to reform under the old pledge, is a sad one. In a milder garb the enemy lurked in the wine cup, and the still bound victim went back to ruin. The demon glittered in the first drop. The light of the wine bubble would kindle into intensity the fires deepest smouldering in the crater. The milder drink was the sure precursor of the flood in its fury, and there was no safety to the reformed one. The wine drinker might reel from the midnight revel, or drool in the saloon, and yet be all that the old pledge demanded. The sot caught sight of the first beacon flame which shone dimly into the

surrounding darkness, and turned to greet its better promise. The power in the wine glass, the beer or cider, harassed his footsteps, and plunged him again into the abyss, where he beat the wave with a feeble hand. Few of the baser streams were dried up, for the fountain head flowed on as ever, from the side-board and the social and festive party. The blasted wrecks in the drunkenery were but the legitimate results of the very privileges tolerated under the old pledge. It was but a cobweb around the uncrippled folds of the Hydra. Not a head had been successfully struck off. The wine drops were but the bloody seed of new monsters, for not a wound had been seared in the contest.

At this point the Total Abstinence Pledge was brought out. It followed naturally in the footsteps of the other. The old had prepared the way for the new. It added a brighter glow to the first beacon light.

From the truest friends of the cause it met with stern opposition. These men saw in it ruin to the great work. It was the extreme of ultraism. It was too radical. Its adoption would destroy what little good had been effected, and forever block the work so auspiciously begun. The contest was fierce between temperance men. A large class were honestly fearful of the result from love of the cause, while others clung to their "harmless beverage." Many of the latter class occupy the same position to-day. They never have advanced. They broke off during

the struggle, and there they remain, such as have not gone down prematurely to their graves.

But the cause remained firm during the ordeal. The poorer material came out without the dross, and the choicer spirits gathered in closer union on the advanced ground. The result proved the wisdom of the movement. It gave the reform strength and power, and proportionately weakened the enemy. In the bar-rooms and shops the opposition to the new pledge was the fiercest. Rumsellers were indignant at this most fanatical crusade against their "living," and infatuated customers grew eloquent in descanting about the liberties fought for by their fathers of the revolution. The cry of fanaticism was rung upon all its charges, and some well meaning ones joined in the general crusade against the wild scheme of total abstinence. Muddled wit poured its lowest wrath of slang phrases upon the fanatics. Nowhere were there so many tears shed over the mad movement as in the dram-shop circle.

"What do you think of this new cold-water movement?" asked Counselor Skillott of Doctor Howard.

"What movement? — the new pledge?"

"Yes, the total abstinence, as they cal. it."

"It meets my hearty approbation. Does it not ours?"

"I can't say it does."

"Why not?"

"O, it's fanatical in the extreme. It is an ill-judged move, and will most certainly ruin the tem-

perance cause. It is the result of zeal without knowledge."

"How will it ruin the cause? Is n't temperance right?"

"O, yes; temperance is a good thing. I'm a temperance man; but this is carrying things too far—men will not go it."

"Will total abstinence injure a man? Do you know of a man who would be injured by taking and adhering to the abstinence pledge?"

"Ahem — it would be well enough for drunkards, but men of mind and moderation will not bind themselves to, or countenance so unreasonable a scheme. A moderate glass will hurt no one. Because men abuse a necessary beverage, it is no reason why all should discard it entirely."

"Should friends of temperance recommend for the drunkard that which they will not themselves put in practice? Should men whose appetites do not control them, and consequently can make no sacrifice, hesitate to countenance a measure which is the drunkard's only hope? You speak of a 'moderate glass.' Is it the first glass which makes the drunkard? Are they not all moderate drinkers on the start? If there were no moderate drinkers, would there ever be any drunkards? As to the abuse of it, Mr. Skillott, I take higher ground. From the light of science, I affirm that its moderate use is an abuse. It is an element of discord and derangement in the whole animal economy, and an injury to every man in health."

"But that it is good as a medicine, you will not deny."

"And so is arsenic. But, because men may take the one for a medicine, would it be expected that he should become a habitual user of it in health?"

"But is n't it needed in cold weather?"

"Never! I could point you to those in this neighborhood, whose drinking habits were anything but beneficial in cold weather."

"But men kill themselves with axes and knives."

"Very true. But did you ever hear of their forming morbid appetites for the use of them,—becoming murderers or suicides from whittling or chopping cordwood?"

"But," continued Skillott, evasively, "sober men will not go the total abstinence pledge—it would be an acknowledgment of their fear of becoming drunkards."

"You petitioned for a permit to keep a *dice table*: was it because you wished to become a gambler?—or for the *benefit* of others?"

The thrust went home, and Skillott declared himself abused, and entered his office. As Howard passed the tavern, a number accosted him from the stoop about the new cold-water trick. Among others, Hermon assailed him, and charged him with slandering him at the meeting the night before.

"How, Mr. Hermon?"

"By saying that all the tavern-keepers were enemies of temperance. I am as much of a temperance man as you are."

"Ha, ha!" answered Howard, looking Hermon steadily in the eye.

"What are you laughing at, sir?" asked the latter, evidently nettled.

"At a temperance man's peddling rum to drunkards!"

"You *lie*, sir! I never sell to drunkards."

"But sell until they *are* drunkards, and then turn 'em out for Shimer to finish!"

"I want you and the rest of your crew of fanatics to understand that I do not wish any man to become a drunkard."

"But still engage in the only business that makes drunkards!"

"It's false! You are always slandering me."

"Mr. Hermon, was there ever a drunkard in this community before your tavern was started?"

"Then you would say that *I* made 'em all!"

"*Who did?*"

"It was their own doings. I only sell as I have a license to do."

"And if you had a license to teach theft, you would not be responsible for the thieves you made, would you?"

"But you can't make your total abstinence business go down in this community. People won't submit to it. It will ruin the temperance cause."

"That's a (hic) — fact," stuttered a poor ragged object at Hermon's elbow. "Will roo-o-in the t-(hic) the t'hemperance cause."

"Better ruin that than to ruin *men*," coolly answered Howard, looking upon the reeling creature.

"He (hic) — he abuses us, don't he Miz-zer Her-Hermon?"

Howard was determined to cut deeper, and continued:

"You complain because I stated that there was no safety in the old pledge to the drunkard — that not a rumseller in town would refuse the reformed man a glass of beer if he knew it would send him back again to his old habits."

"I do. You state that which is not so."

"Did n't you let Miller have beer, knowing his appetite for liquor, and that it was a trap to make him break his pledge?"

"Who says that?"

"*I* say it!"

"It's false, I tell you. What is a man good for if he can't stand a glass of beer? He no need to have dranked it."

"But you saw him teased until he *did* drink it, knowing that the liquor once down, the man could not control himself; and then you let him have brandy, and boasted that you knew he wouldn't stick."

"What business is that to *you*, if I did," growled Hermon, with ill-suppressed excitement.

"It's my business to denounce the act as most devilish. It shows your hypocritical love of the *old pledge* and of temperance. An infernal imp might

blush to see a man plotting another's fall and then rejoice in the ruin."

"It shows all the honesty there is to your temperance men. They can't keep from drinking."

"Hermon, you are a cool, brazen-faced scoundrel, and richly deserve hanging for the death of Miller. If his spirit don't haunt you, it will be because it will shun the den where the body was slaughtered."

"Who says Miller is dead, you black-hearted fanatic?"

"I say so. I saw him die this morning, and his death dates from the trap you and Skillott set to heap ridicule upon the temperance cause."

"And because men will make fools of themselves, you would deprive me of an honest living?"

"Deprive of the power to plunder community, and destroy your own neighbors—that's all."

"You're an abusive knave! I believe you would joy to see me a pauper. It's all of a piece with your new schemes to ruin honest men."

"You may as well be a pauper as to make paupers. A pretty temperance man, and prating too about the old pledge! Not a drunkard has fallen who does not owe his ruin to you and your co-laborers in ruin. You smile while preaching temperance and offering our reformed men *beer*, knowing all the time that one glass is their ruin. It all convinces me that our new pledge is right; for a reformed man should not only shun all that can intoxicate, but the very place where the accursed poison is kept. There is no safety in the

associations of men who are so utterly base and heartless as to work the ruin of one who would live and die a sober man. God deliver us from such fiends, and keep the reformed drunkard from their accursing influence. Hell knows no blacker depravity than that which would drag a fellow again to degradation, or a more rascally falsehood than their pretended temperance. Satan was as much a friend of human happiness when he slided into Eden. The very threshold you stand upon, Hermon, is smoking with blood, and for the universe of God, I would not have on my hand the stain of such guilt as is on yours. *You know what you are doing.* You know that the old pledge is worthless, and that you rejoice in seeing it broken. I once petitioned for your license. If God will forgive me for that, I never will commit so great a sin again. So long as you sell rum do not brand yourself as an unblushing liar by continuing in the business of making drunkards." The words poured in a torrent from Howard's lips as he stood close to Hermon and hurled them in his ear. His manner was so fierce and impetuous, and his words so scathing, that the landlord of the "Home" was apparently awed into silence, and strode sullenly back into the bar-room.

"Some of these temperance fanatics will get so crazy that they will set everybody by the ears. If I should abuse a man as Howard has me, I should not blame him if he should *burn my barn!*"

The crowd did not notice the look that passed be-

tween Hermon and one of his customers. That night Howard's horse-barn was burned, horses, carriages, and all ; and in the morning the incendiary was tracked to Hermon's shed, where the wretched creature was frozen, having crawled about half-way under the shattered stable-door.

Every rumseller in Oakvale stuck zealously for the old pledge. If the temperance people had abided by that, they could have gone with them ! The new pledge was intolerant and fanatical, and would most assuredly ruin the cause ! And these men, who opposed the first movement as "going too far," were now its mourning friends. As for Counselor Skillott, he *knew* the whole thing was originated by priestcraft and fanaticism, and so did n't join the society.

Among others who frowned upon the new state of things, was Elder Snyder. Indeed, the first had met his stately and scornful displeasure. The wicked and the ungodly were admitted as members, and he could not associate with such. Atheists, and men who had been drunken, and those who made not long prayers nor wore sanctimonious faces, had been allowed to sign both pledges. Those who did not attend his church, nor pay their money to support his ministry, could not receive the least countenance from him.

At a donation party given to the Elder by his friends, and held at his house, the subject of temperance was introduced and discussed. Walter Brayton went so far as to ask the pastor to put his name to the pledge. Looking upon the young man with a solemn

frown, he drew himself up, and in his usual sanctimonious drawl, gave his objections :

“Young man!—I awfully fear you do not know what you are doing. You and your temperance friends are going after strange gods. You seem to think yourself wiser than your teachers. You are most assuredly led away by the blindest fanaticism, and great evil has already come of it. Hatreds and jealousies, strifes and contentions, have entered into the hearts of my people. Satan has certainly to do with these strange and wicked doctrines. You ask me to sign a pledge not to drink any wines or spirituous liquors at all! The world, my friends, is coming to a strange pass, when we must totally abstain from the good gifts of God. Temperance is a moderate use of all his bounties. We are required by the Bible to drink wine. The Saviour himself made and drank wine. It is designed as a blessing to man, and it is the will of our Lord that we enjoy it. We are not responsible for the abuse which ungodly men make of these things. Men are gluttons—and shall we abstain from all food? Men are hypocrites—and shall we discard the religion of our Lord and Master? There is no authority in the Bible for these societies. I cannot sanction what has not a “thus saith the Lord” for it. Ungodly men are in this movement, and the pious Christian should set his face firmly against it. He who is within the ark of safety needs none of these foolish helps. If it is the dear Lord’s will to have some of the souls he has created lost in the abuse of

some of his good gifts, it were wrong for us to contravene his purposes. His holy will be done. Those he has chosen will he save. A moderate use of his bounties is good for all. Let us give thanks."

And over the table glittering with decanters and glasses the false teacher craved a blessing, and the wine went round. The Elder seemed to pride himself upon watching those to whom it was presented. There were few who refused the cup, and the contents produced a marked flow of good feeling. Hermon was present, and at once became a pattern of piety, and donated to the Elder with extreme liberality. Brayton and Howard refused the wine, and there were half-smothered titterings about "cold water," "fools," and "fanaticism." Minnie welcomed the cup with an emphatic *no*, which drew the attention of the company around her; but, save a slight flush, she was calm, and returned the reproving glance of the pastor with dignity and firmness. Back of her stood one who had not yet attracted notice. As the waiter came to him he fiercely put it away with his hand, and drew himself up, looking upon the wine with a strangely wild and glistening eye. His person was full six feet in height, his countenance sharp and pale, his hair long, and his eyes deeply sunken and intensely brilliant. He wore a long surtout coat, closely buttoned, had on a broad-brimmed hat, and in his hand a long staff.

"*No!*" he fairly howled through his clenched teeth. "Away with the sparkling devil! It bubbles

with damnation! It is the red blood of butchery! It is the fiery beverage of hell! The tempter is coiled at the bottom! '*At last it stingeth like an adder and biteth like a serpent!*' It shall sting to utter ruin the hand which hands it this night with the mockery of a blessing craved upon it! I say, get thee gone, devil, or the arm of the Lord shall smite thee!" The strange personage raised his long staff, and would have fiercely dashed the cup in fragments had it remained before him.

"Who thus intrudes here so noisily?" asked the Elder, pale with anger.

"The chosen of the Lord—the avenger of the slain! Blood cries from the ground, and the widow and orphan beg for bread. Woe! woe! for the Mighty One is after ye! Hypocrites, false teachers, gluttons, and wine bibbers, woe! for the end cometh! Men are led astray by wicked ones in priestly garb, and the innocents are wailing for bread in the land. The wrath of God kindles against ye for the violence in the land, and shall consume ye as stubble! Woe! woe! woe! I say, ye workers of ruin! It is written against ye in blood, and God shall avenge the fallen! *Away!* I tell ye, with the beverage of the damned! Thus I will smite thee as the Lord smote the wicked of old, and will smite them again!"

Whirling his long staff with an almost supernatural power and velocity, he stepped towards the sideboard, and with an eye red and glaring, and a voice swelling into a howl, with one tremendous swoop,

dashed every glass and decanter into a thousand fragments. Astonishment was upon every countenance, and there was not a whisper in the room until a wild, maniac-burst of laughter came back from the strange apparition as he emerged into the street.

Paleness lingered upon the lip of Elder Snyder—the paleness of anger not unmixed with that of awe. The stranger was a personage not to be forgotten, for his tones had a startling energy and power. The company did not recover from the influence of the incident, and soon dispersed.

Among those who were present that night, was a reformed man by the name of Whitney. From the lowest depths of drunkenness he had come up, and by industry and unblemished good conduct had given promise of redeeming the position he had lost in society, and of living a life of future usefulness. His family were again comfortable, his children at school, and he prospering at his trade. He had united with the Methodist church, and by his exemplary deportment won the full confidence of its members. He had that night been for the first time within the reach of the fatal circle of the glass. The gurgle of the liquor and its foam, with the solemn sophistry and example of a Christian minister, combined to undermine his integrity. Beautifully the incense rose up before him, and as Snyder himself presented the cup he impulsively grasped it firmly and drained it off. A smouldering fire was kindled. A wild glow shot through every vein, and within his stomach the demon

was aroused in his strength. Whitney had but one thought—more drink! That he must have. The desire burned within him. It crept to his fingers ends, and out in a burning flush upon his cheek. He writhed helplessly, and the large drops stood thickly upon his brow. He felt as if already fallen—a guilty wretch—and shrunk cowering from the gaze of every eye.

“What is the matter, Whitney?” kindly asked Brayton, as he passed him in going out. Whitney started as if from a nightmare, and glared silently at vacancy. Snatching his hat, he rushed out with a half-sad, half-exultant yell, and sped down the street into Hermon’s.

“Drink! drink! for God’s sake give me drink! *Quick!*” and the trembling wretch turned with a ghastly stare at the door, as if dreading the approach of some one, his hands fastened convulsively upon the slats before the bar.

A devilish smile crept over the swollen visage of Hermon, as he saw who it was who begged so madly for drink. Hesitating a moment, as if enjoying the struggles of the victim, he sneeringly asked:

“That you, Whitney? I thought you was a temperance man! What’ll the church say? But I s’pose you will drink *moderately*,” and he smiled more fiendishly than ever.

“Drink! I say; give me drink. Money, soul, clothes, tools—everything for one drink! Give it to

me, quick!" and the poor maniac emptied his pockets upon the counter, and pulled off his coat and hurled it into the bar. His eye gleamed and kindled as he glanced upon the shining bottles, and his voice was choked and husky, he constantly begging as though his whole system was on fire.

Brayton and Howard entered just as Hermon set the bottle on the counter. Whitney heard their footsteps, and convulsively grasped the bottle and tumbler and turned it full, and in his eagerness spilled as much more upon the counter.

"Whitney! in God's name, what are you doing? Hermon! more of your devilish work!" said Howard, rushing up to the bar and arresting the arm of Whitney. But the latter was too quick for the movement. Grasping both hands fiercely around the glass, he dropped his mouth to the rim, and turned the contents off at a breath, shutting his teeth with a spasm as he did so, breaking the top of the glass in pieces, and spitting them on the floor. With a long, deep breath he drew himself up to his full height, and dashed the bottom full in the face of Howard. The yell that followed the act was horrible.

"You thought to keep me from drink, eh? I'll have it if I have to go to hell after it! Who-o-ooop! Won't Father Merrill roar when he finds old Whitney's born again! I'm your boy to say amen, Doctor!" and with drunken laughter he commenced a bacchanalian song, and danced wildly around the

room. No words from Howard or Brayton could touch him ; and he fiercely repelled all efforts to lead him from the tavern.

“ Better have him sign the pledge again,” sneered Hermon, from behind his counter.

“ Black-hearted, murderous villain !” groaned Howard from between his teeth, as he reached in vain for the landlord over the counter. “ You deserve hanging most richly. None but a devil in human guise would thus exult in such work. I did not dream that earth had such monsters as you !” The Doctor stood glaring upon the sneering landlord, who wisely kept out of his reach.

“ *And he will hang yet*, for the avenger will overtake him in such an hour as he knoweth not. He is both a curse and accursed, and so shall hang clear of the earth.” All within the room started at the sound of that voice, and beheld the strange man with the long surtout and staff, steadily gazing upon Hermon. The sneer upon the face of the latter faded away under the basilisk gaze, and a chill strangely crept over him — the voice was familiar, and stirred unpleasant memories.

That night the spirit of another fallen one went where rum is not. As the water was let upon the wheel of the grist-mill the next morning, it made a few revolutions, and then with a crushing sound ceased to turn. No effort with poles and hooks could remove the difficulty, and the water was let out of the dam. Crushed in among the broken buckets was a

corpse, the head, shoulders and arms left unbroken. Erect as in life, the bloated features of Whitney glared out, and the dripping hair lay closely upon the bloodless brow.

As the wife and children, too soon hearing of the affair, came wailing to the scene, and fell weeping over the wet and bloody remains, Hermon turned and slipped away.

"*The murderers are not all hung yet!*" was hissed close to his ear. He started, but dared not turn to look, for he knew his tormentor.

With a heart full of keener anguish than even the wife, Minnie Hermon attended the funeral of Whitney. The sermon was from these words, "*Where is thy brother?*" She felt that poor Whitney had died by her own father's hand, and every sob from the widow and the orphans added keener pangs to her own bitter anguish.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

AMONG others who sold rum in Oakvale, was a man by the name of Jud Lane, one of the most reckless and unprincipled of his class. He kept what was called the "Lower Tavern," a low and disreputable den, by the river bridge. The building itself was a miserable structure, answering for a grog-shop and gambling den. The boards were off the shed, the floor of the stoop rotten, and falling away, and one end of the upright part settling down with age and decay. The sheeting was loose and clattering, the windows dirty and broken, and the door worn and begrimed with dirt. The bar-room looked as though it had never been cleaned. Dirt and tobacco spittle was thickly crusted upon the floor; the wooden bars before the windows were greasy and cut up with the knife, and the old brick fire-place was crumbling away. A long seat reached from the old-fashioned oat-bin to the door, well worn by the groups which had for years there set and displayed their slaving wisdom. An old wash sink stood in the corner, slimed over again and again by dirty drippings, surmounted by a washbowl marked inside with a circle of the more plentiful ornamenting. Upon the roller was a

napkin to match. A huge boot-jack hung over the mantel, together with circus bills, sheriff's sales, and auction or patent medicine placards, "sold here." The bar was one of the old-fashioned kind, with a picket work and double door. Gringy kegs, decanters and a bottle of stoughton, with candy in a seven-by-nine glass case, completed the bar-room furniture of the "*River Hotel*."

Jud Lane was a man worthy of a moment's attention. He was a licensed agent of the government, dealing liquors in that old shed by the authority of law. He was hardly of medium stature, but thick set; his features harsh and repulsive, hair matted, and concealing a low and retreating brow, eyes of a muddy bronze color, nose flattened, neck thick, and lower jaw heavy, arms long, and legs crooked to deformity. With hands thrust deeply into his pockets and hat drawn down over his eyes, he moved backwards and forwards across the floor. His whole aspect was most villainous, indicating the inner man in palpable and revolting language. None of earth's unfortunates was ever too degraded to be turned away from his bar. The vilest of rum's shattered wrecks crawled regularly into his den for the dram. The wife or the child would never have thought of entering his door to protest against his course with husband or parent. His mouth was an ever-active crater of the most vile and malignant cursing. His own sister's husband had drank, and died a horrible death in his bar-room. Still more abandoned and malig-

nant as the reform came into notice, Jud Lane presented the perfect embodiment of a callous, cruel and revengeful rum-dealer. He would rather sell rum and slaughter his fellows, in the *River Hotel*, than live elsewhere honored and respected. His boys were like him, playing the most abusive tricks upon the poor wretches who lingered there for their drams.

Election day had drawn to a close, but crowds still lingered to drink and carouse. Jud Lane's tavern secured a large number of votes, and the election had been held there. At night, the bar-room was densely crammed with people, swaying, singing, shouting, cursing, drinking, and now and then fighting, the dim light revealing an atmosphere loaded with the mingled odor of tobacco and rum, reeking like a poisonous stench from the lungs of the drunken mass. The jingle of glasses was incessant, and at the hour of midnight, tipplers and drunken men still lingered. The bunk and the space under the bench, the shed and the hay-loft, were stored with drunken men. Such is the material out of which partisan leaders manufacture the "popular will," and slime into public stations.

Five hard-looking customers were still drinking at the bar, alternating with a song or a story, by one of the number. One of them was a middle-aged man, slightly gray, and not entirely unprepossessing in his appearance, save the bloated face and the dirty suit of rags. He was a leader among them, and displayed talent in his drunken sallies.

The subjects of temperance, and the meeting appointed for the morrow evening, came up.

"I'll treat the crowd, if you'll all go, boys, and carry your bottles and give 'em *beans*," said Lane cool and sober in the midst of the general drunkenness.

"Done," said Barney Kits. "H—ot wa-(hic)-ter agin cold. Set on the top-hetchel. Old Barney's on earth in spite of rum and lightning."

"I'll treat again, if you'll *egg* that long-haired cuss who is round preaching on the corners of the streets, and find the tools," continued Lane, bitterly. "Catch him on my steps!" and he ground his teeth as he crushed the sugar in the glass.

"A shilling to the man who hits him!" distinctly muttered our strange friend in the long hair and surtout, as he emerged from the darkness of the street and stood in the middle of the room. The noise was at once hushed, and Lane scowled with angered surprise.

"The long haired hypocrite will be there to-morrow night. Bring your eggs, Jud Lane. A rotten cause and a rotten heart must need rotten arguments. Bring 'em along, and also those you prey upon.

"Out of the house, you black-coated devil," growled Lane, but keeping safely behind the bar Halton, put him out — poker him out."

Halton, the man in rags, seized the stranger at the word, and was proceeding to put the command in execution, when the latter, with the ease with which he

would have taken a child, unhanded Halton's grasp, and looked him sternly in the eye.

"Henry Halton, I knew you when you were one of the most honored of men. There is yet manhood and pride in your heart. I know there is. This is not the place or the company for you. You did not look thus when you stood with Mary Densmore at the altar. A spell is upon ye! Come away, Henry Halton, from this vile place, and be saved. We will meet you half-way, and there shall be singing and rejoicing for the prodigal's return. Your sainted mother and wife are looking down from Heaven. Angels are weeping, Henry, and at home, [the stranger whispered as he breathed the words into Halton's ear] the only being who loves you on earth, weeps and prays for her father. Your friends *are not here*, Henry Halton! Go with us and be saved. *Be saved* — Henry Halton, be *saved*!"

The lustrous and melting eyes worked a strange spell over the hardened drunkard. As a tear from the stranger's eye fell upon the open palm, Halton wept, and a sigh swelled up in his broad bosom. Still in the stranger's grasp, he looked imploringly in his eye, as if hope was springing up in his darkened heart.

"*Will you come*, Henry Halton — come to honor and to God? Say this night you will, and there shall be rejoicing in Heaven! *Come!*"

A strange scene in the dimly lighted bar-room of the River Hotel! Drunkards were looking unstead-

ily but silently upon it, and from behind the bar, where the last round of glasses stood untasted, glowered Lane with clenched fists and teeth upon the stranger.

"Halton! tarry not among the tombs. *Come!*" he continued.

"*Before God I will!*" gasped Halton, as a deeper sigh escaped his bosom, and he ventured to look around him. As his eye rested upon Lane, he quailed, so fearful is the influence of the dealer upon his victim. The stranger saw it, and continued:

"Who else is there here this night who will come with Henry Halton to home and manhood, and God? Come with him this night, and be enslaved ones no more. Turn from the past." And the stranger, in low but strangely sweet and thrilling tones, commenced and sang "Long, Long Ago." The drunkards wept, and as the question was again asked, "Who will come with Halton?" four of them reeled up around him, joining hands to keep from falling.

"And here you solemnly pledge yourselves never to drink anything which can intoxicate again.

"We-(hic)-we do."

"And may God help you! Now," thundered the stranger, a wild and joyous light kindling in his eye, "come away, and tarry not, nor look back, or the enemy is upon you? *Come!*" and the five customers of the "*River Hotel*" went out after the strange man in the long surtout.

With a torrent of curses pouring from his mouth,

Jud Lane turned the liquor in the glasses back into the decanter, and walked his bar-room like a mad-dened fiend, gnashing his teeth, and swearing vengeance upon the temperance fanatics, and the five customers in particular. "They would'nt get no more liquor from *his* shop, if they choked to death;" and yet the man's only consolation in his anger was, that they would all be back again before the week was out.

—Desolate was the foul den, with only the snoring drunkards left; and Jud Lane went cursing to bed.

The next morning, Jud Lane looked confidently for the coming of his five customers for their usual morning drams. He knew no passion but those of avarice and hate, and he raved when he was cheated of a customer. Skillott came in while Lane was sullenly pacing his bar-room. Skillott had become an habitual tippler, and to disguise his habits he would range through the whole list of drinking places, and drink at them all. Lane rehearsed his grievances to a sympathetic listener. Both heaped abuse upon the temperance people. As to the five drunkards who had been led away by that long-coated hypocrite, both hoped they would choke to death before they could find a drop.

"But never mind; you'll have 'em, Lane, before the week's out: nothing to trap 'em."

"Get 'em here again and I'll sweat 'em. I'll learn 'em to leave an old friend for these cussed fanatics. I'll sue every mother's son of 'em, or my name ain't Jud Lane."

"Do they *owe* you?" pleasantly asked Skillott, taking his lips from the glass he was emptying, and brightening up at the thought of a fee.

"They do, every one of 'em; and I'll have my pay or jug 'em."

"You 've *jug'd 'em* pretty well already," put in old Barney Kits, who had just dropped in for his dram.

Lane turned upon the inveterate old joker with an angry frown, but smothered the usual torrent of oaths as the old fellow put down his sixpence.

"It would be but justice," continued Skillott, with assumed indifference. "They have had too many favors to turn against you, and they certainly cannot complain if made to pay their honest debts."

"I've always been doin' 'em favors, and lettin' 'em have liquor when they hadn't any money. If they don't quit their foolin' I'll fix 'em, d—n me if I don't. Jud Lane knows where to bite."

"I expect Brayton and Howard will have them lecturing on temperance before Saturday night," said Skillott, with a sneer, ready to heap ridicule upon the temperance movement. "They'll make strong men! —ha, ha!"

"Not while Lane's liquor is in 'em," gravely answered old Barney; "too much pump water."

"Kits, you old bloat haven't I warned you to stop your devilish stuff? I won't stand it."

"I can't stand either, half the time, such stuff," replied Kits, winking waggishly at Lane.

"You must n't turn off any of your jokes on me."

"It's a long *lane* that has no turn," persisted the half-drunken wag. Lane was maddened, for he took the drive as made at his hump back.

"You ought to be shot, you old viper!"

"Just been shot --- in the neck. 'Tain't (hic) --- mortal, though;" and old Barney attempted to stand steady and look wise.

"You drunken old cuss! you'd better join in Halton's gang, you feel so sharp."

"Been one of Halton's gang this five years. Expect to ---"

"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! men and women of Oakvale! The trump of the Lord is sounding, and the dead are coming forth. Ho! ye enslaved ones! Men having devils and dwelling among the tombs: there is hope for the lost. An arm mighty to save is stretched forth, and deliverance is near. Hear ye! hear ye! the good Samaritans are among you. Those who have been among thieves shall be washed and healed. Drunkards who have squandered all in riotous living, and hungered for the husks fed to the swine: we bid you return. There is bread enough and to spare --- hallelujah to God! and there shall be singing and rejoicing in the land, for the lost are found. Ho! dwellers in the dark places! Come forth. The commissioned of the Lord bringeth you glad tidings. He will break your bonds and bid the captive go free. Drunkards! come out from the dens of prey. Let the licensed buzzards starve for the want of human carrion. God's judgments are close

upon them, and sure and swift destruction upon them and theirs. Ho! ye that thirst, come! I come to bear you the holy truths of the temperance reform. There is light in the dark places, and the waste ones are made glad. The gospel is preached to the poor and the blind ones are made to see.

"We're coming, we're coming, the sober and free,
Like the winds of the desert, the waves of the sea;
True sons of brave sires, who battled of yore,
When England's red lion roar'd wild on our shore.

We're coming, we're coming, from mountain and glen,
With hands that are steady — we're freemen again;
Let Alcohol tremble as 't ne'er trembled before,
For we swear by Great Heaven to drink it no more!"

Jud Lane fairly raved when he recognized the voice of the man in the long coat. That personage had mounted the horse-block by the sign-post. There was something strangely wild in his person and manner. His tall form was erect, his hat off, and his long hair swaying in the wind. With one hand upon the staff and the other extended with the long finger quivering, his eye half tender and half fierce, his coat buttoned to the throat, and his beard hanging upon his breast, his aspect was singularly striking and impressive. His voice was in keeping; now tremulous with a tear, and again rising into a wail, or howling with terrible energy, as his invective, unequalled in bitterness and strength, fell fierce and scathing upon all connected with the rum traffic. There was awe in

his impassioned and hazardous eloquence, and beams of unearthly light seemed literally to shoot from his eye when he towered in passion. With clenched teeth and burning cheeks, the dealers shrank from his gaze and blistering speech. Clear and swelling like a trumpet's tone, his voice rang out and crowds gathered to hear and to see him. There was something unaccountably fascinating in his half-mad harangues. His sneer, when pouring sarcasm upon the dealers, was as withering as the sarcasm itself. But when he appealed to the drunkards, a smile like sunlight would melt every feature into wondrous beauty. Step by step the crowd, drunkards included, would gather closer to the man, as if drawn by some unseen power. Even Jud Lane could not keep from looking from the hall out upon the speaker. With all the severity of the man's speech, and the bitterness of his personal assaults, there was blended a world of truth and tender, moving pathos. He never spared the dealer, nor even gave them credit for a single redeeming trait. It seemed to delight him to lance them without mercy. From appeals of the most gentle and mournful earnestness, he would turn, as his eye caught sight of one of them, and, as if startled by the sound of a rattlesnake, hiss sweeping imprecations upon them and their business, between his clenched teeth and pallid lips. He believed himself commissioned by the Lord to "smite the monster" in his strong places. Some secret and unknown cause of hatred to the rum traffic and those employed in it, with wild

religious frenzy and deep natural enthusiasm, gave his impetuous eloquence, and with reason, the cast of fanaticism. His denunciations of wine bibbers and drinking church-members and priests, were bold and merciless.

Jud Lane had just come in for a blast which blistered as it reached the raving victim. Turning to a drunken Irishman, the landlord offered him a gallon of rum if he would go around between the shed and the house and hurl a dozen of eggs at the speaker. Pat was just drunk enough to eagerly agree to the proposition. The "crazy preacher," as he was called, had just finished the two verses we have quoted, and the melody of the wild and stirring air yet lingered in the hearts of the crowd, when an egg crashed against the sign-post close by his head. A freezing sneer crept over his face as he turned his eye in the direction from whence the missile came.

"Ho! ho! friends. Here are arguments upon the other side of the house. Better send us their eggs than their liquor. If the wretch who reared this post would smear it with human blood instead of yolk, the argument would be better put and more appropriate. Blood is upon their sign-posts, their thresholds, and their counters. It is upon their hands and their hearts. But vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, and the widows' and children's wrongs shall be avenged. Ha, ha! another of their arguments, and applied to a subject, too. [The egg hit old Barney.] But better on your coat, brother, than the man's poison in your

heart. The monsters writhe, for their power is departing from them." There was a shout from the boys, and a crash of boards under the shed. In stepping back from the shed window, as he hurled the second egg, Pat trod upon a short board and fell through to the ground.

"And so shall the traffic fall to the ground, and those engaged in it. Their *arguments* cannot sustain them."

The fall was a serious matter with Pat, for he had broken an arm and a leg, and was groaning with pain. The preacher was quickly by his side, and without assistance bore him into the bar-room. Jud Lane stood cowering like a spirit of evil in his bar at the turn things had taken and the comments freely made by some in the crowd. It was in his heart to turn the whole company out of doors. Pat begged for rum, and while the preacher was after Howard, Lane drew a glass and carried it to him, but as it was lifted to Pat's lips, the long staff of the Hermit, as the preacher was called, swooped down and dashed it into fragments.

"Away with your poison! A broken arm and leg are enough. Hand him rum at your peril, Jud Lane. Before God I will serve you as I have the glass. Stand back!"

Stooping down, the Hermit again lifted Pat in his arms, and bore him out and away from the "*River Hotel*" to Howard's office. As he came out, he again addressed the crowd who followed, making effective

use of the circumstance. Jud Lane had made Pat drunk ; Pat had fallen and broken his limbs in consequence, and the people must support him through his sickness. Shaking his long staff towards Lane's tavern, he broke forth in a torrent of fierce invectives. As he saw Skillott taking notes of his remarks, he turned his attention to that functionary, and lashed him in unmeasured terms. He then announced that a temperance meeting would be held in the Hall that evening, to be addressed by a reformed drunkard, and urged all to attend. Then breaking out in the familiar air of "Come to the Temperance Hall," he passed through the crowd and up the street. Upon the steps of the "*Home*," and so through the whole village, he went with staff and song, and impassioned harangue, heralding the meeting and denouncing the rum traffic. His vast muscular strength and glistening eye deterred the enraged dealers from an open attack upon his person.



MORTIMER HUDSON SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WASHINGTONIANISM — THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

THE tide of the new movement was rising with unexampled velocity and power. From the very dens of the enemy, the Washingtonians came forth, fully armed and fired with enthusiastic zeal. From the ranks of the enslaved, reformed men came forth and became for the time the standard-bearers of the reform. The song, and the rude though earnest appeal, with the dark details of personal experience in the thralldom of ruin, assumed a deep and thrilling interest, and crowds flocked to hear the story. From gutter, hovel, den, and steaming pit, men came forth to soberness and honor. In every community the flame was kindled. Angels were found sitting at the graves of men's drunkenness, and as the stone was rolled away, the living came forth to happiness and home. The land was filled with rejoicing. The wife and mother watched the commotion with prayers and hopeful tears, and the citizen looked bewildered. An angel was in the waters and lepers were healed. Many believed that intemperance was to be driven at once from the land. The rumsellers — such as continued in the business — became more reckless and desperate than ever, and only rejoiced when those who

had taken the pledge were decoyed again to destruction.

Oakvale was alive with the excitement, and its dealers boiling with fear and rage. The Hermit had planted some tremendous blows upon the enemy, and had snatched away many of their best customers. His announcement of the evening meeting had increased the interest to the highest degree, and before dark, crowds of people were pouring down the streets to the Hall.

Groups of people gathered on the steps of the taverns and saloons, and were drinking in the bar-rooms to keep their courage up. Now and then a drunken man came reeling out of them, and the coarse jest and boisterous laugh told the character of the parties.

Monsieur Ladeaux, an old Frenchman, kept one of the most frequented dram-shops in Oakvale. Everything around the establishment was arranged admirably to render it attractive and inviting. Politicians made the "Alhambra" their nightly resort, and at its bar the extremes of society met in the fraternal circle of tippling.

Our readers may have seen the counterpart of Monsieur. He was stoutly built and fleshy, his neck thick, features coarse, heavy and sensual, person stooping, and a shambling, leaning gait, like a man looking for a penny on the walk. His soul was not like other men's souls. He was as senseless, save in his pocket, as the pavement on which he trod. But two emotions — those of avarice and gluttony — ever

stirred his sluggish nature. Honor, conscience or pride, he was an utter stranger to. He deemed men, women, and children, his legitimate prey. Whatever he could do without fear of fine, imprisonment or hanging, he would do for money. Had murder been licensed, he would as readily butcher all who crossed his threshold. No good interest in community ever received his attention, countenance, or a farthing of support. He was never known to exhibit feeling, save when his interest was assailed. The boy that reached tiptoe for the cent's worth of beer, was just as welcome a customer as the citizen of mature years. Had every one who went out from his rooms fell dead in the street, his regrets would have been in proportion to his loss of custom. Moral influences fell as inefficiently from his mail of animal selfishness, as they would from the Pagan idol of wood or stone.

Among those who were drinking on the evening of the meeting, was a young man of about twenty-three years. He was a mechanic in the place, and without friends. None had yielded more blindly — madly to the bowl, or plunged more deeply into its many iniquities. With quick and pungent wit, a voice of wondrous sweetness and compass, and a power of mimicry unsurpassed, he became the ruling spirit of the drunken revel. His liquor cost him nothing. A song, or a speech, or a story, would always bring both applause and liquor. There was quite a competition among the dram-shops for his presence.

The youth was but a wreck. His potations were deep and incessantly poured down. His face was of a fiery red, and his long hair coarse and matted. A soiled and broken-down hat sat back upon his head with a dare-devil manner, his pantaloons begrimed with dirt, and his boots running over at the heels, and full of holes, the bare, stockingless feet exposed to the weather. The ragged coat was buttoned to the throat, indicating a lingering pride which tried to conceal the utter absence of a shirt. A dirty comforter was wound loosely around the neck, and the ends tucked under the coat. The people in the saloon had just put him upon the counter, where he was making a temperance speech. His wit, inimitable drollery, and ludicrous flights of burlesque eloquence, had put the crowd in a roar. Those present had furnished Gault with a bottle of rum, and were calculating upon a high time at the temperance meeting, for he had promised to make a speech there. In the height of their mirth, Brayton, Halton, and the Hermit entered. As many bombs would not have produced a greater impression upon the customers of Ladeaux.

"Come down, John Gault, we want you to go with us. We'll do you good."

"This will do *me* good, H-(hic)-Halton." Gault tipped up his bottle, his eye turning comically down upon Halton. Then thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and rolling one eye up one way and the other another, a trick he was familiar with, he assumed a theatrical attitude, and exclaimed:

“Come one, come all; this *bar* shall fly
From its firm base as — as soon as — hic -- h'i.”

A few tittered, but hushed again, as the low and thrilling tones of the Hermit's voice trembled like winning music above the coarser sounds. Gault stood like one fascinated under the appeals. Slowly the extended arm and bottle lowered to the side, and with the other on his hip, he stood leaning forward and gazing into the eye of the Hermit. The latter had extended his hand, and his eye rested full and searchingly upon Gault. Save Monsieur Ladeaux, all were hushed as the strange man plead with the drunkard. There was a tender melancholy in his tones which charmed the roughest listener. Gault was as completely in his power as if bound by a spell.

“Lost!” he exclaimed, with a sigh, and plunged forward into the arms of the Hermit.

“*Saved!* John Gault! We will snatch you from the very jaws of the enemy. Your friends are not here, John Gault. Go with us. We bid you come. You shall sit among the redeemed, clothed and in your right mind. Come!”

Gault trembled from head to foot. Skillott ventured to question this summary way of forcing men into the temperance movement. With a gesture of scorn, not unmixed with dignity, the Hermit waved the counselor back, and again urged Gault to go with them. Brayton stepped forward and took him by the arm. While he was hesitating, the Hermit sang a verse—

Sadly my wife bowed her beautiful head,
Long ago, long ago;
Oh, how I wept when I heard she was dead,
Long ago, long ago;
She was an angel, my joy and my pride;
Vainly to save me from ruin she tried;
Poor broken heart! it was well that she died,
Long ago, long ago.

The words, feathered with plaintive melody most sweetly sung, went to the heart of Gault. His young and lovely wife had just gone to her pauper grave, injured and broken-hearted, leaving him alone to go more rapidly down the road to ruin. A tear swam upon his red lid, and dropped upon the cheek. Another and another followed. Gault was conquered. Clutching the Hermit firmly by the arm, he yielded to his guidance, and with Brayton and Halton behind, passed out of the Alhambra.

The more ignorant expected fun; but Skillott saw the strong influence at work upon the drunkards, and was troubled. In his political dreaming, he had calculated much upon their cheaply bought suffrages.

As the four entered the Hall, they found every part of it densely packed with people, and the throng still pouring into the vestibule. As dense as was the crowd, it opened both ways before the Hermit and his long staff, and with Gault, Halton and Brayton in his wake, that personage strode down towards the platform. Gault shrank back, however, and Halton procured him a seat and stood beside him. Large drops of sweat stood thickly on Gault's face, and he

avoided every eye as much as possible, where he sat. A sea of heads was constantly turning towards the doors to catch sight of the speakers. Elder Snyder stole in around the wall aisle, and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of attending such a meeting. For an hour the crowd continued to pour in, still finding room to stand. In the corner seats were a number of rum-sellers and their friends, they having heard that John Gault was to carry a bottle and address the meeting. The more intelligent ones looked grave, the brutes scowled, and the simple put on a knowing leer, trying to express their contempt of the whole affair.

Two men, at last, came in, and with much difficulty reached the platform. All eyes were fixed upon them, and that immense audience was hushed into stillness.

The men were unlike in appearance—the one being short, thick-set in his build, the other tall and exceedingly well-formed. The younger had the manner and address of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look, as he leisurely glanced around upon the audience.

But the interest all centered on the old man. His broad, deep chest and unusual height looked giant-like as he swayed slowly up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of decision, thought and sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled for the moment as the tavern-keeper nearest

him uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came upon and went from his pale cheek. There was a wide scar over the right eye.

The younger finally arose and asked if there was a clergyman present who would open with prayer. Not one answered to the invitation. The rumsellers ventured a titter. This started the Hermit. Advancing to the front of the stage, he looked steadily and not unkindly around over the audience, finally resting a less winning gaze upon the corner where the dealers had centered. Stretching his long arm out over the people, he broke forth in an invocation which was as appropriate as forcible and solemn. At its close, he sang an ode as none other could have sung it. Its melting tenderness stole over the audience like a dream, and prepared them for the truths to follow.

The younger speaker made but a short address — calm, dignified and appropriate, setting forth the claims of the Washingtonian cause, and urging all who wished well to humanity to join in it. At the conclusion of the meeting, he hoped to see the name of every one present appended to the pledge. As he concluded, he called upon any one present to speak — hoped to hear remarks for or against.

"Shut up, you old nuisance," muttered Jud Lane, as old Barney punched him to get up.

"Give 'em the dingbats — swear at 'em, Jud," whispered Barney.

All eyes were turned in another direction. The

pastor under the gallery arose with more than ordinary dignity, and attacked the positions of the speaker. He used the current arguments of those opposed to the temperance measures, and concluded by dencuncing those engaged in them, as meddlesome fanatics, having zeal without knowledge — men who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society, take the interests of the moral world out of the hands of the church, and injure the business of a very large class of worthy and respectable people. Simultaneously the dealers and their friends, and the aristocracy of the village applauded the pastor. As he took his seat he put his hair back with dignity, and looked over the room, as much as to say, “nothing for me to make that speech!” The feeling was evidently turning against the strangers, for Snyder had cunningly shaped his remarks to undermine the public confidence in their character as “public teachers.” The very fact that one of them had been a drunkard was against him. And besides, a prayer had been made by one whom he did not recognize as a minister of God. He cautioned the people against being led astray by fanatics and false teachers.

The Hermit's eye flashed, and with a pale lip he grasped his staff fiercely. Slowly rising to his full height, he pointed towards where Elder Snyder had drawn his cloak around him, and broke out in a torrent of withering denunciation. So sudden and sweeping was the onslaught that the more timid had hardly time to be shocked before the last

harb had been sped. The manner of the man was terrible.

“False teacher!” hissed the Hermit between his clenched teeth, yet plainly heard in every part of the hall. “False teacher! and this from one who turned his own erring ones from his hearth, and sent them away with curses. One who himself taught his children to sip the accursed poison! One who has set an example which has sent his own parishioners to the grave and to perdition! One who, by the grave of two who died broken-hearted, still advocates the foul sin which destroyed them. One who prays for the poor and the needy, and at the same time casts his influence for that which robs the poor and needy, and sends out the children to beg for bread. One who would hedge Heaven against us because we have once sinned as he is this day influencing others to sin. One whose gospel never says to the returning penitent, ‘Go and sin no more!’ One who dishonors his profession by preaching our land full of paupers and felons, our graves full of dead men, and hell with souls that are damned! Go! false one! and preach the gospel of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, or else the viper shall return to sting the hand that sends it forth, and the vultures shall pick the bones of him who stays the chariot wheels of the Lord!”

A chill crept over the whole audience. The manner of the speaker was even more bold and startling than his words. With his eye full upon the pastor,

he slowly retreated to the back of the stage and took his seat.

During the assault, the old man on the platform had watched the hermit with a kindling eye, leaning forward to catch every word. As he arose, his form, as tall as the Hermit's, and better proportioned, towered in most commanding dignity, and his chest swelled as he inhaled his breath through his thin nostrils. There was something grand and inspiring in the appearance of the old man as he stood looking upon the audience, his teeth hard shut, and a silence like that of death throughout the Hall. He bent his gaze full upon Hermon, who sat immediately before him, and as his eye lingered for a moment, the scar upon his forehead grew an angry red, and from beneath his shaggy brows his eye glowed with meaning fire. Hermon quailed under the gaze. He at last commenced, in low and tremulous tones. There was a depth in this voice — a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the Hall before the first period had been rounded. Immediately under the platform and a little in advance of the speaker, sat young Mortimer Hudson, manifesting an interest which he had never before exhibited at a temperance meeting.

“If I were a *stranger* in your village, I should dare to call you friends. As I once lived in your midst, I trust I may call you all so.”

There was a sensation, and whispered inquiries of “Who can it be?” With a thrilling depth of voice,

the speaker locked his hands together, and continued :

“A new star has arisen, and there is hope in the dark night which hangs like a pall of gloom over the country. O God ! thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth’s frail children, I thank thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed ; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness which surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and to Heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer.”

Strange, the power in human voices ! The speaker’s was low and measured ; but a tear trembled in every tone, and before they knew why, tears were dropping in the audience like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his own eye and continued :

“Men and Christians ! You have just heard that I may be — probably am — a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. The graves of my kindred are here. My childhood was spent here. My manhood was destroyed here. Hear me and be just.

“I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life’s journey. There is deep sorrow in my heart, and bitter tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life’s bright hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred, on earth, and look with eager longing for the rest of the night of death — without friends, kindred or home ! It was not so once !”

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. The audience was under his control.

“No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark and treacherous waste which has wrecked all my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I grasp again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more.”

The speaker seemed looking away through space upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his finger extended. The audience involuntarily turned in the direction where the speaker was looking, as if expecting to see some shadow called before them.

“I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrows, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife; a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever cherished a husband's love, or clung to him when fallen. Her blue eye grew dim as floods of sorrow washed out its brightness, and the loving heart I wrung until every fibre was rudely broken. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with One who loveth children. I once had a noble, a brave and beautiful boy; but he was driven out from the ruins of his childhood home, and I know not if he yet lives.

“Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term. I am guilty of much, but there is light in my evening sky. A

spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my fevered cheek. My brave boy, if living, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment that drove him out into the world, and the blow which maimed him for life. God Almighty in Heaven ! forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine ! ”

The speaker again wiped a tear from his eye. Mortimer Hudson watched him with a strange intensity, and with a countenance pale with strong and unusual emotion.

“ I once was a fanatic, and madly followed the malignant light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and hope to the accursed demon of the bowl. I was a fanatic when I broke the heart and sent to the grave the gentle being whom I injured so deeply.

“ I was a drunkard ! From respectability and opulence, I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife’s cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, though she and the children went hungry for bread.

“ One New Year’s night, I left the midnight revel at the tavern, for the hut where charity had given us a shelter. Deeply intoxicated, I reached about half

the distance, and yielded to the intense cold of the storm, and lay down upon the drifts, with the slumber of drunkenness and death upon me. My wife, a frail, poorly clad creature had become alarmed about me, and ventured out in the storm to seek me. She found me, insensible with cold. She stretched her body upon mine, and with her own heat warmed the chilling blood in my veins, and saved me from freezing and death. Struggling until she raised me to my feet, she started me home, bidding me rest not for life until I reached home. Arriving there, I found the babe wailing in the arms of the boy, who was vainly attempting to hush it. I felt the demon in every vein, and snatching it from his arms with a curse, I hurled it upon the coals!"

The speaker buried his face in his hands, and the audience were wound up to breathless excitement.

"At the moment the mother came in, and like a tiger, sprang and snatched the child from its tortures. Its agonizing shrieks will linger in my ear while I live! I demanded food. Mary turned her gaze sadly upon me, the tears falling fast upon her cheek.

" 'We have no food, James. And, merciful heaven! must murder be added to *starvation*?' "

"That sad, pleading face, the streaming eyes and the wail of the babe maddened me; and I—yes, I—struck her a fearful blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom with deeper intensity as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary be-

fore; but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair.

“‘God of mercy, James!’ exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance. ‘You will not kill us. Poor Willie, he must die,’ and she tried to soothe the little sufferer in its cruel pains. I could not bear the shrieks of the child, and became furious. Dragging her to the door and lifting the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a wild ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast, and the quick, gasping shrieks of the babe. But the work was not complete. I turned to the bed where my son had hidden, and dragged him out. He clung to my knees, and called me by a name I was unworthy to bear. My eye rested upon the axe in the corner, and I grasped it with the determination to kill him. The boy saw the act and sprang for a window, where a blanket was the only protection from the storm. As he sprang out, the blow I leveled at his head fell upon the sill, and severed his hand from the arm!”

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a stormy sea. Mortimer Hudson had partially arisen, his countenance pale and ghastly, and he sobbing with startling emo-

tion. The old man shook as with an ague chill, and again proceeded :

“It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought that I had dreamed a fearful dream, and involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by the fall of a hard body across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, quick sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the light. It was — it — God, how terrible ! — it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice ! The ever true mother had bowed herself over her child to shield it, and wrapped her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my boy.”

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all in the house, Jud Lane excepted, wept with him. In tones of low, and yet far-reaching pathos, he concluded :

“I was arrested, and for months raved in delirium. I was sent to prison for ten years, but its tortures

were nothing compared to those in my own bosom. God knows I am not a fanatic. I wish to injure no one. But while I live let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful to me. I would see my angel wife and child in the better land, where, God Almighty be thanked! no rum is sold, and drunkenness is not. If there is one here this night who has been as I have been, let me beseech him, as a brother whom I love, by the dark and beaconless past — by all that is yet left amid the ruins of the present, and all that man can hope for in the future — let him *come and sign the pledge*. He shall again stand up in the dignity of a freeman, be loved by his family, respected again by society, and honored of God. Come, ye heavy-laden and weary, *sign and be FREE!*”

The old man sat down; but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard to beat, and tears to fall. At the invitation to sign the pledge, the Hermit stepped forward and sang, “When is the time to sign.” The effect upon the people was deepened, and as Halton and his four companions stood up, side by side, and with right arms raised, followed with “We're free once more!” the people swayed and murmured as if under a breath of electricity. The men were all well known, and as they now appeared, presented one of the most eloquent appeals ever witnessed of the blessed effects of the temperance reform.

"FREE AGAIN!" shouted Halton, his form dilating with hope and pride. "Free again! Hallelujah to God! we're men again. Would that all who drink were as we are."

"There's a balm in Gilead and a physician there. The Lord is here; come, come to the waters and be healed. Now is the time!" Wild and thrilling, the searching tone of the Hermit reached over the crowd.

The old man had stepped down in front of the platform, where a table and writing fixtures had been placed. He was followed by Halton and his companions, and the Hermit; the latter still holding his long staff, and his pale features lit up with a smile of lofty enthusiasm. The speaker took the pledge, and asked who would be the first man to put his name to the "great charter of freedom. He hoped all would do it. The drunkards of the land were looking to their action that night. *Come!*"

Young Hudson leaped over the railing, and eagerly snatched the pen. As he held it a moment in the inkstand, a tear fell from the old man's eye upon the paper.

"Sign it before God! Sign it, young man. Angels in Heaven would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would restore me the loved and the lost!"

The young man, long known as a hard drinker, wrote *Mortimer Hudson!* The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternating with red and deathly paleness.

"It is — no, it cannot be. Yet how strange?" muttered the speaker. "God help me now!" Clinging to the rail, he looked with terrible earnestness upon Hudson, as he slowly wrote with his left hand. "Pardon me, Sir, but that was the name of my boy — it is my own name."

Young Hudson trembled from head to foot. Slowly raising his head, and looking the old man in the face, he held up the right arm from which the hand had been severed. The two looked for a moment into each other's eyes. Both reeled and clasped in close embrace.

"My own deeply injured boy!"

"My father!"

Those were words enough. Their souls seemed to grow and mingle into one, in that long embrace. People leaped upon their feet to catch a better view of the scene, every face streaming with tears.

"Let me here thank God for this great blessing, which has gladdened my guilt-burdened soul!" exclaimed the old man. Kneeling where he was, he poured out his feelings in a prayer, which, once heard, never could be forgotten.

The spell was complete. The aisles and all the space before the platform were crowded with people eager to sign. The Hermit brushed a tear away, and walked nervously backward and forward, striking his staff sharply on the floor, while Halton leaned his head against the platform, and wept as a strong man weeps when overcome. But his tears were not all bitter

During the commotion Jud Lane had wormed his way around to where John Gault had taken a seat, and prevailed upon him to drink from a bottle which he had with him. Then sending one of his crew forward with the bottle to place it upon the table before the platform, he offered Gault five dollars if he would go and claim it. The drink had made Gault himself again, and he was ready for the fun. Lane was mistaken in the effect which he supposed the bottle would produce. The impression of the meeting had been too deep to be ridiculed out of the hearts of the people. The speaker used the circumstance to advantage against the instigators: it was fitting, he said, that the dealers, or their representatives, [the bottle was black,] should be present, dressed in appropriate mourning garb.

The people lingered, loth to leave the Hall. Slowly working his unsteady course through the ranks of those who remained, John Gault was seen moving towards the table.

"Make way! Make way for John Gault," said Halton, helping to open a clear passage to the table. With a rocking gait the drunkard walked up to the group around it, but not to sign the pledge, as expected. Seizing the bottle by the neck, he put it in his pocket, and looking the elder Hudson cunningly in the eye, stammered:

"This bottle is mine. Render unto — C—æsar the things that —are (hic) *Cæsar's*." The rummies ventured a titter, and, back under the galleries, a faint

clapping of hands. Hudson looked him steadily and sadly in the eye, and replied :

“ True, John Gault, ‘ and to God the things that are God’s ! ’ ”

The effect was electrical. Gault was foiled with his own weapons, and stood hesitating what to do or say next. Hudson then appealed to him in a manner which drew tears from every eye. He told Gault his past history, his degradation, and pictured a future, if he would sign the pledge, which was all bright with hope. Every word told. The drunkard first laughed, then listened, grew sad, and finally wept. In his rags, and reeling, with Halton to hold his hand, the name was rudely written upon the pledge. As he turned away in the care of Halton and Brayton, a poorly clad woman rushed down the aisle, and fell upon the drunkard’s neck.

“ John Gault ! — my brother ! ” she sobbed, and swooned in his arms. The drunkard and his pauper sister were both borne to the house of Halton, where for a week true friends watched with Gault as he raved in the horrible tortures of *delirium tremens*.

During his ravings, the wretched man would have sold his soul for brandy. But his bedside and door were guarded by kind and faithful friends.



LETTIE FENTON.



CHAPTER XXV.

HIGH LIFE.

FROM the commencement of our reform to the present day, its opposition has been found in the two extremes of society. The so-called aristocracy of our land has sneered at its progress, and treated its claims with undisguised contempt. The rich and the fashionable have considered it vulgar to labor in the vineyard of our common humanity, and in the midst of their luxuries have given no thought to the desolations sweeping around the base of society. The toilers of the day have been gathered from the middle ranks, as a general thing — men of honest hearts and hard hands — men ardent in their sympathies, and bold and upright in action.

We venerate genuine aristocracy. We love the ring of the true metal. Its sympathies are never closed against the appeals of the lowly. There is a real polish — an ease and gracefulness in its manner, and a nobility in its action. It is the ascendancy of intellect and moral worth allied to fortune. It is not servile to superiors, or tyrannical and insolent to those beneath. It never answers the beggar with a taunt, or stares coarsely at an humble garb. It

does not depend upon a heraldry of tinsel. With its wealth, there are mingled the higher and nobler virtues, which add true and enduring luster to human character.

Our country is cursed with a base counterfeit. It comes not of old family names or honors. It is the creation of a day, and bears upon its ill-fitting garments the barren soil which gave it birth. It is redolent of the dunghill. Without heart, brains, or character, it thrusts its overgrown and unwieldy fists into kids, and takes an ungainly stride into fashionable life. It builds its claims upon the length of its purse, and seeks elevation by looking down upon those less fortunate and silly. It has no foundation but dollars, ignorance, and arrogant assumption. It knows no way of retaining a position but by treating the more humble with coarseness and contempt. It offers sickening, fulsome incense to its superiors, and heaps insult and wrong upon its so-called inferiors. Its manners have no more of the grace of the genuine article, than the snob the bearing of the gentleman. It is as much out of place in the drawing-room, as an ass in a deer-park. Its attempts at gentility are simply repulsive. Its men live and die, and the world is no better for their living. Its mothers teach their daughters to forget and despise all things useful. Its daughters are apt scholars, and live their worthless lives between the piano, pier glass, and men as silly as themselves. They thrust themselves forward as specimens of high life, upon means accumulated by

humble but honest toil. Their coat of arms should be the wash-tub, brick, saw, lap-stone or mason's hod, ever keeping them in mind of the honorable avocations which gave them the means to make themselves the coarse and pitiful counterfeits they are. More or less of this fungus is found in every community throughout the whole land.

Oakvale had its share. With the increase of wealth and population came the miserable element, which knew of no other mode of attracting attention than that of feeling, and assuming to be, better than all else. Independent in means, and caring not for the common weal, it stood aloof from, or openly scorned the temperance movements. To get drunk on wine, seemed one sure way of creating a distinction between them and those who would not drink, or who were content to imbrute themselves upon vulgar liquors.

This class of society have been unfortunate in being placed in a world where they come in rude contact with those who toil. And when misfortune and death sweep down the distinctions of earth, and consign the millionaire and the pauper to a common level and a common home, the worms know no distinction of persons. They feast as heartily under the towering marble as under the rudely-placed sod in potter's field. There is a Heaven where the lowly are crowned as proudly as the greatest of earth. The splendid coach, the wide domain, and the swollen wealth pass not the plebeian turf.

Great principles, in their progress, leave an impress

of their true character. Side by side their footsteps, evidence will arise upon either hand, remaining like landmarks to attest what their influence has been. Their effects upon the world pass into history, and remain forever as matters of reference.

The foot-prints of Christianity can never be obliterated. Broadly they are beaten by the herald's sandals in every clime. The blood of the martyr is a record which cannot be effaced. Wherever the Christian lives, and suffers, and dies, the light of Hope and Faith burns upward, and lights a pathway to a better land. The hope of salvation is as steadfast and cheering in the hut as in the palace.

Yet the great of earth welcomed not the humble Nazarene. They turned away from the travel-worn and weary pilgrim from Heaven. They saw not the glitter of a heavenly scepter in his dust-covered staff, nor angel retinues in his humble companions. And so the great and the fashionable — those who looked for a Saviour with bannered host and golden crown, gave Him of Nazareth a crown of thorns, and spiked the manger-born to the cross.

But John preached the gospel which the Nazarene preached. He heralded not the coming of one surrounded by the great and princely of earth — its potentates and nobles of renown and lordly mien — a dazzling crown upon his head, scepter in hand, armed legions about him, and the imperial purple, — one who should move in pomp and splendor, and dispense honors to the great. But the dead should be raised,

the blind should see, devils should be cast out, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the sorrowing be comforted. and the GOSPEL BE PREACHED TO THE POOR! Blessed gospel!

Humbly, quietly, and unheralded by noise and pomp, the temperance reform made its humble advent. It was manger-born. There was dust on its sandals, and sadness upon its brow. It wept more than it smiled. It marshaled not the great, the rich and the fashionable — the titled aristocracy of earth. It came not to give fame to governors, statesmen, colonels, or millionaires. It plunged into the more humble strata, and commenced its holy mission of saving humanity. The dead were raised from the graves of their drunkenness, the devils were cast out, the blind were made to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to walk, and its GOSPEL PREACHED TO THE POOR! Blessed temperance gospel!

Thus came our reform. The Pharisees of earth have crucified it. But wherever it has been preached the evidences of its glorious character have been thickly scattered. They will stand when all else fades. Enough has already been achieved to reward the toilers of the work for an age of effort.

In Oakvale, the *high-life* influences were all leagued against the reform. Especially when the drunkards burst from their chains and sprang into the arena, did they turn sneeringly away. Halton, and a host of such men, had been redeemed, and their homes and families made blessed, but it mattered not. To go

into Washingtonianism would be coming down from their position, and becoming contaminated by a contact with the vulgar. The Fenton family, especially took no pains to conceal their contempt of the meetings, speakers and speeches. Old Fenton, from being a canal driver, had become one of the "upper ten." A lucky prize in the lottery was the foundation of his fortunes. Subsequent speculations had made him wealthy; and by grinding the poor and "*breaking down rich*," he had retained his position in a community where there were enough to fawn and play the spaniel. The Fenton family could not be bettered, in their own estimation. At home, in the street, or at the concert, they made a studied attempt to show off their fashionable ill-breeding. When Minnie Hermon called upon Lettie Fenton to sign the pledge, she was answered with insult. She did not associate with poor and drunken people! Edwin Fenton was equally as ill bred as his sister, when called upon by Brayton and Halton. They, the Fentons, were in the reception of a great deal of fashionable company, and it would be vulgar not to furnish wine! It was well enough for drunkards to sign the pledge; they were weak-minded, and needed its restraint.

"If such people need restraint," retorted Halton, stung by young Fenton's insulting remarks, "I know of no one a more fit subject for the pledge than yourself, Mr. Fenton. I have been a drunkard; but I was first a *champagne* drunkard!"

The shot told, and Fenton turned indignantly away,

with the remark that the fanatics abused everybody, not even excepting Elder Snyder. But they were vulgar people. The young fop drew on his kids, and taking a glass of wine from the sideboard, passed out to call on the ladies of his acquaintance.

With but few exceptions, the reformers encountered the same reception from the so-called "first families." The excitement was intense, and the middle and lower strata of society were deeply broken as the wave rolled up from the popular heart, and swept onward with its freight of men disenthralled. Everywhere the subject was talked over. As in all other phases of the work, fault-finders were plenty; and wise ones, who saw danger and ruin to the cause in the headlong state of things. Even the very fact that Halton and his companions had reformed, was seized upon and used against the Washingtonian movement. High times when old drunkards were to come up out of the gutter and teach people temperance! The upper class would not be caught in the wake of such men. And there the upper class stood, cold, stubborn, immovable; presenting the strongest barrier between the evil and the reformers, alternately frowning upon, openly abusing, or sneering at the efforts made by the working men of the reform. They would rather than not have seen defeat overwhelm the humble class they despised.

"The impertinent hussy," said Ellen Belton, "to come here in her every-day duds, and ask us to sign

the pledge. She ought to be turned into the street. But some people never know their place."

"And her father one of the worst rumsellers in town, too!" chimed in Bell Belton, a younger sister. "Wonder she ain't ashamed of herself. Better ask *him* to sign it, I should think, the saucy minx."

"And don't you think, as sure as you live, she went to the counting-room and asked father to sign it!"

"Bless me! What impudence these people have. Shouldn't wonder if some old drunkard were next to burn up his distillery!"

"And Min Hermon wants us to go and hunt up all the miserable vagabonds in town. I wish folks *would* mind their own business! People like us sign the pledge and join a society of vulgar, drunken men! Indeed!" and the indignant lady flounced back upon the settee, and pouted in great anger. At dinner she learned that Halton and Brayton had actually called upon her father, and in a lengthy and warm conversation, dared, not only to ask him to sign the pledge, but to stop distilling. It was astonishing to what lengths these miserable meddlers would go. "But you did not do it, Father?" inquiringly asked both of the girls at the same moment.

"Didn't do it? Why, what are you thinking of? You don't suppose I am a fool, Bell? I'll see them all sunk before I will have anything to do with them. Stop my business, and all to please a set of brawling fanatic and reformed drunkards. Ha! ha! I had

ought to have kicked the meddlers out of the office. And to cap the climax, old Hermon's daughter came on the same errand."

"Did you ever!" exclaimed the daughters, in concert. "If that don't beat all! And she came here on the same errand; but we gave her enough to think about a spell. I'll warrant she will not be caught here again," and the queenly beauty tossed her head defiantly.

In the afternoon young Fenton called upon the Misses Belton, and the same matters were again introduced, and over their wine they there passed many a slant at the Washingtonians. The ladies laughed immoderately when Fenton told them that John Gault was to be sent out to lecture on temperance, and the fop drank his success in a glass of wine, with the remark that he would be brought home drunk from the first tavern he stopped at. He did not believe that one of the old soaks who had reformed, would stick a fortnight. But a good many of the young men were signing the pledge. Old Hermon's daughter was busy, and many a one did so just on account of her good looks.

"Good looks! Humph!" and Bell Belton looked in the pier glass before her, with an air of displeasure.

"Good looking for one of the common people," put in Fenton, fearing that he had offended the proud and jealous beauty. The approaching evening party was then discussed, and Fenton took his leave.

The "Arland House" was one of the most fash-

ionable in Oakvale. It was licensed, and its drunkards never went to the lock-up. Those only who reel in rags and live in huts, are put under lock and key for drinking a necessary beverage. The landlord of the Arland was a short, thick-set, grey-haired man of about forty years of age, affable in his manners and attentive to his customers. A forced smile always played upon his countenance, the very foot print of treachery and bad faith. He was not one of the malignant spirits, like Jud Lane, or the sullen and plotting ones, like Hermon; but he cared no more for those around him than for the horses in his barns. He was a jovial, hale fellow well-met, with his companions, but as destitute of heart when humanity plead, as the rock bathed in sunshine. His financial operations showed him a rascal in the full sense of the word. Even a brother rumdealer had come under his fleecing management to the tune of three or four thousand dollars. As one of the officers of a state institution, he had plundered the state of thousands. As a professed temperance landlord he had fleeced temperance people out of a fine sum, and immediately put in his bottles again and became more reckless than ever. Ashly would have sold rum with that ever-lurking smile, though an anthem of wailing went up around him. The same sneering, skeptical smile answered the whole battery of all the facts, and arguments, and appeals which had been brought out in the discussion of the reform. Over a tale of accident and suffering, he would weep; tell him that an

army of drunkards were being damned around him, and their families hungry for bread, and the same cold smile would answer as in the appeal for aid.

There was a fashionable and gay party in the rooms of the "Arland." The sons and daughters of temperance people even, were assembled at the dance. The better class, so called, of young men, were there. The wine went round, and all were merry. The Washingtonian matters, now everywhere the absorbing topic, were then discussed, and many a witty remark was made and laughed over. As the evening wore away the flow of mirth increased; and at the table, for fashionable people, it was uproarious. Young Fenton was running over with good feeling, and Bell Belton's sallies sparkled like the champagne she had drunk so freely of. The manners, stories, and expressions of the reformers, were all used with effect, and Fenton, with a false rig, gave a striking representation of the Hermit, as he appeared upon the stand. Bell Belton, dressed as Minnie Hermon, passed round the room with a champagne bottle and wine-glass, soliciting signers to the pledge. They had great glee over the term "upper crust," as used by Halton. An immense chicken pie had been prepared, with an upper crust ludicrously thick. At the head of the table, a small banner had been placed upon a walking stick stuck in a demijohn, labeled "high life." Under the relaxing power of wine there was many a thing said and done, which "vulgar" people in the lower walks would have blushed to do.

"Now for drawing a *picter*," shouted young Fenton quoting the words and pronunciation of Halton as used in his rugged but stirring appeals. He entered the room with a hand-sled which he had found in the hall below, and, passing round the room, invited all to ride. "It is hard sleddin'," again quoting Halton, "but the people are moving, and we must clear the track. Who takes the first train through? Front seats reserved for the ladies!"

Wine had made the impulsive Bell Belton bold, and she promptly took her seat upon the hand-sled. One of the company placed a bottle upon the sled for steam, and another gave her a walking stick to scull with. Some one shouted "All aboard!" and rang the waiter's bell, and Fenton started, amid the wild mirth of the whole party, "drawing a picter," as he often announced, round and round the ball-room, stopping often to "wood up," as he expressed it, when drinking from the bottle upon the sled. Sober people, viewing the scene, would have blushed for shame. Bell Belton actually reeled upon the sled and but for assistance, would have fallen upon the floor. Her cheeks were repulsively red, her eyes glassy, and her usually brilliant features wreathed in the sickly leer of—drunkenness! But the mirth grew furious, and not until Fenton gave out from exhaustion, was the repulsive spectacle ended. The landlord of the Arland had seen the whole from the door, and turned away with a more than usually broad smile, for he hated both the Belton and Fenton

families, and he knew that such conduct would strike keenly at home.

At a late hour, the party at the Arland broke up. A four-horse sleigh had been chartered to bring in and carry home the company. After much trouble and confusion, the village portion of the party was collected in the sleigh. Young Fenton was the last in, with a huge piece of cheese in one hand, and a half-emptied bottle in the other. He reeled, but was witty still, and his wild shouting pealed out in the night's stillness.

"Let's 'wood up,'" he stammered, as he clambered into the sleigh. Getting up on the back seat, he assumed a theatrical attitude, with bottle in hand, and in imitation of the Hermit, commenced a speech.

"Feller-citi-(hic)-zens! wo! wo! Ye that tarry long at the — the wine, ye that mix your (hic) your liquors! Ye that stir 'em in the (hic) — in the — the cup. They shall bite like a sar — arpent, and st-hing like a — like a — What's that other varmint? — like a (hic) — like a — the *devil*, my friends! Let me wood up, and — I'll — [gurgle, gurgle, from the bottle] (hic) "draw a picter."

"I'll draw *all* your 'picters,'" snarled the driver, shivering with cold, and he struck the leaders with his whip, and yelled out "go!"

Like a flash, Fenton was jerked from his feet over the hind end of the sleigh. He caught the cloak of Bell Belton in falling, and both went out upon the curb-stone together. A shriek followed the boister-

ous ha! ha! of the revelers, as the drunken ones came to the ground; and as soon as the drunken driver could be operated upon, the sleigh was driven back, and the company got out.

Some of the upper crust was broken. Fenton's thigh and arm were broken. Miss Belton fell with her back across the curb-stone, and was taken up insensible, the blood oozing from her mouth and nostrils.

Halton had materials for drawing his pictures. Young Fenton was a cripple for life, and Bell Belton received so severe an injury in the spine that she never walked again. High life was brought low. Ellen Belton married a young man of fashion, who squandered her portion in drinking and gambling, and became a common sot. Old Belton, in a fit of delirium, plunged headlong into a well. One of the sons died of delirium tremens in his own house, chewing the flesh from his arms, and spitting it out with the froth and foam of madness. Another brother followed in a brief period. The last one lingered a few years, a miserable drunkard — was taken home from one of his drunken sprees, and soon died. A splendid marble shaft in the Oakvale church-yard, broken midway, impressively reads the history of the wealthy and talented male members of the Belton family.

They were people of fashion, loved their wine, and scorned the associations of reformed men. The reviled Halton lives to honor our common humanity, while *they* find a drunkard's rest under marble.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLEAN TICKETS — STICKING TO PARTY.

THE sweep of Washingtonianism was broad and marked throughout the country. With searching power its tide plunged down among the darker currents of society, and ebbed back with trophies upon its bosom. The deepest, darkest craters of the evil were penetrated, and their infernal fires extinguished. The peaks and the base of society were lashed by the storm. Borne up on the exultant crest of the wave, were the bruised and the broken, their filth and rags fresh upon them as they came from the hut and the reeking alley. Each in turn became an apostle of the new doctrine, and in turn they went out and preached the tidings of their redemption. The shackles fell from more than one hundred thousand captives, and there was one united, grand anthem of singing and rejoicing for the cloud of returning prodigals which darkened the pathways to the Washingtonian shrine. Like the storm in a summer day, the reform came up in a clear sky. Society was gashed by the torrents which quickly gathered and pressed onward, lifting away from habit and prejudice the high and the hurable. The storm has passed by, and the channel's

bed is nearly dry. The force has been spent. There are flecks of verdure blooming here and there; but the rest is dry and parched, and the death-fires of the plague have licked up unnumbered trophies which cost many a tear, kind word, or pleading prayer. There is hardly an altar reared by the original Washingtonians, upon which the flame then kindled now lingers.

The careful observer could have foretold the failure of the movement to eradicate the evil. Like an angry surge, it hoarsely thundered around the walls of the old Babylon. It left the mark of its force where it struck, but the hoary battlements remained in their strength. It could not be otherwise. They were based upon law, and a hedge of legislative enactments bristled in unbroken strength. The government interposed its all-powerful arm, and the traffic, under the ægis of its protection, smiled in security and scorn. As the flushed legions of the reformers recoiled from the stronghold, impregnable to their moral weapons, thousands despaired and deserted. An amnesty of offences was everywhere declared by the enemy. Others were left alone, exposed to the treacherous sally, and went down in the unequal contest. "Torn but flying," the reform banner could only be planted where it could flout the emblem of legalized piracy, or at times be borne by forlorn hopes again and again to the breach.

As the enemy has slided his retreating way from one position to another, the trail has ever been fol-

lowed up by the beleaguering hosts. The last strongholds have been reached. The capitol was besieged and flooded with petitions. The mighty evil took the alarm, and leagued with party interests. Vanquished by argument in the council-chamber, it rallied at the ballot-box. There the unholy alliance turned for the last hand-to-hand conflict. There, at the fountain-head of a people's power, legislators of the right complexion were to be annually created, and the traffic thus sustained and perpetuated at the capitol. Against this union of party and law, the reformers were asked to quietly use their moral weapons. They were to be content to labor for the salvation of the drunkards made by government; casting their suffrages for the perpetuation of the evils of intemperance, and at the same time content to *petition* for their removal. They might have thus toiled forever. Their efforts would have fallen as far short of arresting the tide, as the sunbeam which lingers upon the sweeping surface of Niagara.

The extent to which parties have been disciplined, has proved a curse to our country. The right of suffrage has been most basely prostituted. Unscrupulous demagogism has for years controlled our elections. Politics, in the common meaning of the term, have become as corrupt and foul as rum and intrigue can make them. Honesty in political management is not known. "All is fair in politics," is the basis of action. The very heart of the country has been corrupted, freemen bartered like cattle in the market,

or led like bound slaves, and their suffrages swindled away for less than pottage. The caucus system, and the means for the consummation of its frauds, have bred the deepest corruption in the public morals. Honor and virtue have become objects of hissing and scorn. From the sacred precincts of home, the citizen has plunged for years into the blighting maelstrom of the "sweat-pit" debauch. The more honorable man in common intercourse, becomes a liar and a knave in the intrigues and swindles of electioneering. The accursing element has reeked at the church altar. Its foul and bestial breath has mingled with the hollow prayer; its hand, stained with the leprous pollutions of the rum-treating carnival, has desecrated the broken body of Christ. From the Sacrament the political recreant has gone out to buy votes with rum, and drink with the boisterous and vile. Moral and religious principles are alike sacrificed to secure personal or party aims. The sot and libertine has slavered on the bench, and the embodiment of dram-shop ruffianism stalked, through the controlling machinery of party deception, into the senate chamber. Everywhere, men whom justice would honor with dungeon and shackle, have wormed into positions of emolument and trust. Our elections have dishonored the country and its people — elevating the unworthy to power, and sapping public and private virtue. The ballot-box has been used as the most potent engine of the profligate and abandoned, the purchased mercenaries of the dram-shop and

brothel disfranchising the citizen who has a stake in society, and sending their own appropriate representatives to legislate for, or administer the laws of the country.

The caucus system has been the main-spring — the controlling power of this evil. It has placed the political helm in the hands of the unprincipled few. Cliques of village demagogism have led the masses for years. The machinery is set in motion by two or three at the capital, or the county seat; it reaches the smaller fry in the towns, and all delegations are packed at an early day. The same influences control the nominating conventions; on motion, all is declared unanimous; public opinion in high-sounding resolutions, is put before the honest yeomanry, and the nominees are before the people. A corrupting fund, under the false name of a *printing* fund, is then assessed on the candidates, the taverns are subsidized, and the strife commences. The open purchase of votes by money, or the gambling for them in the groggery, are the only means depended upon by the party. The press lends itself to the demoralizing work. The most exemplary citizen is transformed into an angel of darkness, and branded with all things infamous, while scoundrels by profession and practice, if on the "regular nominations," are as falsely transformed into prodigies of integrity, purity, and moral worth. Under such a state of things, honorable men have shunned the caucus, where the worst portion of society controls and manufactures the "popular will."

They shrink from nominations when their inmost lives are fastened upon by the fiendishness of the party press, or of the bar-room blackguard, and torn piecemeal into shreds. A foreigner, visiting this country in the height of an exciting political campaign, would at once determine that both parties had selected, as the candidates for their suffrages, the vilest class they could hunt out from the depths of scoundrelism. A day of drunkenness, riot, profanity, and revolting revelry has closed up the plan of operations, and the patriot cheek reddens with hot shame at the widespread dishonor, as well as shudders at the foot-marks of the plague which is preying upon the morals of the country. Deeper than pit-marks, the cancer eats at the heart of our institutions.

In Oakvale, party feeling ran high. Each party had established a press, and the columns of each paper teemed with low and scurrilous abuse of the opposition. Bar-room demagogism echoed the assaults. Rum and slang were the standing batteries. So powerful and corrupting were the operations — the discipline of party — that those who would not be seen in the bar-room, would furnish funds to imbrute their neighbors and cheat them of their suffrages. "All is fair in politics," was the motto; and the church-member and moralist closed their eyes with the villainous reflection that, as the opposing party did, so they were justified in doing.

As the more sagacious of the temperance people had carried on the struggle, they had learned the fact

that the rum interest was the great lever of party demagogism, and that there was a close union between party and the traffic. To be available, a candidate must stand favorably with the liquor people. If obnoxious to that class, he was either cut down in caucus or convention, or stabbed at the election. The liquor interest was ever consistent, and at the polls voted for its men, regardless of party. Hence the determination of parties to always mould their nominations so as to secure the support of the dramshops. As light broke in, there were murmurings at the tyranny of party bondage. It bound men in dishonoring slavery. It chained them to the service of party, however repugnant to their sense of honor. Galley slaves, chained to the party oar, they were compelled to toil to sustain the very evils which they were sworn against. Shoulder to shoulder with rumsellers and their bloated minions, honorable men, as members of party, were compelled to support those who were deadly opposed to the great cause they professed to love. Thus boards of excise and legislatures were annually created of men who were sworn enemies to the temperance cause, by those who were its sworn friends. Thus blindly and fatally were men held in thrall by the magic influence of party discipline!

The impracticables, or radicals, of Oakvale, had already given the party demagogues trouble. While they contented themselves with declamation in the church or lecture room; with adopting resolutions or the compilation of statistics, no trouble was appre-

hended. The war of words amounted to nothing, so long as they "stuck to party" and kept the temperance question "out of politics," voting steadily in utter violation of all their professions. The party leaders were all "just as good" temperance men, especially before elections, as men could be; but it would prove the ruin of the cause the moment its misguided friends dragged it into the political arena. It was too holy a cause to be thus destroyed! And so these men continually whined forth their hypocrisy. At the same time they were unblushingly plunging into the deepest corruptions of bar-room electioneering. But party attachments were strong, the better people blind and easily duped. Even at this day, many boast that they never "split a ticket!" which is equivalent to saying that they have voted for the most vile and profligate of men, merely because put in nomination by *their* party conventions!

Oakvale had its share of demagogues. They were loud in their professions of regard for the people, and ever eager to serve their country in a public capacity. From the higher position to the most menial, there was a hungry pack of petty office-seekers, stooping to every trick to secure popular favor. Some important measure was made the pretext for their wondrous zeal, and the masses were appealed to annually to rally against the phantom danger.

Skillott was one of the most crafty, as well as one of the most unscrupulous. He had a saint-like countenance, and a honeyed phrase for all. He was easy

in his manner, and well calculated to win favor. But a blacker heart than his never beat in human frame. Fresh from the brothel or the drinking and gambling saloon, he would rub his hands, and in gentle speech talk to temperance men of the value of sobriety, and to Christians of the sublime truths of the Bible. He would converse for hours with the pastor on religious or moral subjects, or as readily find congenial spirits in dens of vice amid the clink of glasses, with the ruffian or the wanton. With a cat-like pace and meek countenance, he pursued his way towards the goal of his ambition.

There was another who must not be forgotten. He was a prominent member of the ——— church, and had made loud professions of temperance and religion. He had left his old political friends at an early day, and joined the ascending party, accepting its crumbs with eagerness, and becoming one of the most determined advocates of ——— principles. His pew in the church was never empty. From the avails of fat offices, he gave liberally to the church and the pastor. He was a devoted Christian, and was anxious to give as far as he was able, to the cause of religion! He agreed with all people. As he waxed fat at the public crib, he became valorous of his services to the party, and constituted himself one of its pillars. Men owed their nominations and elections to this potent calculator! He could figure out a result with unpretending ease, and always predicted the result, — after it was known to a certainty. He loved the temper-

ance cause. With its most radical friends, he was radical; with the half-way friend, he was half-way; with the drinking man, he was liberal; and, though a temperance man, did not object to others doing as they pleased; to the dealer, he was bland, nodded and winked knowingly, sneered at those who were ruining the temperance cause, and at elections called up the rabble and treated them. The other party did so! When he was up for an important office, he chuckled over his tact at swimming between the two interests. In the bar-room he avowed himself a temperance man, and threw down the five dollars to treat the company! *He* was perfectly willing that other people should exercise their own opinion in such matters. To the temperance men he whined about persecution, and thought, as he had always been a temperance man, they ought to "turn in" and sustain him. His position in the church was used for the same purpose, and as falsely. From the church he passed to the groggery. He would descend to the lowest haunt. He would drink with the vilest, or furnish money to inebriate a score in the "sweat-pit," where voters were manufactured the Sabbath before election. Barrels of beer, and crackers and cheese, were placed at eligible localities before elections, to secure suffrages. And Mr. Dobbs, at the same time, most bitterly lamented the course of those "hot-heads" who were determined to drag the temperance cause into politics. He was as much of a temperance man as any one; but he could not coun-

tenance any such folly. The "cussed fools" [Mr. Dobbs never wore his religion across the church threshold] would destroy all the good that had been done in spite of all he could say or do. In the Alhambra he reiterated his grievances over Cogniac and fried liver.

Walter Brayton had somewhat cooled in his temperance zeal. The canker of political ambition had entered his heart, and he gave his hopes to the attainment of political distinction. He dreamed not of the pitfalls which lay in his path. And upon such men the allurements of political life win like a charm—stealthily but strongly binding the better impulses, until the victim is blindly led a slave to party.

Skillott was a keen observer of human nature. He had discovered the weak point in Brayton's character, and formed his plans accordingly. He hated the talented lawyer with a deep and unyielding hate. He now plotted his ruin with the coolness of a savage, and proceeded to weave the web around his powerful rival. Skillott was, too, politically ambitious. He would secure the aid and influence of Brayton, bind him to his interests, and ruin him in the process. It was a bold plan, and fatally consummated, as the sequel will show.

With smiles and kind words, and an earnestly expressed interest in his welfare, the crafty counselor commenced his approaches. They were coolly met at first. But words were dropped where they would reach Brayton's ears. Tools were found to join in the

plot Ere the victim had seen a mesh, the fire had been kindled in his heart, and the light of its false glare had secured his attention. But for these new feelings, he would have seen the change in his acts and sentiments as a temperance reformer. One excuse after another came readily to his mind ; and ere six months had passed by, Walter Brayton's voice was hardly heard upon the platform. Many a true friend mourned this change, but could not account for it. The Washingtonian interest flagged, for a strong man had been bound, and the enemy came in like a flood. Many a poor wretch gave way when Walter ceased to nerve by his presence and trumpet peals. Walter found himself looking with less repugnance upon men whom he had so strongly denounced. The temperance meeting was almost entirely abandoned. When he did attend, some unworthy excuse was formed to rid himself of the call of the audience. Skillott courted his company, and cunningly infused more poison into his mind. Once drifting away, there was danger of an utter wreck. He was invited to political gatherings, and called out in addresses. His eloquence was popular with the masses, and the incense of popular applause proved grateful to the new master which had so suddenly sprung up full grown in his bosom. He became a leading spirit in political campaigns, and saw open before him a career of much promise.

— Walter Brayton was drifting from his better moorings !

There was one friend who had watched Walter's course with all the anxiety of her deep and changeless love. She had listened to him while he plead the wrongs of the drunkard, and loved him for his uncompromising opposition to the traffic. Against the bitter words of her father — and he seldom spoke otherwise than bitterly to her — she had defended Walter. Hermon had sworn that Walter Brayton should never marry a daughter of his — he should die first. Minnie had turned away from the infuriated drunkard and wept in secret—not so much at what the madman said, as at the deep ruin which his habits had brought upon him. She had also found trouble in the new associations of Brayton. She instinctively shrank from Skillott. That instinct told her that there was danger in his stealthy tread and glittering eye. The lawyer had said but little to her, but there had been something in his manner which she loathed and dreaded. She had noticed his intimacy with Brayton, and she foreboded evil from it. She felt that the crafty and unprincipled man was no friend to Walter. There was some evil design concealed under his assumed friendship, and she determined to watch every movement with a jealous eye.

Walter seldom spent much time at Hermon's in the company of Minnie; it only subjected both her and himself to abuse from the sullen and revengeful landlord. Of late he had seen her less than usual. Although her love for him had been tried, even in the ordeal of tears and blows, doubts of her truth had

been planted in his mind. The evil seed had been carelessly sown by an evil hand, and, in spite of all she had been to him, was taking root. As the new mistress, Ambition, won his attention, he more readily became distrustful of the other. With devilish cunning, Skillott had dropped expressions in Walter's hearing which lingered and rankled, and grew with the food they fed upon. Even her night pilgrimages of mercy — going out in the depths of the night to dispense her charities, so as to escape the abuse of her father—were artfully colored into whispers against her. Often, on such errands, she was accompanied by the Hermit. Skillott put on a look of sadness as he carelessly alluded to the matter, regretting that so fine a woman as Miss Hermon should be so strangely fascinated by that artful man. Their movements in the night were for no good purpose, he *feared*. And the fearful influence of Skillott had so soon been woven around Walter, that he listened to such things without a word of rebuke!

—The night darkened around Minnie Hermon!

Late in the summer there was an announcement made of a temperance meeting, which produced no little excitement. John Gault was to speak. Like a meteor, his name had shot up into the sky. His fiery eloquence had kindled an excitement wherever he had been, and people everywhere were on the tip-toe to hear him. The press, in spite of its subserviency to the rum power, had awarded him the highest posi-

tion as a natural orator. The people of Oakvale heard and doubted, yet were anxious to judge for themselves.

Minnie had, late in the evening of the meeting, while returning from some of her visits, met Walter and Skillott in company. The latter excused himself, and passed on with a smile, leaving Walter and Minnie to cross the street to the Home, in company. She asked Walter if he was going to the meeting, to which he returned an evasive answer.

"And why not?" she frankly inquired, looking closely and familiarly in his face. He stammered out some excuse, and turned to go.

"Walter!"

The tones of her voice, now deeply earnest and sad, arrested him. She hesitated a moment, choking back a sigh which struggled up from her heavy heart.

"Walter! what strange spell has been thrown over you within the last six months? Your acts, your smiles, your words are not like yourself. Why do you shun me lately? Tell me, Walter! what have I done to merit it? It is sad indeed, if, in the sore troubles that thicken around me, *you* are to turn away. Walter Brayton, you are the soul of honor and truth, and I conjure you, tell me the reason of all this. If new troubles have come upon you, let me know them as you once did. My own are bitter enough, God knows; but I have a heart to feel for those of—of—my friends."

Minnie choked and kept down the endearing term

which came up for utterance. Walter's cold and altered manner repelled the warmth of love which with her knew no change.

Like a culprit, Brayton cowered as her words fell upon him like thongs. There, before her, his manhood told him that she was all that he had ever been happy to dream her; and the first generous impulse prompted him to tell her all, and to ask her forgiveness. Then came between him and her the cold, sneering image of Skillott, and the promise of a high political position at the coming election. He felt that he had wronged her, and he ungenerously hunted for a justification of his course. He was too proud to acknowledge his error. Minnie continued to urge an explanation.

"Walter, I shall urge you no more. I am not ignorant of the source of your cruel suspicions. Your mind has been poisoned. You have taken an enemy — remember, Walter, *an enemy* — to your bosom, and he will sting you, fatally, I fear. Once you would not have listened to a whisper against Minnie Hermon. You believed her all that was pure and worthy. But friend after friend of the drunkard's daughter turns away. To lose one I have so leaned upon, is harder than all. But it matters not. With a brand upon me, I cannot expect the noble and the good to remain steadfast. *Walter Brayton!* [and she breathed the words close to his burning cheek] I know all. One year ago you would have crushed the viper who would have breathed aught against me. Frank as I

ever have been, I now say, with a heart breaking under this last blow, I absolve you from every vow to me. I will not stoop to counteract the poison of one who is an enemy of us both. I would yield my life for you, Walter, but I never will defend myself from slanders lodged in the mind of one I would have trusted in all ordeals. Your suspicions are cruel, and I may say, unworthy of Walter Brayton, and an affianced husband. You may not thank me for what I say; but as one who has madly loved — who will love while she lives, — one I can only know as a friend — I warn you of the evil designs of those who are luring you out upon the treacherous sea of political ambition. Those who tempt, seek your ruin. *Beware of Skillott*, for he is an enemy now, as he ever has been. And if you should ever see the day when all false friends desert, the ill-fated Minnie Hermon will be a friend still. Generous, but deceived friend! with God's blessing upon you, good ——”

She could not speak the word. The deeper heart-tide of her strong woman's love came like a flood upon her, and she wrung his hand and wept, and then hurried through the hall to her chamber.

And darker still the night around her. She would not have thus boldly released Brayton from his vows, but she believed that, with his opening prospects of distinction, he had become ashamed of his connection with the daughter of one who was now considered the basest in the community. She felt the injury, and

scorned to claim the love of one who appeared to shun an alliance with a name so branded by all.

"She plays well," gravely remarked Skillott, as he emerged from the hall door. "I was an unwilling listener to your conversation, Mr. Brayton. Miss Hermon is very willing to release you from your engagement. There are reasons for all things. Step this way." Skillott took the arm of Brayton, who followed abstractedly out upon the stoop, and up a pair of stairs into the piazza above. The light came from an open window. As Skillott and Brayton approached it, the former motioned, cautioned and whispered "*false — the proof.*" In cooler moments, Brayton would have scorned the act of looking through an open window for such a purpose.

Yet he loved Minnie Hermon, and the demon of jealousy was again aroused. She almost wished to find some justification of his suspicions, yet dreaded such a result. As he heard voices in the room, one of them masculine and the other Minnie's, all doubts of the propriety of the act gave way before the feverish anxiety to see and know who was in the chamber.

At a table covered with books and writing materials, sat the Hermit, the wide-brimmed hat removed from the broad and now handsome-looking brow, and his usually wild eye beaming with a mild and tender light. Minnie had thrown her bonnet upon the sofa, and stood leaning against the book-case, sobbing violently. The Hermit was asking, in kindly tones, the

cause of her trouble, and finally arose and put his arm around her waist, brushed her hair away with his hand, and imprinted a kiss familiarly upon her cheek. She made no effort to repel the familiarity.

Brayton turned away with a sickening sensation, the hot blood flooding to the cheek and again back to the heart, burning in the damning proof as it coursed in its throbbing channels. As he reeled towards the stairway, Skillott glided to his side, and without a word thrust a crumpled paper into his hand and disappeared.

The paper was a letter. Brayton read it again and again, every character a barb, leaving its rankling venom to fester in his heart. It was in the hand-writing of Minnie; there could be no mistake. It was but farther confirmation of her falsehood.

"Father stormed terribly, when I told him who you were, and made threats which I will not repeat. But he dare not refuse the proposition. I have had many fears lately, and it will be a boon to have one near on whom I can lean in trouble. You will have the room which opens out upon the piazza. It is close by mine, and we can spend many an hour together, when there are no suspicious eyes to pry into our intimacy.

"From your affectionate

"MINNIE."

New emotions raged in Brayton's bosom. He had been deceived, betrayed. Minnie Hermon was false. The proof was overwhelming; and his rival was that canting hypocrite. He crushed the letter in his hand, and with firm-set teeth, arose and walked the room until a late hour. Now that she had proved faithless and he saw her throwing herself away upon another, he learned how deeply he had loved her, and how heavy the blow. He proudly determined to forget her in the pursuit of his ambitious political aspirations, and bend all his energies to achieve fame and power. The noise of his triumph might reach and wound her who had so deceived him.

There was another night-walker in the neighborhood. Skillott had peered in through the office window, and witnessed the working of his scheme. His web was closing surely around the victim.

As election approached the excitement in relation to candidates increased. Skillott was in for the nomination for judge, and had secured the support of Brayton, by a promise to go in for him the next fall, for representative to Congress. The temperance people, too, must be courted. Dobbs was selected for that purpose. Skillott and his clique knew him to be utterly unprincipled, and ambitious for a place. A promise of a nomination for the clerkship of the county had secured his influence. As many of the temperance people as he could deceive, was so much gain. Halton being the ruling spirit among the Washingtonians, Dobbs approached him. Yet the

old veteran was a knotty customer to deal with. But there were few of the temperance people at the caucuses, and Skillott delegates were chosen without much opposition. The game had been as well managed throughout the county, and at the convention the ballot for Skillott, as candidate for judge, was very large, and, on motion of Dobbs, it was declared "unanimous." Many people murmured that such a man should be presented for so important an office; but the machinery of party was set in motion, and there were few at that time that had the moral courage to openly rebel against his nomination. A bolter was odious. People dared not reject a portion of the regular party ticket. The overshadowing despotism of party was brought to bear upon every man who claimed the right to act as a freeman in the discharge of the right of suffrage.

"Well, Halton," said Dobbs, one morning, after the nominations, "How will your folks go? For Skillott, I s'pose?"

"I don't know," answered Halton, "how others will go, but I shall go against him."

"What! and a good Whig, too?"

"Whig or no whig, I never can go for such a man for office, especially that of judge."

"Why not?"

"I don't like the man. His principles and habits both unfit him for the position."

"Well, I know he is not what you call a radical temperance man; but then, he is a friend of the

cause. But because a man don't think as we do, or takes a drink once in a while, his own party friends ought not to turn against him when he has received the nomination."

"I have my doubts about this doctrine of sticking to party, right or wrong."

"If all were to take that ground at every little thing that turned up, the party would be broken up, and no good Whig could be elected to any office."

"I very much question whether there is any necessity for a party whose corruption is such that the worst men in community are nominated for the support of honorable men."

"We cannot always expect the best of men to be nominated. It wont do to draw the lines too close in these matters, or the party cannot stick together. If a man receives a nomination, his party ought to sustain him. And besides, there are great principles at stake. They can only be carried out by well organized party strength. We must go the regular party nominations."

"When they are secured by fraud?"

"Ahem! there will be more or less *management* in all nominations. One party does it, and the other must. It's all fair in politics?"

"And so the commission of a fraud by one party, justifies the commission of another."

"Well, they are obliged sometimes to do it, you know, to keep the party together."

"But why not nominate good men, as well as bad?"

“We can’t always do that. I would be—ahem, glad to see it so; but a party is made up of all kinds of folks, and we cannot always have things just as we want them. Our party is a good deal better about such things than the other; so it would be no use to bolt a nomination. It would only injure the party without effecting anything. I feel bound to go the regular nominations.”

“But the way these nominations are often made is an outrage. Look at Skillott’s.”

“Why, he was nominated unanimously!”

“Unanimously! and by a convention of packed delegates.”

“What do you mean by packed delegates?”

“I mean that he and his clique scoured the county three weeks before the caucuses, and cut and dried the whole concern. His nomination was secured before the convention met, and men only came here to go through the farce of nominating him ‘unanimously.’”

“O well, everybody tries to get all the delegates they can. That’s all right.”

“Right to spend money, treat rum, and buy up delegates? What kind of men had he from this village, and how were they selected?”

“What of ’em?” briefly asked Dobbs, his face reddening, for he had been one of Skillott’s delegates.

“Sure enough. What of ’em? . Rumsellers, sots, garablers, libertines, and abandoned characters, with few exceptions. You know it as well as I do. And

we are bound to stick to party nominations when made by such men ! ”

“ Your prejudices are too strong, Halton. You are saying a good deal. The party is not to blame for having bad men in it. It ought not to be held responsible.

“ And had honorable party men, then, ought to be held responsible to sustain the results brought about by such characters ? ”

“ Why, I’ve seen nothing very bad — no worse than all parties do. We cannot better the matter by splitting tickets. Every true party man must go the clean ticket.”

“ What do you call a clean ticket ? ”

“ A regular ticket, made out by regular party conventions, where the whole have a voice in the matter. Every one is bound to vote a ‘ clean ticket.’ ”

“ And so then, the Skillott ticket is a clean one ? ”

“ Why, certainly ; he’s regularly nominated. It is the regular ticket.”

“ And we are bound to vote for whoever is put in nomination by the party.”

“ Most certainly, according to all established usage.”

“ And so if the devil should be put in nomination by a party convention, a burglar or a horse-thief, it would be a regular, ‘ clean ticket,’ and the party would be bound to go it.”

“ You don’t mean to compare Mr. Skillott to a burglar or horse-thief, I hope ? ” crustily exclaimed

Dobbs, getting nettled at the pointed questions of Halton.

"No; but he was nominated by those, many of them no better."

"You talk like a fool. It is just such kind of talk as injures the cause. I am just as much of a temperance man as anybody, but there is no use in acting like a fool."

"Better a fool than a hypocrite and knave," coolly retorted Halton.

"Ahem! I—I did not mean that you were a fool, but some people are so ultra that they never will effect anything."

"You say you are as much of a temperance man as anybody. And yet you all the time go in with those who are deadly in their hatred to our cause."

"O, they belong to the party. I can't help that."

"But you could have helped going down to the 'Columbian,' among the reeking dens of pollution, and in company with state-prison birds, brothel keepers, and gambling vagabonds, treating to liquor, making speeches, and manufacturing votes for Skillott's caucus. Was that like a temperance man, Mr. Dobbs?"

"You and your hot heads always abuse people, doing the temperance cause ten times more hurt than good. You are determined to go to the devil."

"And," continued Halton, "last Sunday you came from church and went into the Alhambra and drank brandy, and talked politics with the set that there

herd; and in the evening, again at the Columbian, manufacturing Skillott delegates. You say that whenever the time comes to carry out temperance principles, you will be one of the best. That means that while office and party are to be served by treating whisky, and going regular nominations, you stick to party; but when the temperance sentiment is the strongest, you will be ready to ride that!"

"You're a set of cussed fools, all of you. You want to drag the temperance cause into politics and ruin it entirely. Bolt your ticket if you want to, and see what you'll get if you ever come up for an office. I would vote for an out-an-out rummy before I would for such a d—d fanatic. I have been a temperance man this—a—this twenty years, and get only abuse for it."

Dobbs put his unwieldy hulk in rapid motion—a persecuted man, in his own estimation. His temperance professions were only met with abuse. He had tried all he could to keep temperance out of politics and save the cause, and his efforts were thus unappreciated. Men would act like fools.

The stickler for party nominations was in a sweat. He wished to ride both horses, but the fanatics gave him trouble. An hour after his conversation with Halton, he could have been found in the Alhambra, rehearsing his grievances, and his efforts to keep the temperance question out of politics. He never had believed in mixing religion or temperance with his politics. *He never did.*

Skillott's nomination was an outrage. The outrage was consummated by his election. An unprincipled debauchee assumed the ermine, and became a minister of the law. The moral and Christian men of the party scorned the man. They knew him utterly unfit for such a position. His election would, they knew, be a disgrace to the Bench, an injury to the cause of good morals, and an outrage upon justice. But there was no way to avoid it. He was nominated regularly by the party, and party men must support him. Bolters were branded as worse than Judas Iscariots, and deserving of all the opprobrium which party minions and the party press could invoke. Deep and unending political damnation was invoked upon the man who dared to split a ticket. The press stood ready with thongs of bitter denunciation to scourge the hesitating or refractory. The citizen might boast of being a freeman, but no Russian serf was more a cringing slave to his master, than he to his party. In the Oakvale *Daily Advertiser*, of the day previous to election, the following article was aimed at the "restless spirits" who dared to talk of voting as they professed:

"Upon the success of the — party depends the adoption or rejection of those great principles of national and state policy which have so vital a bearing upon the prosperity of our country. The opposition is pledged to an unscrupulous and vindictive warfare upon the best interests of the Republic. The — party is emphatically the party of the people. The

party is made up of individuals, and each true —— will see the importance of being true to the time-honored faith. No true —— will falter. Upon the united and undivided party the future prosperity of the state and nation depends. Its integrity *must be preserved*.

“From personal and petty piques, there are sometimes found in parties, “restless spirits,” who wish to carry their personal animosities into their political action. They wish to make the —— party an engine to carry out their own selfish aims. Great principles are nothing to such men. The integrity of the party must be periled to gratify their one ideaism. We have our eye upon some such who have enjoyed and now enjoy good offices from the party. They depend upon the party for their *bread*. Let them vote anything but a clean ticket if they dare. They are watched. They will be branded as renegades and traitors. They shall be held up to the execration of all true ——, and made such an example of as shall be a warning to all such deserters in the future. Our ticket is worthy of the hearty support of the undivided —— party. Watch the bolters—*mark them*. They will be dealt with hereafter as they deserve. A man who will scratch his ticket is unworthy the name of ——. When holding office, they should, as speedily as possible, be compelled to vacate for men ‘who will stand by the party which feeds them.’”

Thus were refractory party men whipped into the traces, and so despotic and potential was the strength

and terror of party discipline, that there were few men who dared to face the storm. The foulest combinations ever concocted in grog-shop conclave, went out to the people endorsed as the regular, clean ticket; and the blood-hounds of party drill, fed on the drippings of party, and expecting more, were unleashed to worry and hunt the elector who supposed the right of suffrage his own. A principle more subversive of all political independence, was never made the shameless bond of party union. A slavery more humiliating and repulsive, never was submitted to by an intelligent and free people.

The masses little knew of all the means made use of to secure the election of the candidates. Dobbs was not a whit behind Skillott in a wholesale corruption. Ex-convicts from the prison, and keepers of notorious establishments in Oakvale, were put upon the vigilance or challenging committees. From the funds collected from the candidates with which to "*pay for printing*," large sums were carried through out the county and thrown into every bar-room. In Oakvale, for a week before the election, the grogeries swarmed with drunkenness. Dobbs and Skillott had engaged them all in their interest, as had the other party, and rum was as free as water. What rum would not purchase, money was depended upon to do. Church influence was invoked. Skillott attended every Church in the place, and gave to the Missionary and Bible Society. To temperance men he talked blandly. He had never found time from

his onerous legal business to make much effort in so just a cause, but he was a sincere well-wisher, and if elected, he should feel it his duty to see that the laws were administered faithfully. He saw the poor and the countryman. Their wives and families were inquired after, and they were invited to his office, or to his house for dinner. The Irish vote was courted. Petty office-seekers were all promised assistance in the future. Barrels of beer, and a supply of crackers and cheese, were placed in all the haunts for the thirsty and hungry democracy. Notorious bravadoes and ruffians were chartered to bark and brow-beat. The "Columbian" steamed night and day. It was a notorious "sweat-pit," where voters were made drunken by the score. Dobbs and Skillott were found there all night. From the communion at the church, the former went there on the Sabbath and stayed all night. More than thirty-two voters, in one den, were kept drunk over Sunday under lock and key, and during Monday and Monday night; and Tuesday morning they reeled to the polls, and voted for Skillott and Dobbs. The same game was universal throughout the county. Sober and worthy citizens were brow-beat and challenged by pot-house ruffians, or deterred from the polls by open violence. With oaths and stenching breaths, drunken men reeled and kissed the Bible as they swore in their votes. Dobbs looked innocently upon every one, for both parties did so, and all was fair in politics. At night the grogeries were jammed with a reeling, cursing, shouting, slavering mass of—

yeomanry ; and fightings and hideous yellings filled the streets until a late hour. The day had been one of wholesale drunkenness and riot. At the close, when the result was learned, the successful candidates gathered in the Daily office and talked complacently of their personal popularity, and the corruptions entered into to defeat them. The Daily announced the victory in glaring capitals, and called it one of the most overwhelming triumphs of the campaign. The opposite party resorted to the basest means to secure their ends, but the people were incorruptible, and had pronounced against them ! An oyster supper, alias, a drunken jollification, came off at the " Alhambra " in honor of the result. Judge Skillott was carried home drunk. Dobbs managed to attend the covenant meeting on the following day, Saturday, and gave liberally to the missionary cause, sighing with much sanctity as he leaned his head upon his hand. He was a popular man ! He had not mixed any religion or temperance with his politics ! As a member of the executive county committee, he with his colleagues had secured a handsome suit of clothes, and fell more than ever in love with the principles of the great — party.

The regular ticket was elected. Professed temperance men and Christians had voted the " clean ticket." The temperance-professing, brandy-drinking hypocrite was elected clerk, and the favorite of the grog-shop and brothel, judge. The " clean ticket " was elected ! The few who murmured at such tickets,

were whistled down as one-idea hot-heads, who would ruin a good cause by dragging it into politics. Temperance was a "holy cause," but it was lost the moment its misguided friends forced it into the political arena.

And Judge Skillott did enforce the law! The keepers of the lowest grogeries were fined fifty dollars each. A negro who had sold whisky in a miserable shanty, was severely lectured, fined twenty-five dollars, and "sent up" until paid. The keepers of the Alhambra, the Arland, the Home, etc., were fined *three dollars each*, and at night the judge got drunk on their liquor!

He was elected on the "clean ticket!" by those who felt bound to stick to party, and keep the temperance cause out of politics! They had helped the rum interest put one of its most unscrupulous friends upon the Bench. The rumsellers and friends had all thrown party aside in the contest and stood by their cause. The "clean ticket," consistent, *party* temperance men, had joined with them in carrying rum into politics!



THE SIGNATURE OF THE DEAD.



CHAPTER XXVII.

POISON IN THE CUP — SIGNATURE OF THE DEAD — A
GUEST NOT INVITED.

DEEPER and darker gathered the night around Minnie Hermon! The desertion and consequent cold treatment of Brayton, had struck down every hope which had cheered her in her sorrows. Scarcely a ray lingered in the gloomy horizon. She did not reproach Brayton. In her chamber, with the darkness and her own bitter thoughts, she remembered him with the strength of a love which their separation had not subdued. A gulf had opened between them, widening every day. Hidden from him and the world, it burned more intensely upon the ruins of the fair fabric it had reared in the inmost heart. As it crumbled away, the pure shrine sent up a flame whose brightness would go out only with life. She saw Walter crossing the first fatal circles of temptation. She would have warned him, but she felt that he cared not for her. Her thoughts turned often upon the change in him and his sentiments towards her. She had not changed in her love,—she wondered at the change in him. Yet, through all the ill which was to come upon him, Minnie Hermon, with the

changeless fervor of a true woman's love, was to weep and pray for the object of her heart's first deep idolatry.

Retribution had followed swift and close upon the steps of Hermon. The dread bondage he had helped to weave around so many, had closed upon himself. He had lifted to his own lips the fatal chalice he had commended to his neighbors. Such, in a large majority of cases, has been the punishment of those who deal in rum.

The old man, his hair fast whitening with age and troubles, was a drunkard. One more wholly abandoned to his cups, had not gone from his tavern. The farther he went, the deeper the depths of degradation. He presented the complete and utter wreck of a once intellectual and honorable man. All his manhood had been consumed, and he stalked about his premises, the embodiment of the leprous curse he had introduced and fostered in Oakvale. His personal appearance did not belie his character and habits. His slouched, greasy looking hat and seedy garments—the face bloated and burning with the consuming hectic of constant dissipation—his eyelids eaten away, and the balls a revolting red, together with his ill-temper and listless movements, presented a revolting picture of ruin.

The Home had changed, as well as its landlord. More fashionable taverns had taken the better custom, and left it but the wrecks of its own making. The sign was weather-beaten, and the posts, rotten at

the ground, were settling over. The boards were off the shed, the doors unhinged, and one end of the feeding-trough split and fallen upon the ground. The pump was useless, and grass began to grow thickly among the stones of the platform. The stoop was rotting, and one end had settled as the wall beneath had crumbled away. Many of the windows were broken, and the whole appearance of the house externally, was ruinous and desolate.

With this marked change of circumstances, came a corresponding loss of character and standing. The Home was but the haunt of the lowest grades of the drinking community. It was licensed, for its customers were voters as well as those of the Arland or Alhambra. In its dingy bar-room the sots of Oakvale lingered to complete the work commenced in its better days.

Minnie could not escape a portion of the odium which had fallen upon her father. Even among the drinking class, the Home was in bad repute. As its mistress, she suffered with its waning fortunes. Deserted by Brayton, and only known as the daughter of a drunken tavern keeper, the better class of society scarcely ever troubled themselves with a thought of the lonely girl. The disgrace of her father and the house was not without its effect upon her. She felt that she was neglected, perhaps despised, and consequently shunned society. Crimes worse than selling liquor even, had been whispered against Hermon; vices worse than drunkenness were said to hold

their revels at the Home. Shut mostly within its doors, it was not strange that scandal should fasten a share of the stigma upon Minnie. She had often been seen nights, threading the poorer streets of Oakvale. Had her object been known, the community would have witnessed some of the holiest charities which ever fell unheralded at the hearthsides of the poor and needy.

With all this unjust opinion against her, she still clung to her wretched father. He had rewarded her devotion to him, with coarse abuse and — *blows!* And in that rendezvous of the wretched and vile, her pure spirit lingered like an angel in unbroken darkness.

There were few of the drinking men of Oakvale who had descended more rapidly than Walter Brayton's father. He had squandered all his property, and was verging upon the confines of pauperism. He and Walter had quarreled at an early day about the Home, and his drinking habits, and since had had but little intercourse with each other. Still Walter had been careful that his parent did not suffer for any of the necessaries of life. Suddenly, good, or it may be, bad fortune, came unexpectedly to the old man. A bachelor brother in Rhode Island died and left him a handsome little fortune of ten thousand dollars, to go, at his death, to Walter. This was joyous news to old Brayton, as well as to his cronies and the dealers. They judged right as to the strength of his love of drink, and the hopelessness of his reformation.

Halton and his companions made desperate exertions to save the old gentleman, but in vain. Howard tried with no better success. Walter met with abuse, his father charging him with an itching to finger the money before his time.

Deeper drank Brayton and his companions. Wilder and more devilish were their revels. Old Brayton's money was sown like chaff, for ten thousand dollars seemed to him exhaustless. Pipes were lighted with bank-bills, and scores were treated by the week. Often dead drunk during these periods, hundreds of dollars were plundered from him by his companions and the more abandoned of the dealers, where the money was spent. Even the Arland and Alhambra were glad to sell liquor to a man worth ten thousand dollars! Walter looked upon these things with sorrow and shame, and for a time all his old hatred of the traffic burned up as hotly as ever. He made constant efforts to enlist the societies for the reclamation of the old man. Every effort failed, and in six weeks time nearly one half of the ten thousand dollars had been squandered or stolen by the harpies who hung around him.

Skillott, through the confidence of Walter, had learned all the circumstances of the legacy, and his eyes glistened as schemes for its possession were planned in his mind. It was now wasting, and, should any of it be left, Walter was the last man he would wish to have it. While pushing for the judgeship, he had held out the post of a representative to Con-

gress to Walter. Skillott determined to push for the post himself, and the possession of wealth by the victim might foil all his plans.

Skillott did not visit the Home save late in the evenings. It was in bad repute, and the demagogue wished to retain the semblance of respectability. Every night, at a late hour, however, he was found at Hermon's. He did not always see Minnie; but whenever he could get an opportunity, he assumed unwonted grace and essayed to appear devoted in his attentions. She shunned him, and recoiled from his honeyed words as from the hiss of a viper, hardly concealing the deep and unconquerable dislike she felt towards the man. An utter stranger to the honorable of the sex, Skillott was a sneering skeptic about their being such among women, and he did not in the least abandon his base designs against Minnie. He loved her not. Her sharp and scornful repulses to his sickening flatteries, had stung him until he was maddened. Vindictive and withering in his hate against man or woman, as well as fiery and ungovernable in his passions, he seldom commenced his approaches, but what he accomplished the ruin of his victim. Could he grasp Minnie and Walter both in his net, the triumph would be a double one. "He would not be foiled by old Hermon's daughter," he muttered as he turned across the street on his way to the Home.

As Skillott entered the hall he met Minnie going out.

"Ah! Miss Hermon — beg your pardon, but like

the miller of a summer night, I am constantly drawn to the flame," spoke the lawyer, in his blandest tones, and with a touch of assumed tenderness. With a cold inclination of the head, Minnie stood back for him to pass in, and through the right door to the bar-room. Shutting the street door he still stood with his back against it, and looked close in her face. She recoiled, and asked to be permitted to pass.

"Do not be thus cold to one who takes a deep interest in your welfare. I would be a friend to you, Miss Hermon," continued Skillott, in low tones. There was a strange and thrilling influence in them which sent a chill over his listener. She felt that that burning gaze, peculiar to the man, was fastened upon her, and turned to leave him.

"No, no, Miss Hermon, you must not leave so. If I have offended, it has been from excess of regard. Surely a lovely girl like yourself would not go into the street at this time of night without a protector."

"I need none, sir," briefly replied Minnie, as she now stepped to go out of the door which Skillott had moved away from.

"Nay, sweet girl, but you do. One like you should have *one* friend. I should be happy to be smiled upon by one whom an unworthy friend has abandoned."

"Let me pass, sir. Your language and manner are insulting."

"Not so hasty, Miss. I think too much of you to insult you." Then bending closely to Minnie, he whispered words which we will not repeat.

“You’re a villain! Hands off, sir! Coward—*help!*”

There was a glancing shadow in the dim light, and Skillott received a blow which felled him to the floor. As the revelers came out of the bar-room, he was found insensible. He was taken up, and after a time came to himself. No one had been seen in the hall, and Skillott, believing that it was Minnie who gave him the blow, stated that he fell as he entered, from catching his toe on the threshold. Minnie had scarcely heard the blow and the fall of Skillott, before she was lifted like a child, and noiselessly borne up the stairs by a strong arm. Minnie felt keenly this gross insult in her own house. It was suggestive of many a bitter thought.

With a vow of revenge for the blow and the insulting repulse, Skillott dismissed the matter from his mind as he noticed the progress of matters in the bar-room. The elder Brayton and some two or three others were present, and all drunk. At the suggestion of Skillott, the others were prevailed upon to leave, under pretense of closing the house. Brayton was too good a customer to be thus turned out, and was left snoring by the fire-place, his chin dropping upon his breast.

For a long time Skillott and Hermon conversed in whispers across the counter, the latter drunk enough to be a blind tool of the cool-headed lawyer.

“Brayton is making a complete fool of himself. It is too bad.”

"Yes; he can't stand it long so."

"How he wastes money!"

"Yes; it goes like dirt. He will very soon run through it."

"How much do you s'pose he has left of the legacy?"

"Half on't, like enough; may be more — don't know!"

"Too bad to have him squander it so — don't do anybody any good."

"It's his own."

"Just so," blandly answered Skillott. "But such men as Jud Lane and Mike Henry are getting more than their share of it." The bait took, and a slight smile crept coldly over Skillott's countenance, as he watched the effects of his words upon Hermon.

"It would be a kindness, would some trusty friends take charge of his money and *keep it for him*." The lawyer still watched Hermon keenly, as he assumed a careless tone and air, drumming with his fingers on the counter. Hermon made no response, and Skillott continued:

"I'll warrant Jud Lane has taken a good share, and he never has done one-hundredth part as much for Brayton as *you have*."

Hermon did not see the sneer that lingered around Skillott's lips as he spoke the last words, but began to be aroused by the crafty words of the Judge. Jud Lane was getting too much of old Brayton's ten thousand dollars! The judge noted the kindling of

the landlord's avarice and continued, forcing a yawn, and still drumming carelessly upon the counter:

"You would have done the old man a great kindness, as well as Walter, if you had always taken his money when he is in one of his drunken sprees, and kept it from those that plunder him." Still no response from Hermon.

"Indeed, I have blamed you because you have not. It is not doing as you would be done by."

"I—I—ahem!—I—have occasionally taken—care of money for him. I thought I'd better take it than to have him waste it. He don't take care of his money at all."

"Right, Mr. Hermon," and Skillott's eye glittered. "Right. I had thought as judge, of ordering the same thing, but I feared Walter would not like it. How much have you saved him? Enough to do him some good when the rest is spent, I hope."

"Why—a—about—let me see: a quite a sum. It would have all been lost if I hadn't got it laid away for him."

"Four or five hundred dollars, perhaps?" and he whistled as he looked leisurely about the room and tapped the tips of his fingers together.

"Yes—about that, I s'pose," replied Hermon, completely won by the careless manner of Skillott. The latter had not lost a single word or expression of the landlord's face. Assuming a confidential air, and drawing closer to Hermon, he continued:

"Between you and me, Hermon—this between

ourselves, you know — it has been talked over by a few of old Brayton's friends, and concluded that it is best to devise some plan to save his property. As I am judge, and have his confidence, the whole matter has been entrusted to my arrangement. Knowing that you and he were intimate, we thought it best to ask your assistance. As it is, the ten thousand dollars will not last him a year. And then, if he dies, there is another trouble. I would not wish it noised about, for he is a friend of mine ; but it is a sad truth that Walt has got so he steams it, and if the money falls into his hands, it will go the same way that it is now going. So we have concluded that you and I get the old man to put his money into our hands for safe keeping. It is the only way it can be saved ; for otherwise Jud Lane will have it, as sure as fate. Now the plan we propose is this," continued Skillott, in whispers, laying the finger of his right hand carefully in the palm of the left. "We will get him to sign writings, (I've got them here in my pocket,) deeding to us all his property for safe keeping, carrying the impression that it is as security for moneys borrowed. We are then to give him small sums, or ourselves pay his expenses, and keep charge of the money. Thus you see we should have the use of the money as long as he should live, and he could not spend it around town. He could board here, and you could have the pay for his board and grog. I think this a good plan."

"Most certainly I do. Jud Lane cannot then plunder him," and Hermon rubbed his hands at the

thought. That snaky smile again crept around the corners of Skillott's mouth.

"Now it seems to me we shall not have a better time than to-night. It is necessary for his good that it be done soon — the sooner the better. Have you a room where we shall not be interrupted?"

"The back chamber."

"Just so; that will do. We shall not be interrupted there, probably?"

"Not at this time o'night."

"We must not be; because, you see, it is highly important that the thing be nicely managed. Better take pen and ink up there."

As Hermon came back, Skillott still stood drumming carelessly upon the counter, and old Brayton sat snoring by the hearth. The light burned dimly in the bar-room, and the noise of tramping feet had long since ceased in the street. The windows, only, were heard as they rattled in the fitful gusts which puffed around the Home.

"Now," said Skillott, "we must awake him, and arouse him with a glass of brandy, and then persuade him up stairs to bed. Pour out the brandy, and as you lift him up I will hand it to you."

Hermon passed around and shook Brayton by the shoulder, awakening him from his drunken slumber with much difficulty. While he was doing so, Skillott emptied the contents of a vial into the brandy, and then handed it to Hermon, who had just got the dozy drunkard upon his feet. He made no objections

to the brandy, and after much coaxing, was persuaded to let them assist him up to bed. Skillott, before leaving the bar-room, took the precaution to lock the doors. On reaching the chamber, Skillott commenced, in blindest tones, to induce the drunken man to sign the paper presented to him. The man stared vacantly as the pen was put into his hand, with the statement that the paper was a receipt for money they had borrowed of him, which they now wished to pay him. Mechanically, Brayton put his hand where directed, but was evidently too drunk to understand what he was about, or to write his name alone. A gust of wind slammed the window blind furiously, startling both parties abruptly. Skillott moved to the window, but on Hermon assuring him that the window could not be reached save from the ground, he fastened the blinds and returned to the drunken man. As the hand was again placed upon the paper, Brayton uttered a cry of pain, and doubled convulsively in his chair. There was a slight paleness around Skillott's mouth, and Hermon looked on with astonishment.

“What was in your brandy?” asked the Judge, with his eye fastened keenly upon the landlord.

“Nothing. Why do you ask?” answered Hermon with a troubled countenance.

“It is queer that he should have convulsions. Is he subject to them?”

“Not that I ever knew of.”

“Then I fear he is going to have the *delirium-tremens*. He will arouse the whole neighborhood, and

probably die before the property is safe where Walt cannot spend it."

"Come, Brayton, sign the receipt; I must go home." Again the pen was put into the man's hand, but his agony was now evidently excruciating. He writhed in convulsions, doubling down on his stomach, and howling in agony.

"This must not be; he will injure himself," said Skillott. "We must hold him on the bed, and keep the paroxysms down until he is quiet. If he shrieks it will make him worse. Take hold of his feet — quick."

As the two tossed Brayton upon the bed, he struggled and shrieked until Skillott's blood ran cold. But it was too late to retreat. He threw himself upon Brayton, and told Hermon to put the pillow over his head and hold it down. "It would keep him from exhausting himself."

Hermon did as ordered, but the united strength of the two could not hold Brayton still. With a howl of pain, he hurled them upon the floor and sprang into the middle of the room, writhing and doubling, and the froth bubbling from the mouth. He stared wildly at Skillott and Hermon.

"In God's name, what's the matter of me. Call a doctor quick, or I can't live. O dear — merciful God! there is fire in my bowels. Water! quick! for God's sake — WATER!"

He shrieked again as the paroxysm took him. With desperate energy Skillott leaped upon him, and

thrust his handkerchief into his mouth, and with almost superhuman strength, again threw him on the bed. The pillow was again held down upon Brayton's face; Skillott pressed upon him with all his strength.

Weaker grew the man, and less violent his convulsions. Half-smothered shrieks, and prayers, and cries for breath and water, came from under the pillow, even with Hermon's weight upon it. A fierce, convulsive shiver ran over the trunk and limbs; they slowly straightened out as Skillott relaxed his grasp; the deep chest heaved fearfully for breath, and Brayton lay still.

"Quick, now, before the paroxysm comes on again — the pen and light."

Hermon removed the pillow and handed them, as ordered. Skillott had raised Brayton to a sitting position.

"Here, Hermon, let him lean upon you; he is weak after such fits. Come, Brayton, sign the papers, and then you can sleep. Ah! I see; your hand trembles. Let me aid you."

Skillott placed his hand upon Brayton's, and guided the fingers while they traced "*Gerald Brayton*."

"There," said Skillott, "we will not trouble you more — you can lie down," and the Judge laid Brayton carefully back upon the pillow.

"Horrible distemper — that *delirium-tremens*. He needs rest and quiet. Come out right in the morning, I guess. Well enough to call in early, but would not disturb him during the night.'

Covering Brayton with the quilts, the two went down.

The dead was alone ! Could the countenance of the corpse have been seen as it sat on the bed, and by the aid of the living traced its signature ; the glassy eyes protruding with dying agony, and glaring upon vacancy ; the distorted features, and the mouth foaming, with here and there flecks of blood ; the close-shut teeth, the throat and bosom bare as it had been stripped in the scuffle, and the hair clammy and matted on the damp and ghastly — the picture of all that is horrible in a death of keenest agony, would have been presented.

As Hermon turned the key in the chamber door, the slamming of the blinds and the increasing wind alone disturbed the silence of the chamber. Swiftly Skillott sped along the deserted streets to his home.

Two hours later, and the window in the chamber where the struggle had been, was carefully raised, and a dark shadow, undefined in the dim starlight, glided into the room and pulled a small, dark lantern from a loose robe which he wore around him. Slowly and silently he peered towards the bed, and then stepped noiselessly to the head of it. He leaned down and looked closely into the face of the corpse. He lifted the lamp still nearer, and laid the back of his hand against the cheek. He recoiled at the touch ; but again and again, and still more searchingly looked down into the ghastly features, thrusting his hand into the bosom to feel the heart. He then lifted the pil-

low and turned it over. It was wet with a slimy froth, and streaked with blood. He seemed to come to some satisfactory conclusion about the matter, and dropping the hand which he had lifted from the quilt, stood erect. There was a dark glitter in his eye, and a paleness around his sternly closed mouth. A new thought seemed to occupy his attention, and he glided to the door, but found it locked. With a key from his own pocket he unlocked it, and after listening, passed down and into the bar-room. In the excitement of the time, Hermon had set the glass from which Brayton drank back upon the counter, and forgotten to rinse and put it in the usual place. It now stood where he left it. The Hermit, for it was he, took it in his hand, and after smelling it closely, looked steadily into the bottom. As he stirred the strange-looking sediment with his fore-finger, he exclaimed with low, yet bitter energy, "Oh! ho! dear friends. Poison in the cup, indeed! And the *murderers are not all hung yet!*" He stood a moment in thought, and then carefully securing the glass, reëntered the hall and disappeared up the stairs. The key was turned in the door of the back chamber, and the Hermit was again alone with the dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TWO MORNING CALLS — A LIVE MAN FOR A DEAD ONE.

DAYLIGHT had scarcely dawned, when there was a loud rap at Skillott's door. Again and again it was repeated, each successive time with increased energy. It was an unwelcome sound, and for a time he feigned slumber. Guilt is ever fearful, and trembles at the sound of every footfall.

As the noise increased, Skillott threw on his morning gown and opened the door, and somewhat bluntly demanded the cause of the interruption. He stared as he saw Hermon standing before him, but it was momentary. As blandly as usual, after affecting a yawn, he inquired what was wanting at so early an hour.

Hermon was the picture of embarrassment. His flame-red face was haggard, his manner stealthy and uneasy, and his eye restless. Turning his eye up the street to assure himself that he was unobserved, he darted through the half-opened door, and closed it as he entered. Placing his back against it, he stood looking Skillott beseechingly in the face.

"Why, man, what is the matter — what is wanting?" again asked Skillott, with a well-assumed air of fretfulness at so unceremonious an interruption.

"*Brayton is dead!*" whispered Hermon, in a husky voice, after looking around to see if no one but themselves was in the hall.

"Ah! indeed! Died last night, eh?"

"Found him dead before daylight this morning. The body was cold," and a shudder crept over the hardened landlord.

"That fit of *tremens*, then, must have finished the old man."

"Are you sure — are you *sure*, Skillott, that he died of the *tremens*?" eagerly asked Hermon in an appealing tone.

"Why, how else could he have died? A man of his age cannot drink as hard as he did, and stand it long, Mr. Hermon."

There yet remained something upon Hermon's mind, and he lingered. Skillott made a gesture of impatience, and suggested that, as the matter did not concern him, he had better send for Walter or the coroner.

"But," continued Hermon, with an air of abstraction, "s'posing they should attempt to show he didn't die of the *tremens*; what do you s'pose would come of it?"

"Nonsense, man; one would suppose your liquor killed him, and that you expected to be hung for it, from your manner."

A slight shudder again crept over Hermon, and the sweat stood out in drops upon his forehead and upper lip. Skillott grew confident, as the drift of the

former's fears became apparent, and as quickly formed his plan with which to hold the landlord hereafter.

"But liquor would not *poison* a man, you know," placing a strange emphasis upon the word.

"You know best whether there was any *poison* in the liquor; I *saw* you give it to him."

"But you told me to give him the brandy."

"But I did not suppose it was poisoned. It certainly was not?" Hermon started at the question.

"You know I have enemies, Skillott, and as he died in my house, they might say unpleasant things, you know; and besides, his signing over his property to you and me wouldn't help the matter."

"O, I'll see to that matter; the property shall not injure you." There was a smile lurking around the mouth of the Judge as he gave the assurance.

"As to that matter, it would injure you as well as me, both having an interest in it."

"Between you and me, Hermon," replied Skillott, "I feared the man was on his last legs, and knowing that you had many and bitter enemies who would make a handle of his death in your house, I thought it best, on the whole, to have the conveyance made out in my name. There are not many who have knowledge of the fact; but the truth is, I have lent old Brayton a good deal of money within a few years past. It would be but right, you know, that I should make sure of what he had left."

"You—you don't mean to say that I am not to have a share—to have charge of the property!"

"Precisely," blandly answered the Judge. "That is best, you know, until the storm about his dying in *your house* blows over."

"You didn't say anything last night about his owing you."

"Nor did I give him that *last drink*," whispered Skillott, a slight sneer creeping across the upper lip.

"But you told me to give it to him," replied the landlord, deprecatingly.

"I did not tell you to put *poison in the glass*, though!"

Hermon fairly jumped, a more ominous paleness spreading over his countenance. He stood a moment, and some of his old spirit came to his aid.

"Neither did I, sir, as perhaps others can testify," he retorted with considerable energy and meaning, pulling a paper from his side pocket and thrusting it into Skillott's palm. He watched the Judge as the latter traced the contents. The usual sneer passed off his features as he read, and he drew his under lip thoughtfully between his teeth. Hermon was not so far broken down intellectually, as not to mark the change in Skillott's manner. The note ran thus:

"I have dranked my last at the *Home*. There was *poison in the cup*, and I died by violence! *The dead sign no papers?* Old Brayton is dead, but the *murderers are not hung yet!*

"A GUEST NOT INVITED."

"And you thought to frighten me by penning such stuff as this," sneered the Judge as he finally lifted his eyes from the paper.

"It's false — I had no more to do with penning it than you did," answered Hermon with spirit.

"Where did it come from, then? I should like to know!"

"I found it in the *dead man's fingers*!"

"The devil! How could that be?" bluntly asked the Judge, without the usual sneer, again and more tightly drawing his under lip between his teeth, and resting his hand upon a chair, his gaze still fastened upon the paper.

"You can tell as well as I," doggedly answered the landlord, regaining confidence, as he noticed the effect of the note upon Skillott.

"The dead can't write," mused the Judge, looking long and closely still upon the paper.

"But he might not have been dead when we left him. The pen and ink were left, you know."

"It is strange, strange," continued Skillott, with marked uneasiness in his features.

After leaving Brayton, on the previous evening, Hermon had become disturbed in his mind about his appearance. It did not seem to him like the *delirium-tremens*. He was troubled with the thought of his death in his house, and before daylight, lighted his candle and entered the chamber. Brayton lay as they had left him, save one hand, which was across the breast. The landlord listened to catch the sound

of his breathing; but all was still. With a quicker pulse he then stepped to the bedside and let the light fall upon the face. It was ghastly, distorted, horrible! He placed his fingers upon Brayton's. A shudder crept from the dead over the living, and Hermon drew back. At that moment his eye rested upon the paper in the dead man's fingers which he carried to Skillott. Hermon left the room with a trembling step, and immediately sought the glass which he had left on the counter, but it was gone. At early light he had hurried to Skillott's for advice.

"Humph! This does look a little squally for you, friend Hermon, it cannot be denied. This is not Brayton's hand-writing. You have enemies in the village, and some of them might have been eaves-dropping last night.

"But the door was locked, and the key in my own pocket. How could any one have got into the chamber?"

With all his attempt to appear careless and only solicitous for Hermon's case, Skillott was troubled. That paper in the dead man's hand — the contents — and the fact stated by Hermon that the glass was missing, had an ugly look. It was for *his* interest to assist Hermon so far as was safe. If worst came to worst, he had already determined to turn the whole tide of circumstances against Hermon, and sacrifice him to save himself. It was clear to him that an unseen enemy was around, and he felt that undefinable sense of dread which a person experiences when ex-

pecting a blow in the dark. At last a thought fixed his attention, and he entered his library and commenced hunting among some loose papers. He came to one, and for some moments compared the writing upon it, with that on the note handed him by Hermon. He had evidently found a clue. The paper hunted up by Skillott was a notice of a temperance meeting, written by the Hermit. There was something in this knowledge besides the mystery of the affair, to give Skillott serious thoughts. The Hermit was dreaded by all the Judge's class. If that everywhere-present, and eagle-eyed individual had obtained any knowledge of the real state of things, he was an enemy to be dreaded. Skillott's countenance was pale, as he continued to compare papers; but he shut his teeth harshly together, and a fiendish light gleamed in his dark eye. The stakes were increasing, and the play was becoming extremely hazardous.

There was another early call in Oakvale. Doctor Howard was awakened from a deep slumber by a single rap upon his door. It was familiar, for no other was ever given in the same manner, and he was not surprised when he found the Hermit standing upon the piazza, closely muffled in his long robe.

"Who is sick now, my friend," inquired the Doctor, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"Nobody sick — *dead!*"

"Indeed! who's dead, may I ask?"

"Gerald Brayton."

"The old man dead? I feared his habits would destroy him."

"Habits did not kill him. *Poisoned!*"

"What! Brayton poisoned! How do you know that?"

"*See it done*—know it!"

"Then he has committed suicide!"

"*No.* Others committed murder!"

"Impossible! Who would wish to poison Gerald Brayton? He was his own worst enemy."

"Dont know who *wished* to; know they *did*. That's enough."

"And you saw this!"

"I did. But did not suppose there was poison in the cup until afterwards, or I could have saved him. Thought he had the *tremens*."

"But this is a serious matter. What evidence have you that he was poisoned, more than your eyes beheld?"

The Hermit carefully drew a glass from his inner side-pocket, tightly bound over the top with buckskin and strings. Untying the latter, he handed the glass to the Doctor.

"There! look at that. He drank out of that. A vial was emptied into it first."

Howard's interest was now aroused, and with the Hermit he entered his office.

"*Poison!* sure enough," he exclaimed, after a careful examination, "and of the most deadly kind."

"S posed so," was the brief response of the Hermit.

"But, in God's name, my friend, who gave Brayton from this cup to drink, and why?"

"Know who; cant tell why. Guess, though."

"This is horrible. What must be done? Who were the parties, and where was it done?"

"'Twas more horrible to see. They must *hang*. Parties well known. Done at the Home. Questions all answered."

"What do you say! — at *Hermon's*?"

"Just said so."

"But we must know who there are in our midst who would do such things."

"Know soon enough. Give me the glass."

Howard mechanically obeyed, being familiar with the ways of the eccentric individual before him. If he was scenting the footsteps of wrong, the Doctor knew that he would be as wary and untiring as a blood-hound. As the Hermit took the glass and again carefully tied the buckskin over the top, he turned to go.

"When shall I see you again?" anxiously inquired Howard.

"To-night. *Look at the glasses in Hermon's bar!*" The Hermit turned on his heel, and strode down the walk with more energy even than was customary for him. Not until he was gone, did his last words come with their full meaning to the understanding of the Doctor.

Circumstances proved most unexpectedly favorable to the plans of parties more directly interested in the

Brayton affair Skillott had managed the matter cunningly, and by ten o'clock, through the daily paper and on busy tongues, it was circulated that Brayton had died the night before at the Home, after a protracted debauch, of *delirium-tremens*. Such a result was not looked upon with surprise.

Walter Brayton was absent from Oakvale, and as a friend of him and his father, Skillott volunteered to take charge of the investigation, and of the burial of the corpse. The coroner's inquest was brief. A number of persons testified to the deep drunkenness of Brayton on the evening before his death, while Skillott and Hermon testified directly to the manner of his death. The former stated that he had been called in to assist during the paroxysms. The jury pronounced a verdict of "*Death by visitation of Providence!*"

Howard had been called away to attend a sick patient, soon after his interview with the Hermit. The patient died after a severe and protracted struggle, detaining the doctor until a late hour in the afternoon. As soon as possible he returned home, feeling confident, however, that the Hermit would watch the proceedings.

Turning his horse loose into the yard, he entered the house to snatch a mouthful, and found the following characteristic note :

" Doctor, the murderers have planned to put their poison *under ground*. Brayton will be buried before

night, and *Jug up afterwards*, and hidden. Let him be buried. We will attend the night party. Speak not a word. HERMIT."

In deep thought, Howard passed over to the Home, where a large number were still assembled, many of them disgustingly drunk. Sure enough, the preparations for the burial of the corpse were in an advanced state. It was thought that the body had better not be kept long unburied!

Howard asked to see the corpse. With a look at Skillott, after some hesitation, Hermon led him to the chamber. Howard was immediately satisfied that Brayton did not die of the drunkard's madness. His experienced eye detected the unmistakable footprints of a more fatal agency, plainly written in the hue of the flesh. He noticed the marks of the scuffle upon the floor, and turned away. Hermon had been watching his eye, and grew agitated as it rested upon him. But for the testimony already revealed to him by the Hermit, Howard would have pronounced the death one of *strangulation*.

While they were standing in the room, the sexton came for the corpse. Hermon was repulsively officious, as rumsellers usually are when at the funeral of any of their victims. As they all emerged into the street, Howard balanced over the counter and snatched one of the glasses from the sink and thrust it into his side-pocket. As he, too, went out, the crowd were following the corpse to the burial ground.

Upon an awning-post of one of the main streets, the following notice attracted his attention :

“BRAYTON WAS MURDERED! — *There was poison in the cup.* Those who gave it to him are superintending his funeral. They expect that the grave will cover their guilt.

“A GUEST NOT INVITED.”

Howard was startled at the boldness of this act. Ere others became aware of the charge, the funeral was over, and night had set in. But the news of the placards went like lightning, and became the subject of intense talk. Most of the people believed that Skillott, from his standing, and the straightforward testimony at the inquest, was utterly incapable of such a crime. And besides, there could be no motive for its commission. The Judge was careful to give currency to the belief that the placard had been posted by some personal enemy.

Late in the evening the Hermit again called at Howard's office. In his usual brief style he stated what he had learned during the day. Skillott had become convinced that some one had seen, or become acquainted with the facts of Brayton's death. It was evident to Skillott that the Hermit was in the matter ; and knowing the untiring disposition of that individual, he felt that prompt and thorough measures must be taken. It had been arranged that the body of Brayton should be taken up and sunk in the river,

and the story started that it had been stolen by the doctors. The Hermit would not reveal how he had acquired the information, but Howard relied upon it.

“We must attend the party to-night,” briefly and sternly he continued, “and you will see who put poison in the cup. I will call at the right time. Be ready.”

The night was dark and stormy. The sky was densely overcast with heavy clouds. A cold, drizzling rain had commenced falling about nine o'clock, melting away the thin snow which had fallen the night previous, making the darkness deep and impenetrable.

The pulse-beat of the busy throng had ceased to throb in the streets of Oakvale; but the rain swept fiercely down the streets and around the corners. The water running from the eave-gutters, and the creaking of the signs as they swayed in the wind, were the only sounds which mingled with the fitful violence of the storm.

While the town-clock was slowly chiming the hour of midnight, two persons, deeply muffled, carrying a shovel and a dark lantern each, turned off from the main street, and through a narrow lane pursued their way in silence out of the village. As they cleared the settled portions, they struck into the fields, and as fast as possible pushed on against the driving storm. Coming to the bank of the river, they turned to the right and followed it up to the burial ground and entered. Slowly they hunted among the graves, stopping when they came to that of Brayton. After lis-

tening a moment, the lamps were hidden and both commenced with their shovels to throw out the fresh earth. They were both strong men, and the coffin was soon reached. The lid had been but slightly fastened, and readily gave way to an energetic pull at the edges. A cold shudder crept from the corpse along the nerves of the living as one of the diggers felt for the face. There was a moment's hesitation, and the hook which had been provided was thrust quickly under the chin. Both took hold of the rope, and with united strength pulled the body out upon the grass. Again they listened, but there was no sound save the steadily beating storm. A dark blanket had been provided, in which the body was closely rolled, and a rope fastened around the feet. The latter, after much difficulty, were drawn closely to the head, and the rope passed under the arms. With a rail which had been brought from the fence, the body was raised upon their shoulders and carried towards the river, upon the bank of which they left it, and returned to fill the grave and get their lamps and tools.

Others than the grave-robbers had been witnesses of the act. Closely hidden near by, were Howard and the Hermit. For two hours they had remained in the storm, their garments wet through and through. They had obtained a full view of the countenances of the diggers, as one of the lamps had been held a moment above the grave. As the body was borne off, the two followed closely, and barely escaped a contest with the diggers as they returned to the grave.

"Now is our time," whispered the Hermit, as he laid his hand on Howard's arm. "Lift."

They then put their own shoulders under the rail, and as swiftly as possible carried the body to the fence. Leaving Howard in charge of it, the Hermit returned to the spot where it was first left, to await the return of the diggers.

The grave was soon filled, and the diggers returned to the bank where they had left the corpse, designing to fasten a heavy stone to it and sink it in the river. They looked some time for the body at the point where they supposed they had left it.

"Skillott, Skillott," said one of the parties in a low voice, as he stumbled against the Hermit, "I have found it!"

"How in the d——l did it come out there? I thought we left it just by this little knoll."

"We didn't steer right in the dark. But where in the world is the rail?"

"Did you leave it in the rope?"

"Yes; but it aint there now."

"It must be there if you left it there," and the one addressed as Skillott came up.

"Good God! *it's warm!*" sharply uttered the first speaker, jumping to his feet as though he had clutched a viper.

"You be ——, Hermon! What are you frightened at?"

"See, yourself!" answered the trembling landlord, for it was him.

Skillott unhesitatingly stooped and touched the body. He started slightly as his hand encountered the long hair, but it was wet and cold. He had forgotten that the body had been wrapped in a blanket. Passing his hand up over the face, he found a thick, bushy beard; but the face was cold and wet as the hair. Somewhat excited and bewildered, he laid his hand upon the bosom; still more amazed as he found buttons there. The next instant his fingers were in the vice-like grasp of a living hand!

"H—l and furies!" he almost howled as he snatched his own away. "This is no dead man, or else that hand was yours, Hermon. No fooling with me!"

"I havn't touched you," answered the trembling landlord, as he took a step or two back.

Skillott drew his lamp from his bosom, and placing it before his own features, let the light shine down before him. The spectacle presented was one to startle bolder men than Skillott. On the ground, stretched at full length, his eye glittering in the dull lamplight, and his long hair and beard wet with the storm, was the Hermit. He gave that peculiar chuckle as he was revealed to the diggers.

"Priest or devil, take that! Your foul carrion shall feed the fishes too!"

Lightly the Hermit sprang from his position, the knife which Skillott had aimed at his breast sticking in the turf where he had lain. A sneering ha! ha! answered the fierce curses of the baffled digger. The

latter hurled the knife fiercely in the direction of the voice ; but it only clinked against a tomb-stone which it struck beyond, and again provoked that sneering laugh. There was then a flash and a report, and a ball went whistling past his head.

“Ha, ha, ha ! poison the living and rob the dead ! *Judge Skillott* and *John Hermon* ! the murderers are not all hung yet,” was echoed back from a different direction than where the shot was fired.

All parties now stood silent in the impenetrable darkness. With half-smothered curses and still more devilish plans for meeting the new danger and at the same time securing revenge, Skillott took Hermon by the arm, and the two moved carefully towards the road. As they were picking their way along by the side of the fence near the corner of the grounds, they were again startled by the unwelcome guest.

“Ho ! ho ! gentlemen diggers ! Why not take along the body ? A chemical analysis might show who *put poison in the cup* ! ha, ha !”

The sounds were close to the ear, and Skillott struck fiercely towards them, but the blow fell upon the fence. The act was again answered by that sneering laugh.

The idea of an analysis of the stomach of Brayton fixed more deeply the dark purpose of Skillott. He was not a man to hesitate when such dangers thickened around him. Against the remonstrance of Hermon, he called at Doctor Howard’s as he entered the village, and disguising his voice, inquired for the

Doctor. Mrs. Howard answered that he had been called away in the evening, and had not returned. Skillott turned away, passed stealthily around the house to the barn, and tossed the shovel and the cord and hook, together with the lanterns, into the loft over the shed. An hour later, and he was in his office; but his sleepless eye gleamed with unwonted brilliancy, and his mind was busy perfecting his dark schemes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WICKED PLOT — THE WICKED TRIUMPH.

EARLY on the morning succeeding the scenes portrayed in the last chapter, the following placard appeared in the streets:

“The grave robbers about! Gerald Brayton’s body stolen last night. Order loving citizens are requested to meet at the Town Hall at nine o’clock, to take measures to protect our graves from desecration.

“BY ORDER.”

The excitement was intense. For two years past a number of occurrences of the same kind had aroused the community to the deepest exasperation.

An hour before the time appointed in the call, the Hall was crowded. The excited and indignant populace gave ominous indications that summary measures would be taken, should the person or persons guilty of the outrage be ferreted out. A low rush of angry muttering swept over that sea of heads. At a late hour, Judge Skillott, his countenance stern and thoughtful, entered the room, and in an unassuming manner wedged through the crowd and took

his seat. The meeting was called to order and the Judge unanimously appointed chairman of the meeting. His remarks on taking the chair were calm, and deprecatory of violent measures. He did not wonder at the high state of feeling in the community. They had all been deeply injured in their feelings. Those we loved were stolen from the graves where their friends had laid them. A spot sacred in the affections of all who had lost kindred, had been repeatedly desecrated by the sacrilegious violence of grave robbers. It was to be regretted that such things should occur in the community. Justice to themselves, their reputation abroad, and to the graves of their dead, demanded that measures should be taken to put a stop to similar outrages.

As Skillott took his seat, Dr. Howard entered and stood in the passage in front. Skillott bent his stern gaze full upon that individual, and with so direct and meaning an expression, that the attention of the whole audience was drawn to the doctor. The latter was taken by surprise, and reddened at the insolent boldness of the man whom he had last seen under such peculiar circumstances. The Judge turned away, as much as to say, "Look to *that* man." And so thought the fickle crowd. Some of the sickly pallor passed away from the chairman's face, as he saw his plan for directing public attention upon the wrong scent working so favorably.

After a number of citizens had made remarks to the meeting, the chairman was called upon to give

some advice in the matter. He complied with the request with well-assumed reluctance. He stated what facts had come to his knowledge through others. He thought a committee should be appointed to make investigations, and report in the evening at that place. More facts than had yet come to light might probably be elicited. With prompt and energetic measures the body might be found. He hoped so, for Gerald Brayton was a friend whom he had cherished with great regard. The plan was adopted, and Skillott, after much urging, placed at the head of the committee of investigation.

Amazed at what he had seen, Doctor Howard had stood during the proceedings, lost in thought. As the meeting dispersed, he looked around for some one whom he had expected to see present, but was disappointed. As he turned he encountered the keen, half-sneering gaze of Skillott. There was a glitter of some unknown triumph in that restless eye.

"Now," said Skillott, as the committee prepared to proceed in their investigation, "you will remember that the soil in the burial ground is of a peculiar red, sticky kind. If we bear this in mind it may lead to some developments as to the robbers. They must have had *tools*, and have worn *boots or shoes*."

Having a patient to call upon, Howard left the village as the committee commenced their search.

The soil in the burial ground was soft and very adhesive from the effects of the thaw. The tracks of many individuals were plainly marked, especially

around the grave where Brayton had been buried. From there they were traced to the bank of the river, then down to the fence, and thence across the field to the edge of the village. There were evidently the tracks of two persons from the fence to the road, following each other.

"Why, if it were possible," suggested one of the citizens, "I should say that Doctor Howard had been here, or some boy. No *man* has so small a foot." Skillott said nothing.

The knife (a spring dirk) was found by a grave stone, and handed to the Judge. No other evidences were found to lead to a knowledge of the robbers. The grave was opened and the coffin found empty.

"Now, friends," said the judge, "it is quite certain that the body was taken across the field to the road and to the village. I should be sorry to find it in the possession of any of our own citizens. Yet the search must be thoroughly made."

The party again returned towards the village, closely scrutinizing every mark which might give them a clue to the course of the robbers. Arriving at Doctor Howard's residence, a halt was made.

"My friends," again remarked Skillott, "I regret that this unpleasant duty has fallen upon us. The innocent should not suffer unjust imputations. Here is the residence of Doctor Howard. He is a personal friend of mine, and I am anxious to have him cleared from all suspicion of having a hand in this sad affair. At the meeting this morning, I thought I saw a dis-

position to direct public attention to him as one concerned in this matter. As we are bound to do our whole duty, we will look over his premises, he being a doctor, and then he will not suffer from an impression so unjust."

On explanation, Mrs. Howard gave a ready consent to the search, she having full confidence that her husband knew nothing of the matter.

"It is n't much likely," carelessly remarked Skillott, as he put a short ladder up against the shed and climbed to the open door. His attention was attracted, and he looked down upon the rest of the crowd with apparent surprise and regret at what he had discovered. Hesitating a moment, he reached over upon the hay, and pulled down two shovels and a rope with an iron hook attached. There was blood upon the hook, and that peculiar red soil upon the shovels! There was a murmur of surprise by the bystanders, and Skillott slowly descended to the ground and retired to one side, thoughtful and sad.

"Gentlemen," said he at last, "I will not deny that these things annoy me — disappoint me. And it has just occurred to me that my position, in the event of a detection and trial, should induce me to have no more to do with this affair at the *present* stage of it. The rest of you will do your duty."

Many appreciated the Judge's delicacy in not wishing to learn of facts which should go against his friend. That innocent dignitary gave Jud Lane a meaning wink, and himself refrained from further search.

Under the hungry scent of Jud Lane, the hunt was continued. In the wood-shed a pair of boots were found, thickly coated with the red soil, and their size corresponding with the tracks across the fields. They were brought out and placed with the shovels. The office was open, but nothing was found there of the body. The wagon-house was locked. As the doctor had carried the key with him, it was determined to wrench off the staple; a thorough search, after what had been discovered, would alone satisfy the people.

In one of the farther stables, partially covered with straw, the body of Gerald Brayton was found, wrapped in a coarse blanket, and a rope fastened to the feet and under the arms, and the mark of the hook under the chin!

The crowd stood aghast! They had not yet believed that Doctor Howard was a body snatcher. His friends were sad and silent, while his many enemies, bitter against him as a radical temperance reformer, assumed sudden wisdom, and gravely expressed how long they had believed that all was not right.

As the body was taken into the yard, Howard drove in. Stepping up to the crowd which stood before the open door of the wagon-house, he somewhat excitedly inquired what it all meant. Not one answered, leaving him to see for himself. His eye rested upon the body, now divested of all but the shroud, as ghastly and bare it lay out upon the ground. *The stomach had been taken out of the corpse!*

This is sad, Doctor,—a sad business, which none of all your numerous friends will regret more than myself.”

“What do you mean, Judge Skillott?” fiercely demanded Howard, looking searchingly in the Judge’s face.

“I mean what I say, Doctor. Appearances are against you in this matter. The present excited state of public feeling will damage your case, I fear.”

“Black-hearted, unblushing villain!” ground the Doctor between his teeth, as he began to comprehend the strength of the meshes which his enemy had woven around him, “no one knows more of this matter than yourself and your associate in wickedness.”

“You are excited, Doctor, and I will not bandy words with you,” calmly replied the Judge. “It does not become my position. It remains to be seen who knows the most of this matter. Officer Gaston, do your duty.” The huge blacksmith, with honest embarrassment, stepped forth to arrest Howard, looking more like a culprit than did the Doctor.

“Friends,” said the latter in a calm tone, “I see through this worse than fiendish scheme. The right will yet triumph.” But Howard’s heart sank within him, as he saw the skeptical countenances around him. With pale and compressed lip, he turned, in company with Gaston, and ahead of the crowd, passed into the village, after a brief and touching parting with his wife. He assured her of his innocence, and told her to be of good cheer. The noble man little

knew how deeply laid were the plans of his relentless enemy. Had he been a cannibal just imported, his own immediate acquaintances could not have stared at him with a more morbid curiosity. Those whom he had counted strong friends, turned coldly away. Those to whose families he had often dispensed with a liberal hand, turned to rend him. His name was covered with infamy, and summary punishment invoked upon his crime. Howard's noble spirit was grieved at such treatment, for he knew his innocence of the revolting crime laid to his charge, and he felt that others ought to know as much.

CHAPTER XXX.

ANOTHER VICTIM IN THE NET — THE WICKED STILL TRIUMPH.

UNDER pretence of satisfying public opinion, Howard's bail was fixed at an unreasonable sum by Judge Skillott. The latter affirmed that he had no doubt of the Doctor's honor; but the charge was a serious one, and the community had a right to thorough measures. It was now that Howard felt more keenly the base ingratitude of those who had fawned around him. Those to whom he confidently looked for aid, by one consent began to make excuses and left him. At this juncture a wealthy citizen, with whom he had often differed with much warmth, promptly came forward on learning the facts, and offered himself as bail. There could be no dispute about his ability, and, after some frivolous objections, he was accepted. Howard was satisfied that his failure to procure bail would have been more agreeable. In silence he pressed the hand of his unexpected friend, and went sadly homeward, wondering at the hollow nature of the friendships which he had supposed so true. The prosperous and the powerful always have friends. They vanish under the test of adverse circumstances.

A "body-snatcher!" Such was the term Doctor Howard heard whispered as he went about. Curious faces were seen peering from the windows as he passed, and children actually shunned him on the walk. He felt like one branded with infamy. His business was ruined at a blow, and he fled to his own fireside for that sympathy and kindness so grateful to one of his sensitive nature. He there found a friend who clung the closer as others deserted.

Walter Brayton did not return to Oakvale until several days after the exciting events just narrated. Skillott managed to see him first, and, as a *friend*, related all the circumstances of the case, adroitly coloring the statement so as to secure his own strong hold upon Walter's mind, and at the same time leave a deep impression there against Doctor Howard. The latter frankly demanded an opportunity of speaking to Walter, but under advice, the proposition was almost insultingly refused. The circumstances were so strong against the Doctor, that Brayton allowed no doubt of his guilt to cross his mind.

Alas! what a change was there in Walter Brayton. He had fallen like a meteor from his former high position. The false light of political ambition had lured him into the damning corruptions of party management. Fast wedded to the new idol, he was easily led to believe that the only chance for success was by abandoning his ultra temperance notions, and becoming more liberal in his sentiments and habits. Skillott was his teacher, as well as was the universal cus-

tom of party management. He must make himself popular, by visiting and treating at the taverns and groceries. Upon that large class which followed such practices, depended the balance of power. Such a course was pursued by all politicians of both parties, which justified it in others. The liberal expectant was made to understand that the taverns and groceries controlled the caucuses, and after the nominations, thousands of votes. If they were not put under pay, their influence would not be secured. Brayton felt all this, and yielded too willingly to its seeming necessity. The office he wanted, and he must do as others did to secure it. From an occasional glass of beer with a squad of tippling voters, he rapidly passed to more potent liquors. As election approached, the descent became more easy and rapid. He dreamed only of drinking, and after election resumed his old habits of temperance. The course was fatal! The floodgate once up, the Niagara tide swept in, and while the young man's eyes were riveted upon the glare of the coveted position, its silent wave bore him more swiftly away—he knew not how swiftly. From many a political mass-meeting he was carried home *drunk!* Who could once have believed it of Walter Brayton!

Walter secured the nomination for Congress, after a hard-contested strife. Funds were scattered liberal^y, and meetings held throughout the District. He treated liberally, and drank himself. It would not do to flinch, for such was the custom.

There were undercurrents in the progress of the canvass, unexpected and inexplicable to Brayton. Reports, most cunningly calculated to injure, were circulated in every direction. They finally appeared in handbills and in the opposition newspaper. He was charged with abusing his father before he died, and of threatening to kill him if he did not make over half of the legacy, and of compounding with those who stole the old man's body. He was reported as a gambler and a drunkard — as accomplishing the ruin of Minnie Hermon, etc. etc. Brayton felt these blows, but could obtain no clue to their authorship. They were all cunningly devised, and most perseveringly circulated. Brayton was defeated by *twenty-seven votes!* The result was a bolt from a clear sky; for he had confidently looked for a majority of eight or nine hundred, even with all the unexpected influences against him. At one fell swoop, his fabric came crashing about his ears. He was disgraced with his party; his money was gone, and he in debt. Walter was a pitiful wreck. The sudden and sweeping character of his fall utterly astounded — crushed him. He saw no redemption, and shunned the public gaze, plunging with all the strength of his impetuous nature into dissipation to drown his reflections. That was a strange spectacle — the wreck of such a man in so brief a space of time — and as sad as strange. Halton and a few of his former friends made earnest efforts to arrest him in his mad career, but he sullenly repelled them all. Alone, the yet lingering

currents of his nobler, better manhood came throbbing back, and he wept, and attempted to realize the change which had come upon him. He groped in the dark. His proud spirit at times rebelled, and the talons of the eagle clutched and wrenched at the galling iron; but the demon enthroned within him aroused, and bade him to the dramshop. Dismasted, and no true hand at the helm, a once noble craft was drifting madly to destruction. He who had raised a false light on the dark shore, had cut the cable, and was now rejoicing in his work.

A few weeks after his defeat he received a letter from the post-office, written upon the back of an old letter with a pencil, the place and date obliterated:

“WALTER BRAYTON: Beware of the adder’s fang. Judge Skillott and John Hermon poisoned your father and *forged* the will, and attempted to steal the body to hide their guilt. Heed the truth and *beware*.

“A FRIEND IN PRISON AND CHAINS.”

It was early in the morning when he received the mysterious note, and his head throbbed over its contents. Did the note reveal the truth? How came his father to will all his property to Skillott? Was Skillott a villain? Such, and a thousand kindred questions flashed like shocks across his brain. He now remembered Minnie Hermon’s warning, and reasoned of the probabilities of Skillott’s proving a knave. It was difficult to believe it—he had shown

so much interest in his welfare. The strange note had awakened a new train of thought, and for the day Walter determined not to drink a drop.

The more he thought of the matter the more unreasonable it appeared to him that his father should have borrowed so much money of Skillott, or that he should have voluntarily, just at such a juncture, willed all his property to that individual. With these thoughts fastening more strongly upon his mind, Walter determined to call upon Skillott and charge him directly with fraud in the matter. He began to feel astonished that he had ever been made to believe that his father had borrowed five thousand dollars of Skillott; for the Judge had never been supposed to be worth half that sum, and he was not a man to lend money to those who, like Brayton at the time stated, had nothing to pay. How fatally had a strong and naturally keen mind been blinded by the powerful influences of rum and political ambition.

Brayton had at once found an object to fix his attention, and arouse the energies of his nature. The bondage of his besetting vice once broken, those energies would recover all their original strength. The more he thought over the improbabilities of Skillott's statement about the will, the more he believed that his father came to his death by violence.

Clear and burning as the noonday sun, Walter saw why, and how deeply he had fallen. He shuddered as all the humiliating facts rushed in before his clearer vision, and a quick glow burned hotly over his cheek.

He staggered with the racking intensity of his thoughts. Sharp, rapid and piercing, they shot like barbed lightnings into his heart, until he clasped his throbbing temples to beat back the pain. Then and now Walter Brayton as he was two years before, and Walter Brayton the penniless drunkard! Involuntarily he leaned over and looked down into the vortex which his heated imagination opened before him, where the lost writhed and howled in their infernal orgies. The wail, the curse, and the unearthly ha! ha! came fearfully distinct upon his ear. Upturned to his gaze was one who wore the semblance of his own features, peering sadly from the cloudy gloom, thick drops of blood standing upon the swollen flesh, and the limbs wrapped in the slimy coils of a huge reptile, the eye of a fiendish glitter, the white fangs bared, and the red tongue glancing by the cheek. He shut his eyes as the vision swam before him, but he heard a low hiss. He started, but with eye distended and glassy again looked down into the gloom. He saw the head of the serpent sway backwards and forwards, the eye still upon him, gradually dissolving like mist, and again assuming shape. The features that now swayed were those of Skillott, though the same eye and white fang, and glancing tongue, were there.

As he looked, the face of him in the tightening coils assumed his father's features — white, ghastly, and the foam and blood welling from the mouth. The cold sweat gathered damp and clammy upon Walter, but he could not turn away from the horrid vision.

Once he heard a low rush, and a shadowy form with wings swept slowly between him and the spectacle — the pale and beautiful countenance turned towards him, and the eye melting with sadness, as she beckoned him to come away. That was his mother. Another came, still more sad — tears lingered on either cheek. That was Minnie Hermon ; and the drunkard wept as the familiar shade hovered within reach. With the energy of a drowning man, Walter grasped at the extended hand. There was a wild, unearthly howl, and the serpent leaped upon the angel forms. Walter heard the violent hissing and the gnashing of fangs, and then a low sound of weeping died away in the distance. The form first seen in the serpent's grasp had been liberated, while the monster had driven the winged shadows away. It still looked up to Walter — his own image — and begged piteously for help. But while that despairing eye still looked, the serpent returned, and slowly, coil upon coil, again bound the body to the throat. The countenance of Skillott still swayed, and sneered, and hissed, upon the arched and scaly neck. Again, he saw a fresh grave in the old church-yard, and by the side of it sat a huge monster feasting upon his human carrion. The face of the dead was turned to his view, and was the same he had seen, with its deathly agony and foam-covered mouth. It was by his father's grave ; and still new and horrible sights crowded upon him. Looming up in the distant gloom, was an altar, and a blood-red light slowly spreading its dull glare upon

the damp atmosphere. Upon it were human forms of all ages. With the throat gashed to the spine, a manly frame lay consuming. The mother and her child were there — the young bride, the jewel upon her finger glancing like a star in the half-revealed gloom, and her tresses of wavy black matted in the ebbing blood of the suicide husband. Some of the features were ghastly with disease, and pinched with want and anguish. Demons there gathered to the foul feast — the silence startled by the sounds of their infernal revelry. From grated windows the felon and the maniac looked out upon the scene, and serpents slined up the scaffold, and fed upon its shrouded tribute. Slowly the monster first seen glided away, and as he looked again, it had wrapped the corpse upon the scaffold, its head still swaying, and its eye upon him. Walter saw himself in the shroud. He was again startled by the hiss at his ear, its breath burning like a flame upon his skin. He could not stir to escape. The nightmare of madness was upon him, while ten thousand devilish forms glided towards him. His tongue became forked, and he felt the snaky fangs in his mouth. His head swayed on a scaly neck, and he felt the cold, slimy folds of innumerable serpents weaving their scaly web around him. He answered hiss for hiss, and gnashed his fangs as they did. Each finger grew a swaying head with glittering eye. They crept through his veins. His hair writhed in matted locks. The scaffold and the altar, with their blood-red flame, came nearer and nearer, the rope

changing to a serpent, the arched neck bearing the same likeness as that at first seen. Then came once more the angel shadows, silently and tearfully beckoning him away. Springing convulsively to reach the outstretched hand, he plunged forward, with one wild, agonizing wail for help.

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It was a fierce struggle which Walter Brayton had passed through. In the horrible delirium of the drunkard's madness, he had leaped through the window of the room he called his office, out upon the sidewalk, and fortunately for him, was first seen by Halton, who happened to be passing at the time. Without slumber, the frame was torn with torment for long days and nights. On one side were his friends, on the other, death. None who have once seen a victim cursed with the drunkard's madness, will ever wish to look upon the like again. No human pen can describe it, but its scenes will burn into the eyeball so deeply that they never pass away. For the time being, all the dread enginery of hell is planted in the victim's brain, and he subjected to its terrible torment.

But Walter's friends were true. Their efforts and the strength of a good constitution triumphed in the conflict, and pale and trembling, he once more stood upon his feet, the ordeal remaining like the fearful shadow of a horrible dream. He now doubted his own strength, and leaned upon his friends. From them he received tears and kind words, and felt a heart-throb in every palm. With them he went to

the Division Room, and became a Son of Temperance—a society just organized in Oakvale. He passed from darkness to light. He felt the shackles falling from his soul and limbs, and again stood up in the dignity of his manhood. His hands were wet with tears when he was greeted by his brothers. With a throat full of emotion and a swimming eye, he returned the greeting. The beautiful and sublime obligations had fallen upon his parched spirit like the summer shower, and the greenness of his heart again bloomed; for it was a burning crater no more. The tempest-tossed was moored in still waters. Walter found himself among those with whom he had before labored. Some of them had been saved by his eloquence, and they now stood around, rejoiced to save him. He was called out with more than old-fashioned enthusiasm to make some remarks. He arose, and stood for a full moment, but could not utter a word. That silence was more eloquent than words! Not one link in that band of brothers that night, which did not glisten to a pure and holy tear. Arm in arm with Halton, Walter passed out of the Division. The cool night air was like a calm kiss upon his cheek. He felt like a new man—that Walter Brayton was a drunkard no more! The thought was unutterable joy. He looked out upon those around him, and up to the clear blue sky. Every star seemed a beacon which smiled like an angel's eye. The sky looked bluer and the stars brighter. His own heart was stronger and holier, and he went to his humble room

with a steady and manly tread. His friends would have persuaded him to go with them, but he wished to be alone. In the still solitude of his room he knelt down till hours went by. No words dropped from his lips, but every heart-throb beat up against Heaven with its freight of gratitude, and ebbed back with a blessed light upon its crest. A dark ocean was behind him — a brighter future before. He thought of his mother and — yes — Minnie Hermon. The strong heart was broken up, and a warm flood of tears sealed the compact with himself, his mother in Heaven, and God. With none but the stars to look down upon him, he passed out into the silent streets, and walked another hour to make sure that his limbs were free.

— Walter Brayton was saved !

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE SECRET OUT—A FATAL WAGER.

BITTER sorrow was surging in the old heart of the Widow Weston, and the pleasant chiming of the Sabbath bells was unheeded by her. Her bowed frame was bitterly convulsed with agony too keen for the old to suffer. A regulated curse had slided her hearth, and left her a drunken son and unutterable woe. Tears too bitter and scalding for the innocent to shed, were crushed out by an iron heel, and dripped their way down the withered cheek.

Colonel Weston had been the very soul of honor. He was a gentleman and a nobleman by nature. He was magnanimous to a fault, generous, affable, upright, and genial-hearted. He was a friend of the poor, the stay and pride of his widowed mother, a tower of strength in his party, and an ornament to the social circle.

The rum business of Oakvale had swept under the stalwart oak, and the lordly trunk lay prostrate. The generous and great-hearted Weston had become a drunkard. The blow seemed more than the widow could bear. With her dim eyes wet with tears she had pleaded with men that he might be spared to her

in her last days. She had wrestled with God, and yet the storm beat unchecked upon her hearth.

On the morning we have introduced the Widow Weston to the reader, she had felt that she could suffer no more. Had he been brought home dead and no stain upon him, she would not have murmured at the stroke, though that stroke swept away all. But at daylight he had been brought home drunk, and placed helpless upon her bed. Her heart would rebel ; she did not curse God, but she cursed men. Why must the only link left her of her kindred upon the earth, be thus cruelly wrenched away and broken, and her home filled with desolation ? Why should *she* be robbed of an only son late in the evening of her life ? The doctrine that a removal of dramshops would prove unconstitutional and infringe upon the natural liberties of men, had never entered the poor old widow's mind ! She felt the rough iron in her inmost soul, feathered by government and sped by a licensed hand. She could not wrench it out. Could she have done so, another and another, from a never exhausting quiver, would have entered the same wound. Poor Niobes — the wives and mothers of our land — they cannot shield a single heart from the remorseless hunters. *They* have bought of government, for a price, the blood of the victims, and the victims must be slain. On their carrion the agents of the State grow fat, entering the wretched homes and sitting by the hearth at their lawful feast of ruin and death. We cannot wonder that those who feel

all this weight of woe, do not comprehend the justice or necessity of that policy which is the producing cause. They have not yet learned that the red plowshare of ruin which rips up their hearthstones, is so regulated as to be harmless and constitutional.

With many misgivings, Mrs. Weston had consented to the mortgage of the old homestead, for the purpose of procuring funds for her son to engage in business in Oakvale. She could not see it all clear, when he told her that there was no harm in engaging in the wholesale liquor business. The step was a fatal one, as she feared from the first. Weston found his partner a sharper, and the funds he put into the establishment were soon swallowed up. In a few months he found himself a bankrupt, and arrested at the instigation of his partner, on a charge of obtaining property under false pretences, because he had mortgaged the homestead, on which his mother had a life-lease. These results, combined with habits previously formed, and greatly increased during the business, utterly prostrated Weston's proud spirit. His pride was stung. That nice sense of honor and high tone of feeling which were so characteristic of the man, could not brook his reverses, and his firmness gave way to his besetting vice. He became reckless and yielded to rum and its kindred evils. Yet, to the last of his career, he never forgot the poor; and a cloud of charities unseen by the public eye, were dispensed from a hand trembling with the drunkard's premature palsy.

When Colonel Weston entered the rum business in Oakvale, the editor of the new temperance paper just started, alluded to the enterprise, and wondered that a man of so much intelligence and real nobleness of heart should engage in so disreputable a business. Colonel Weston was induced to believe that the plain spoken editor was an enemy, and always met him coldly. As they passed each other one afternoon, Weston reeling, Brantford, the editor, turned to watch his steps. For some reason, Weston had also turned to notice his supposed enemy, and their eyes met.

"Colonel Weston, how are you?" said Brantford, impulsively stepping forward and offering his hand. Weston looked indignant.

"Well enough. Why should *you* ask?" drawing himself proudly up.

"Because I am your friend."

"You are an enemy, sir, and I cannot give you my hand."

"Weston, I am *not* your enemy. God knows I am a friend. Will you not believe it?"

"How can I?" still withholding his hand.

"Colonel Weston," answered Brantford, in tones low and tremulous with emotion, "look in my eye, and let your own heart tell you whether Thomas Brantford is an enemy!" Brantford was a bold, plain-spoken, honest temperance reformer; but under his unassuming exterior, beat a heart as warm and true towards his fellow-man, as ever battled for his good. He still stood with his hand extended, and his

usually dull eye flooded with tears. Weston looked steadily, astonished that he had known so little of the real character of the much-belied editor. The eye told the truth. Weston's lip quivered as he looked, his own red eyes filling until they overflowed.

"And you are a friend of mine!" he eagerly exclaimed. "Why should you be?" grasping the extended hand firmly in his own.

"I am a friend to every noble, high-minded man. I know of none towards whom I feel more friendly than yourself. You have quite misunderstood me, Colonel."

"I feel—I know that I have, but I did not think it! But," and he hesitated, as he dropped his eyes to the walk, "I do not deserve your friendship; I am not high-minded and noble. Weston is—my God! that he should ever be compelled to say it!—is degraded!"

"Enough, Colonel; I know all that, as an honest man, you would say. Let the past go. You have a host of friends yet."

"*Friends!*" Weston bitterly replied, as if lost in thought. "They were not friends. They all shun the penniless ——, God! Brantford, I can't say it."

"I know all. You need not say it. Don't let the world say it longer. I can find friends who will stand by you."

"*Where?*" I did not suppose I had more than one friend, my — my mother. God knows I do not deserve her — the best, yet most deeply injured."

"She never deserts, Colonel. Go to her. If it were necessary, I would give this arm," laying the left hand upon the right shoulder, "to send you back to her all that you once were." Weston wrung Brantford's hand fiercely, but his features were now black with despair.

"That would do no good. *I am lost!* You do not know how deeply I have fallen. I am disgraced and penniless. Worse than that: I have well nigh beggared my mother. No, no; it's of no use. I can't be saved; I am not worth saving. The quicker I am dead the better. I cannot live so."

"But your mother! She needs you."

"There 'tis again. She is now heart-broken. It will be cruel — to weep over the grave of her drunken child! Merciful God! were this demon driven out, and I what I once was — what you now are, Brantford — and knew that she would shed her holy tears for a sober child in his grave, I would joy to be drawn into quarters — I would die a thousand deaths. To die a *drunkard!*" and the strong man sobbed convulsively. "O how dark an end is that! They will write it on the stone, 'Colonel Weston died a *drunkard!*' And that other world — you believe in the future, Brantford — what of that? All dark and hopeless! But," and he looked eagerly into Brantford's face, "they won't sell me rum there, will they? My hell is bad enough now!"

His manner was wild, desperate, hopeless. Brant-

ford plead long and earnestly, but Weston would make no promise.

“Good-bye, my friend — I know you are such. If you do not see me again, tell others to shun my footsteps. I have tried my teeth in vain upon my fetters. There is not a dealer in the village who will not sell me rum while I have money to pay for it. Remember my — you know who — my—

“*Mother?*”

“Yes. I cannot; it is too holy a word for me to speak. Had I listened to her counsel, I should not have been thus. But it matters not; it will soon be over. Good-bye!”

Brantford watched Weston until he turned down the street and was out of sight. From that night's revel he was carried home as we have seen him at the commencement of the chapter. As Mrs. Weston knelt over his form and brushed the matted locks from the brow, and imprinted a kiss upon the parched lips, she found the brand of the curse between her and her child. The fumes of rum polluted the lips, and went down like a dark cloud into her soul. The kisses which had been sealed upon the pure lips of childhood, had been burned away by the fiery flood of intemperance.

Two weeks later, Thomas Brantford sat at the table of Mrs. Weston, and the subject of the new temperance organization was introduced.

“I suppose,” remarked the widow, as she laid her

hand upon the tea-pot, "that you are a Son of Temperance?"

"I am," was the unhesitating answer.

"Your Order, as you call it, I believe, is a secret society, is it not, Mr. Brantford?"

"As I understand the term, it is not."

"But you do not admit every one, do you?"

"Certainly not; but our members are all known, as is the place where we assemble, and our object—that is openly avowed."

"You have some ceremonies, I suppose?"

"We have. But none but what God himself could approve, if properly conducted. They are simple, pure and impressive."

"But you are bound by your oaths not to reveal the secret, whatever it is?"

"We have no oaths, and no secrets which we should be ashamed to have the world know, so far as their character is concerned. The pledge of an honorable man is our strongest obligation."

"You do deny that your society is a secret one, then?"

"Why, to be sure, we have some business matters that are kept secret, as it is termed. It is necessary that they should be kept so. They concern none but ourselves, and the business we oppose."

"If I should tell you the secret, Mr. Brantford, would you frankly acknowledge it?"

"Why, as to that, Mrs. Weston, we are obligated not to reveal any of the private affairs of the Order."

“Just as I thought. You *have* secrets, then, which you dare not — are bound not to reveal.”

“If you had promised to keep a neighbor’s secret, would you reveal it, though there should be no oath in the matter? Or, if something occurred in your family which you felt had better be kept to yourself, would you feel that you were doing wrong to do so?”

“Not a whit, Mr. Brantford. But there has something occurred. I have a secret which I want you to know.”

“You will probably violate no obligation in revealing it?”

“No, I am under obligation rather, to out with it. And, sir, I will make you, Son as you are, own the secret of your Order.”

“It may be.”

The tea was smoking in the cups, but so earnestly had the conversation been carried on, that neither had yet commenced eating. Mrs. Weston wiped her glasses, and in a more serious tone began :

“I need not tell you, Mr. Brantford, about the history of the past. You know the Colonel — you know it all. He is my only child. A mother may be partial, I know ; but I may say that, aside from the fearful habit which has so grown upon him, he is all that a mother could wish. He is the only one left me to love — the idol of my old age. You are aware of his habits ; but you know nothing of the sorrow they have wrought for me. I cannot tell it, and God only knows it. I have loved the boy with all the bound

less depth of a mother's love, and have leaned upon him as my feeble steps have neared the grave. I have prayed, and plead, and wept, and suffered on, until it seemed that my poor heart could bear no more. Oh, it is cruel to receive harsh language from a child so loved. See here?" and she bared her withered arm, "here is a secret which you will not reveal. Three weeks ago, while intoxicated, he struck me, and the blow entered my very soul. It is hard, Mr. Brantford, to have a blow from such a hand — hard." She leaned back in her chair, and wiped the tears from under her glasses. "You remember," she continued, how he was brought home two Sabbaths ago, and his severe sickness. Night before last, two strangers came and inquired for him. My heart fluttered, and I know I was short with them; but really, I feared they were some of his drinking companions, and I dreaded the worst. They were courteous, however, and I showed them into his room. I grew more suspicious as they closed the door behind them and entered into conversation. You will forgive me, Mr. Brantford, but I could *not* help watching them through the key-hole. I was determined that, if they were his tavern companions, he should not leave the house with them. My son was sitting on the bed with tears in his eyes, and one of the strangers each side of him. I saw them shake hands, and then the strangers went out. To all my anxious inquiries, I could get no answer. Last night the same individuals came again, and my son commenced putting on his things to leave with

them. With a sad but strong heart, I placed my hand upon his arm, and looked beseechingly in his eye. 'I must go, Mother,' (he answered me kindly,) 'it is business of importance; but I will be home early.' They passed out, and I turned away to pray. I wrestled with God, and my prayers were answered. About ten o'clock I heard footsteps on the walk, and my heart grew still with dread. Thank the good God, Mr. Brantford, they were steady. The door was thrown open, and my son stood upon the threshold. It seemed as though I should sink as I watched him; but my heart bounded with new hope — he was not *drunk*! No, Mr. Brantford, he wasn't *drunk*! Coming towards me, he put his arms around my neck as he used to when a child, and I felt the warm tears as he kissed me again and again. I was so happy, Mr. Brantford!" and again she wept in silence. "At last he said, 'Mother, my own deeply injured mother, can you ever forgive me? Look on me now. I am sober. Yes, Mother, I am free. *Hear that!* free, and a man once more. I'll love you now as I once did, and you shall love me again. Will you not, my Mother? We will forget the dark past. You shall dry your tears and be happy again. No more sorrow here — no more unkindness. God forgive me, Mother! but I will not strike you again. I will be all that a son should be to so good a parent — my only one. Look up! Mother, I am a Son of Temperance! Don't that make your old heart glad?' I knelt down, and it seemed to me that my heart never so went out in

prayer to God for so much good. My son still clung to my hand, and when I arose, I noticed that the two strangers had entered, and were kneeling, also. My son is saved; and O! I am *so* happy. Now, Mr. Brantford, I have found out the secret of your Order. It is to meet the returning prodigal, and to restore him to those who mourn for him as one lost, and make old hearts and homes happy. Isn't that it?" Brantford raised his head from his hand, and with a wet cheek, replied with a monosyllable.

"And may the widow's God prosper the Order in all lands," fervently ejaculated Mrs. Weston.

While Colonel Weston was engaged in the liquor business, one of his peddlers had sold liquor to a tavern-keeper in a village upon the canal. After much solicitation from the assignees, he consented to go and collect the bill.

Weston reached the village on Friday night, and put out his horse at the tavern where the liquor had been sold. A company, of questionable character, was assembled for a dance. Somewhat at a loss for something to amuse himself about, Weston thought he would dance one figure, and then retire to his bed. He danced again and again, liquor in the meantime flowing freely above and below. After refusing to drink several times, he was taunted by one of the managers with a disposition to "sneak," and not stand his part. This was touching Weston in a tender point—and besides, the smell and presence of the liquor—the gurgling sound, the jingle of glasses, and the

drumming of the toddy-stick, had aroused the not-yet weakened enemy in his bosom. Excited and wavering, he thought he would drink slightly and get out of the scrape.

An hour later, and Weston was mad with rum. He alternately drank and danced until morning. The bar-room was crowded, and the revel continued there. While the company were drinking around, as they called it, a notorious young sot came in from the village, and took a part. He had already squandered a fortune of forty-thousand dollars, left him by his father. This young man, whom we will call Hoover, finally gave Weston a challenge. He said he could drink any man drunk from Oakvale. Weston was in just the mood to accept the wager, and did so. The bar was left wholly to the contestants, and Monongahela whisky produced for the trial. With that disposition to be honorable and fair, characteristic of the man, Colonel Weston every time poured out the two glasses, and gave Hoover his choice. They kept up the strife until they had drank nearly a quart each. Twice in that time, Hoover, as usual with him on such sprees, had stolen out, and there threw his liquor from the stomach, while Weston would have scorned such an act.

Two more glasses stood ready on the counter, and Hoover was asked to take his choice. He turned his liquor off with a steady hand. Weston took his in a trembling grasp, and, drinking but a portion of it, set the glass heavily down and turned away. But

no hand was reached in to guide him out from that band of jeering devils. He was sneered and hissed at for yielding. His pride was touched, and he turned, grasped the glass with both hands, turned the contents all off, and with a sickly smile upon his countenance, fell heavily forward upon the bar-room floor, *dead!* He was carried out and rolled for the purpose of getting the liquor out of his stomach. While undergoing this process, Hoover stole his money from his pocket!

Weston was carried into an upper room, and without a friend to watch or a mother to weep, left while the revel went on below. There lay the corpse, the eyes glaring, the arms flung out, and the liquor welling up and out of the distorted mouth,—there, on Sabbath morning, and in the bar-room below were forty-two drunken revelers! The tavern was under the usual regulations as per law!

The news of Weston's death was broken tenderly to his mother.

"My son dead! How did he die, Mr. Holley; tell me, how did he die?"

"He died in a fit, I believe."

"God Almighty be thanked for that," she sobbed, as she locked her hands together and turned her streaming eyes upward. "Yes, I thank God for that. Though my all is taken away, yet he did not die a *drunkard!*"

Mr. Holley and the friends believed it would be kindness to keep the truth from Mrs. Weston. Brant-

ford did not give them in his paper. But the widow learned the particulars at last, and the wound of his death bled deeper than at first.

“God forgive me, but I curse them. They killed my son, and I curse them. Why did that man give him drink? Had he come at night and shot my boy at my hearth, I could have knelt down and blessed him. But he killed him — he killed him! O God! this is bitter indeed, and hard to bear. Now give me the rest of the grave, for all is dark to me.”

The stricken woman swayed and sobbed in the old arm chair, and found the heart yet full of its scalding flood, every drop more bitter than ever before.

— Mrs. Weston still lingers at the homestead, her gray hairs going down in sorrow to the grave. The *property* value of a quart of Monongahela whisky was saved by the rum-dealer, a defenceless, unoffending old woman robbed of her only son, and society of a talented and noble-minded citizen! It would have been tyrannical and unconstitutional to have destroyed that quart of liquor; but it was all right and legal and constitutional to destroy a man like Colonel Weston, and wring his mother's heart with worse than savage torture!

CHAPTER XXXII.

A GROUPING OF SCENES.

AMONG those who regretted Walter Brayton's reform was Skillott; for new fuel had been added to the hatred of the latter. Walter had called upon him and made inquiries in relation to the Will, and about the money which the Judge pretended that the elder Brayton had borrowed. The inquiry was unwelcome, and the searching tone in which it was made was suggestive to the suspicions of the uneasy dignitary; and he answered tartly, and intimated that he did not wish to hear any more about the matter from one who was ungrateful and ready to be put up to abuse him when he had done so much for him. This language aroused Brayton, for he had learned of Skillott's treachery in the canvass at the time he was up for Congress, and he charged the Judge with being the author of the slanders, and the cause of his defeat. Hot words ensued, and Brayton openly charged him with defrauding his father, if not guilty of a still worse crime against the old man. The quarrel was a bitter one, the manner and language of Skillott going far to convince Walter that there were good grounds for his suspicions. Late on the evening after

the meeting of Brayton and Skillott, the latter was closeted with Hermon at the Home, in low and earnest conversation. The unscrupulous Judge was not yet safe from those whom he had wronged. Guilt must be shielded with guilt.

On the evening in question, a drover had put up at the Home, the other hotels being full during the County Fair. The man had passed down to New-York a few weeks before, with a very large drove of cattle, and was now on his return. In the course of the evening he drank freely, and insisted on treating frequently the numerous company around him. As he became intoxicated he was communicative, and disposed to boast of his means, and display the large amounts of money he had with him. Lane, who was now in partnership with Hermon, was one of the most forward in urging the old man to drink. Towards midnight the drover was carried to the back chamber and put in bed. Soon after, the lights in the Home were all extinguished, and the house closed for the night.

On this day Minnie Hermon had found new ingredients mingled in her bitter cup. From some cause or other, Hermon had been induced to be the bearer of a base proposition to his own daughter, from Skillott. Minnie looked into the drunkard's face with astonishment too deep for utterance. She could hardly believe that she heard aright as she stood with her lips apart and colorless as marble. As the full import of her father's words slowly came to her un-

derstanding, the blood came quick and hot to her cheek, and her languid eye kindled with fire.

"And this language from my father!" she passionately exclaimed. "Great God! has it come to this! John Hermon, are you so imbruted with rum as to breathe such baseness to an only child? Is it true? Or is it a horrible dream? Tell me it is false, Father. I can die for you, for I promised my mother to cling to you; but this is horrible. Unsay the cruel words or you will kill me."

Hermon answered with a brutal laugh, telling her that she might as well be the mistress of a judge as of a long-coated hypocrite.

"John Hermon," she gasped, with vehemence. "were I man and you less than a father, I would resent such language as this. God knows I am not deserving of such treatment from you."

"Why, Min., the Judge loves you."

"It's a *lie*, father! He has already insulted me in our own house."

"Come, now, don't be (hic) silly; the fact is, we are under some obligations — ahem — to the Judge."

"No obligations on earth should induce a father to harbor one moment such thoughts as you have uttered to me."

"I — I — (hic) I don't like to offend him, you know, and—"

"*Craven!* and you would listen to him rather than to offend him, and then stoop to retail his baseness. John Hermon would not have so stooped once!"

"Take care, Miss; you don't know it all. You may be sorry if you treat (hic) the Judge disrespectfully. I—the fact is—I owe him."

"And you would sell *me* to a human monster! Father, I have borne with disgrace, and the desertion of friends—with violence at your hands. I can bear still, but never a word more of what you have now whispered—and, do you hear?—I *will* not. I will die, and be at rest with my sainted mother."

"There 'tis—sainted mother, again. I've told you enough, you hussy, to stop such d——d nonsense. Take that for your impudence; I am not so drunk as not to rule in my own house," and he glared upon the girl as she reeled under his heavy blow. "And see here, Miss, none of your sauce to Skillott," he concluded, as he turned away.

How the blow burned on the wasted cheek! Others had preceded it, hurting the swollen heart more than the flesh. In her room, Minnie wept herself into calm despair, and prayed for death. "Oh, my mother," she exclaimed, "why did you bind me to a fate like this?"

Minnie could think of no one to whom she could tell her troubles, or look for protection, and she feared the time might come when she would need the strong arm of a friend. She thought of one who was now a stranger, but her true woman's heart rejoiced at the news of his reformation. Halton was her friend—she would call on him, for if the worst came, she must have some place to flee. Even as she that night

passed up the stairs, Lane had placed himself before her room door with an insulting leer. Where was the Hermit all this time, she wondered, as she threw on her hood, determined to visit Halton's even at that late hour — a presentiment of coming ill preventing her from seeking slumber.

As she stood at the head of the stairs, listening to learn if there were any persons up in the house, she was startled by the careful opening of the bar-room door, and the stealthy steps of two individuals upon the bottom steps. Fearing that she could not reach her own room in time, she stepped through the doorway into the back chamber, not knowing that there was any one within. Her fears were increased as those whom she had heard followed her through the doorway into the room. There was a dark closet made of rough boards, between the wall and the chimney, with a narrow door hung upon leathers. Minnie entered this, awaiting the departure of the intruders, or an opportunity of stealing out unheard. She could plainly hear the whispering of two persons, and immediately she noticed a beam of light in the closet. As it entered through a knot hole in the rude partition just below the latch, she could, by stooping, observe all that occurred in the room. She was surprised to see some one on the bed asleep, and before it her father and Lane, a candle, pail, and a blanket which they proceeded to hang before the window, after Lane had carefully turned the key in the door. The latter act precluded all possibility of her present

escape from her unpleasant position. The two held a brief consultation in low whispers, but they were so near her place of concealment that she heard all that was said.

“You are sure he wont wake?” asked Hermon.

“Sure, I tell you,” replied Lane, “for the dose was a big one.”

Minnie shuddered as the words assumed a significant meaning, but more as she saw them pull off their coats and roll their shirt sleeves above the elbows, Lane having a large, broad-bladed knife in his hand. The candle slightly trembled in her father’s hand, and even Lane’s face, desperado as he was, was paler than she had ever seen it before. She dreaded some fearful scene, and yet certainly *her* father — ah! she had it; the man was sick and must be bled. But then again, such a blade, and not either her father or Lane were doctors. She now for the first time noticed that the pail contained water, and that, setting towards the door, was a large tub.

The two whispered again, looked towards the bed, then at each other, when Lane made a gesture of readiness with his knife. Minnie’s heart ceased to beat, as she saw her father carefully lift the sleeping man’s shoulders and draw him over the edge of the bed, and then, after untying his cravat and unbuttoning his shirt collar, bend the head back over the tub, which had been placed under him. He then turned his own head away, and stood as far off as he could. She saw a movement by Lane, a glance of steel, and

heard, as her head swam in darkness, a gurgling, choking sound from the bed. With one wild, piercing shriek, she sank upon the floor, insensible.

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The next morning it was rumored that the drover had been murdered in the streets. A score of different stories were flying about, but all fixing upon Walter Brayton as the murderer. As the latter came from his boarding place to his office, he was astonished to find it surrounded by a crowd of nearly one thousand people, all in a high state of excitement, and attracted by some object in the office. So eager were all to catch a view of the point of interest, that he had not been noticed as he had wedged through the crowd, and now stood at his office door. Skillott first saw him.

"There he comes," shouted Jud Lane, as he, too, caught sight of Walter; "let's hang him."

"*Hang him!*" was caught up by the crowd and went fiercely round, while the mass swayed as if one common pulse throbbed throughout. Angry brows were bent darkly upon the bewildered man, and ominous words were whispered by more than one sober citizen. His very appearance was looked upon as a bold piece of acting to give the impression of innocence.

"What -- what does this mean?" finally asked Brayton, looking about him with astonishment.

"It means that you are a black-hearted villain and a murderer; *that's* what it means," said Jud Lane,

thrusting his clenched fist into Brayton's face. With a quick, strong sweep of his powerful arm, the latter struck the landlord to the ground.

"Hang him up! Away with him! Hang him up!" was literally howled forth, as the act was witnessed.

"For what? Why this crowd? And why such language to me?" demanded Brayton, as the lion in him began to stir, and he raised himself to his full height.

"You'll find out soon enough," was the reply from several quarters.

At this juncture, Judge Skillott took off his hat, the crowd becoming orderly as they noticed his wish to speak.

"Fellow-citizens, one whom we well know, Mr. Brayton, is charged with a revolting crime. Last night Mr. Nye, the drover, was murdered by some one. The body, with the throat cut from ear to ear, has been found hidden in Mr. Brayton's office, together with the watch and pocket-book of the deceased. Suspicion has fallen strongly upon Mr. Brayton as the one who perpetrated the crime. It is to be hoped by all his friends that he will be able to clear himself of the charge. In the mean time, as friends of good order and law, I feel constrained to urge you all to go into no violent measures, assuring you that the majesty of the law will be vindicated, and the guilty brought to punishment. One unlawful act does not justify another."

Walter, with that keenness of intellect character-

istic of himself, at once comprehended the fiend-like cunning of the plot to ruin him, and his lip quivered as the officers came forward and placed the fetters upon his hands, and he passed through the frowning crowd to the jail.

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The time of Doctor Howard's trial at last came round, and found him as unprepared as at first. He had left no effort unmade for the discovery of the whereabouts of the Hermit; but no clue had been found as the result of his inquiries.

Unfortunately for his case, a fresh outrage had been perpetrated in the burial ground of Oakvale, and the popular mind was at once inflamed by an excitement more intense than at first. The grave of Colonel Weston had been robbed on the night following his burial, and under most aggravated circumstances — the coffin being left on the ground and the grave open. A wagon was tracked from the entering gate to Howard's office; but no trace of the body could be found about the premises. So infuriated were the people at this bold perpetration of body robbery, that they tore Howard's office to the ground, and had commenced on his house, when Judge Skillott interfered with a posse of police and put a stop to the riot. Howard felt that this affair sealed his doom, and awaited the day of trial with the calmness of despair.

The trial was brief, for Howard had no testimony to offer against that brought forward by the prosecution, and the case went to the jury after a few remarks

by the gentlemanly prosecuting attorney; Howard doggedly preserving sullen silence through the whole trial. The jury, after retiring a short half-hour, returned with a verdict of *guilty*. Howard's face was bloodless, and but for a shriek which broke the oppressive silence in the court-room, not a breath was heard as the verdict was pronounced by the foreman. Howard recognized the voice, which rang like a despairing wail in the hushed room, and the blood rushed like a flame upon his cheek and brow, he biting his lip through with a convulsive start. 'Twas then that he stood up and asked permission to say a few words. The Judge was sure of him, now that the verdict was declared, and very blandly granted the request. Howard remarked in substance:

“Friends — *no* — I will not say that after the treatment I have received in this community — I am aware that my fate is fixed, and I am to be branded as a felon, and incarcerated in prison among felons. But for one whose heart has well-nigh given way under the blow, I should not have opened my mouth on this occasion. Before God and you, my fellow-citizens and neighbors, I am as innocent of this crime which is charged upon me as the most innocent among you. I find myself bound and powerless in the toils of as base a plot as ever ruined an innocent man. My name has been covered with infamy, my wife treated with neglect and scorn, and my property laid waste by an infuriated mob. And, as if to make the blow still more crushing, another crime, still more aggra-

vated than the first, has been charged against me, and traced to my door.

“ I did not rob Gerald Brayton’s grave. I have satisfactory evidence that he was poisoned in one of the taverns of this village. He was hurried to the grave on purpose to conceal the fact of his being poisoned, but becoming alarmed, the *murderers* [fixing his eye boldly upon the Judge] dug up the body. They were *caught in the act*, and frightened from their prey. Myself and another individual saw it all; and after they fled from the body, it was taken to my premises, (where it was found by your committee,) and the stomach taken out and the contents subjected to a chemical analysis. Your committee failed in finding the stomach; and not until the real perpetrators of this double crime are before you on trial, will the proof it furnishes of a violent death be brought to light. There was one who knows more of this matter than I do, and to whom I have looked for a solution of all this difficulty. His absence is unaccountable to me.

“But I will not detain you. I see by your countenances that my words find no lodgment in your minds. So be it. I go to prison; but surely, a just God, who knows my innocence, will yet bring the guilty to punishment. Those who stole the body of Gerald Brayton are now in this court-room, but not under sentence. The main actor, and I believe, one who first poisoned and then planned the robbery of the body, is *now on the bench*, and is to sentence one who is innocent, for the crime *he* committed!”

There was intense excitement in the audience as Howard uttered these words, with his eye turned full and steadily upon Judge Skillott. Save a slight pallor around the mouth, the countenance of that personage wore a pitying sneer, plainly saying he forgave the prisoner this malignant attempt to avert odium from himself by making a charge against the bench.

The audience hushed as Skillott slowly arose to sentence the prisoner. The remarks of the Judge were cunningly made up of pity and forgiveness for one who blamed so unjustly. It had been a sad and unpleasant duty to try one of his own friends and neighbors, and it only remained for him to meet the most painful duty of all, in sentencing the prisoner to the state prison for the term of five years and six months.

Mrs. Howard was taken from the court-room to her desolate home, moaning and weeping with delirium, calling plaintively upon her husband's name, and imploring help to save him. There was a quick, impulsive reaction in many a mind, as people looked upon her situation, and in their sympathies for her they forgot the harsh words they had spoken of the Doctor.

As Mrs. Howard could not visit the jail, Howard was taken to his dwelling to see her. It was a scene which, were we able, we could wish to describe. The moaning maniac appeared to recognize the voice, and welcomed him with smiles and tears. She would listen as Howard stooped where she knelt, and between each lingering kiss upon her hot brow whispered "poor Mary."

Aye, poor Mary! The husband and wife were gently parted; and he, with a look of agony such as can never be described, stood upon the threshold and looked upon the silent room, wept his choking "God bless you!" upon the sunny locks of his child, and reeled away. There were no rude sounds as the prisoner passed through the streets to the prison, that institution having just been completed in Oakvale. Howard turned at the corner and looked towards his home again.

— The heavy mass of iron crashed back to its place, falling coldly into the heart, and the prisoner was entombed. Then only was it that people remembered the goodness of the ever-frank and manly physician. And as fresh outrages occurred in the burial ground, more than one who had followed Howard so bitterly began to question whether a great wrong had not been done to an innocent man.

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As the talk about the trial and conviction of Howard died away, the approaching trial of Walter Brayton assumed its place in the public mind.

Calm, pale, and with a manly port worthy of Walter in his best days, he sat in the prisoner's box. His flesh had wasted, and his color had faded during his confinement, but his eye was full, and boldly searched the countenances of those around him. The room was densely crowded, for the Attorney-General had been engaged for the prosecution; and as it became known that Walter would defend himself in person,

the people counted on a trial of great interest. To the usual question, he firmly answered "Not guilty," and looked every one of the jurors steadily in the eye as they came before him.

The trial proceeded. The proof was all circumstantial, yet bearing hard against the prisoner. Jud Lane swore directly to having seen Brayton with Nye late in the evening of the murder, in the vicinity of Brayton's office. Brayton subjected the fellow to a searching cross-examination; but his story was brief and doggedly repeated every time. It was shown in proof that the body of the drover was found concealed in the prisoner's office, with the throat cut, and a wallet known to be the drover's in his (Brayton's) overcoat pocket. There were marks of a scuffle, and of blood upon the floor. Another witness testified that he had heard the deceased asking legal advice of the prisoner, about certain difficulties with a farmer of whom he had purchased cattle. The pocket-book of the deceased too, was found in the office.

Brayton offered but one witness—Halton—who testified that the prisoner was with him from before dark until two o'clock in the morning, engaged on business of the Division, and when that was finished, he retired to bed as usual, the prisoner boarding at his house.

The arguments were brief, though unusually eloquent and able. Walter's defence was worthy of his fame as an advocate and an orator. He commented upon the evidence, accounting for the circumstances

upon no other ground than as a worse than devilish conspiracy to blacken the name and take the life of an innocent man.

“As God is my judge, gentlemen, I am as ignorant as yourselves of the manner in which the body of the deceased came in my office. It is true I was retained by Mr. Nye as counsel in a suit, but farther than that, I never passed a word with him. I was not in his company on the night of his death, nor in the neighborhood of my office. It does not look reasonable that I should commit so horrible a crime in my own office, and leave the records to be found against me.

“But I will not detain you, gentlemen, though life is sweet, and an innocent man might be indulged in addressing those in whose hands his fate is placed. I have been guilty of much; but there is no stain of blood upon this hand. It would be sweet to live and redeem the errors of the past, but there are few to regret me. I have no kindred on earth, and should you condemn me, gentlemen, I can meet God with a conscience clear of this crime charged against me. Whatever your verdict may be, I know not; but if against me, I shall meet my fate with a lighter heart than will those who have conspired to rob me of the only boon left me of a bitter wreck. In behalf of such as may believe me unjustly charged, I again, before this immense audience and my God, most solemnly affirm my innocence of the crime for which I am on trial. An ignominious death may be mine, for it were vain

to deny that the evidence is strongly against me ; but the right will ultimately triumph, and the dread stigma be removed from the name of Walter Brayton."

The next morning, after the cause went to the jury, the prisoner was brought into court and the verdict declared. It is ever painful to await the voice of a foreman when the life of a fellow-being hangs upon his words. The stillness which falls upon the multitude is painful.

"*Guilty*, but recommended to mercy," was the slow answer of the foreman. There was a low rush of voices, and again the stillness. To the usual interrogatory, Brayton replied that he had nothing to say. When called upon by the Judge, he stood up almost proudly, and listened to the sentence. Skillott affected great feeling in pronouncing the sentence, but shunned the calm and piercing eye of the prisoner. Walter was sentenced to be hung by the neck until he was dead.

The bearing of the prisoner had been so noble — so modest, yet bold and manly — that many who believed him guilty, could not but admire the man, and pity his fate. The people dispersed and went thoughtfully to their homes.

Not until in his cell and alone, did Walter begin to realize the result of his trial. 'Twas there that the bright dreams he had woven since his reform came back to mock him. He did not give way to grief, but his spirit chafed against his prison bars, and strove to grapple with the unseen hand which had wrought

such wrong. He was bound in the dark, and now lay helpless, sentenced to an ignominious death, and without friends to save him from the fate. Gaston, the jailer, was kind, and Halton and his companions deserted him not; but those with whom he had associated in party conflicts left him alone. Elder Snyder called upon him once, and coldly talked to him as to a guilty murderer, and urged him to confess his crime as the only atonement he could make. Walter indignantly repelled his advice, and gave him to understand that he should not damn his soul with a lie. The elder drew a long sigh, and then turned haughtily away.

About this time an itinerating Methodist revivalist came to Oakvale and commenced a series of meetings, which rapidly kindled a high state of religious feeling throughout the community. Crowds flocked to hear the new comer — the rich and the abandoned weeping over the deep and melting pathos of his appeals. His style was not the denunciatory, save when assailing wrong; but to men, he plead as a brother would plead. He visited the sick and comforted the afflicted, wept with those who wept, was mild and winning to the young, and for the erring he ever had a kind and forgiving word. His manner was humble and subdued, though at times he would rouse like a storm, his eyes flashing like the lightning under his cloudy brow. His appearance and manner were patriarchal; his white locks and beard flowing uncut, his neat but plain apparel, his eye of mingled sadness

and smiles, his voice of singular sweetness and power, and his easy gestures, combined to render the man irresistible as a preacher. His sermons were not all made up of the terrible imagery of infernal torment; but of love and hope, and eternal bliss in a better land — of a Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, and over the grave of Lazarus — of his meekness and deeds of mercy to the poor, the needy and the afflicted, — of his struggles in the garden — of his bloody death and prayer of forgiveness for his enemies — all these features in the Redeemer's character, were presented in a spirit which found a lodgment in the stoniest heart. His prayers burned with the same inspired eloquence, and as he bowed his venerable form to the floor, and lifted it again, with his cheeks wet with tears, it seemed as if his great heart throbbed under the very throne of his Master in Heaven. None knew the man, or whence he came.

The revivalist had not been in Oakvale a day before he learned the history of the last few years, and it was whispered that he had been seen wandering in the old church-yard on the clear moonlight evenings. On the night of his arrival he visited the jail where Brayton was confined, and was promptly admitted to see the prisoner.

The sun had set, but the crimson glow in the west was reflected in the cell where Walter sat, watching through the high-grated window the receding daylight. The prisoner turned as the door creaked on its hinges, and the revivalist stood before him.

"Have I the happiness of seeing Walter Brayton?" he asked, in a tone of great sweetness.

"Who is it that is happy to see that individual in a dungeon and in chains, may I ask?" said Walter, with bitterness.

"A friend. Glad to see *him*, but not to find him thus," replied the revivalist with sadness, as he advanced and took the prisoner's hand firmly in his own. There was a magnetism in the grasp and in the watery eye which met his own, and the prisoner felt that the stranger was a friend.

"I am a poor, humble Methodist preacher, just in the place, and hastened to visit those in prison. I hope I am not unwelcome?"

Walter did not resist the influence of the man's tone and manner, for he felt drawn towards him, and conversed with him as he never had conversed with but one before. Ere he was aware, he had fully and frankly rehearsed the history of the last few years—his attachment to Minnie Hermon and their rupture; his trial and the result.

"And you are innocent?"

"As the angels in Heaven, of the crime for which I am condemned."

"I believe you; and if I can do anything to unravel this dark plot, rest assured it shall be done. But of one thing let me assure you: you wrong Minnie Hermon. I have had occasion to know something of that woman, and a truer, nobler creature never honored

her sex. You will find plotting there, as well as in other matters."

A new light broke upon Walter's mind, and his spirit was lighter for a long time after the revivalist had left the prisoner.

An hour passed away, and the cell door again swung back upon its hinges, the lamp in the jailer's hand revealing a female figure deeply muffled. There was a hesitancy in her movements, but as Gaston put the lamp upon the rude table, she advanced to where the prisoner yet sat, and stood before him. He noticed that she trembled, her features yet carefully concealed from him. Slowly turning towards the door, as if to satisfy herself that the jailer had departed, she lifted the hood and vail from her head and face, and dropped on her knees before the prisoner.

"Minnie Hermon!"

"Walter Brayton!"

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"And you do not believe me guilty of this dark crime, Minnie, and forgive me that I have so deeply injured you?"

"I *know* you are not guilty. If you were, I could forgive you a thousand times!"

"But may I ask why that emphasis on the word 'know'?"

"Oh, God! how horrible! — and the *oath* — the *oath*!" and she shuddered, and covered her face.

"What do you mean — what oath? I cannot understand you."

"Do you believe," she asked, looking wildly around and not heeding his questions, "that we are bound to keep an oath when extorted by — by violence — by a knife at the ——"

"Mr. Lane wishes to ask Mr. Brayton one question," said the jailer, as he came to the cell door. Minnie sprang to her feet as if the voice had been an adder's hiss, and rushed to the door, beseeching Gaston in frantic whispers to let her go.

"That Lane *must* not see me here, or he is lost!" exclaimed she.

Lane made some trivial inquiry and immediately left. It was long before Walter found rest, so swiftly did new and strange thoughts rush across his mind.

—That *oath*! What could that mean?

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A STAR IN THE EAST — THE PLAGUE STAYED.

"Lost! forever lost!" sighed a man in tattered garments, and his face bloated with rum, as he pulled his broken hat over his eyes and turned sadly away, and passed down the steps of the Capitol.

"God forgive them! but there is no hope for the widow now!" ejaculated an emaciated woman in tattered garb, as with quivering lip she drew her threadbare blanket closely around her shoulders, and disappeared in the crowd. Her only child was in jail for drunkenness, while she had crept in to witness the scene below. The last hope had been crushed out from her heart, as she heard, clear and distinct in the stillness, "The bill is lost!"

"My children at home! We must starve and freeze before summer comes again," whispered a wife and mother in accents of despair, as she stood gazing from the gallery, her thin arms folded, and a heavy eye, watery with tears she could not keep back. A pale, delicate-looking girl, with sharp, pinched features, dress torn at the bottom, and her legs bare and red from the cold, stood clinging to the mother's dress and watching the scene with a vacant stare.

The crowd were pouring out of the chamber as the wretched looking creature aroused from her reverie, and dragged the child away by the hand. None knew how dark was the shadow which that hour gloomed in the pauper's heart, and hung over the hearth of her cellar home. How could she wrestle longer with the plague which had scourged her?

"And father must die a drunkard, Mary," said a boy of twelve years, he and his sister turning and going out arm in arm. The two were motherless; and since she had taken their hands in her cold palm and commended them to God, they had not known a kind word at home. They had heard that drunkenness was to be stopped that day, and had mingled with the throng and found a place in the Capitol. God pity the legislator who that day said "Yes," to the business which has robbed the innocents of their mother and plunged them into beggary.

"O that it had passed," came in an almost inaudible whisper, from a beautiful young female, her fair form buried in costly furs, and a ring of great brilliancy glancing upon her slender finger. Her cheek was fair, but there was a canker at the core, and there were stains from the heavy lid where bitter drops had stood. She was a child of wealth and fashion, and a bride; but she had found a dark stream gliding beneath the idol of her heart. The belle and heiress went forth with a heart as sad as the saddest, for she too had entered the Capitol to see the plague stayed,

"Would that my boy were dead, for I cannot save

him now!" said a wealthy and distinguished citizen, with tremulous voice and compressed lip, looking down upon those to whom he had looked for help, and nervously fingering his gold-headed cane. He spoke of an only son who had plunged deeply into dissipation, and but for his family connection, would have been sent to prison for forgery. The old man had wealth, but dared not look into the future, for he feared the worst to his reckless and drunken boy.

"Traitors — cursed traitors!" muttered a rumseller glaring upon those who had belied their profession as Christians, and their duties as parents and citizens. The man's heart had not been all calloused in a bad business. His better nature revolted at the traffic, and he had eagerly hoped that the whole system would have been swept from the land.

"Well, Mayor, this is glorious, ain't it? We're good for another year, G——d d——n 'em! Let's go over to Congress Hall and take something," exultingly exclaimed a dealer, as he slapped an old distiller familiarly on the shoulder, and then linking their arms together, they passed out and turned to the left.

"Well," said one of a knot of men standing back of the desks, "we are beaten here, but we will carry it up to the tribunal of the people. Many of these men who have been thus recreant to humanity and right, will come not again to the Capitol. Hereafter we will send up our petitions through the ballot box."

"Aye, aye, that we will," was the response from

stern men, as groups lingered about and discussed the great measure which had been watched with so much interest by the people of a great State.

As the news spread from the Capitol, there went sadness to thousands of hearts. Three hundred thousand men, women and children, had petitioned against the plague, but to see their appeal answered with deliberate insult. The popular storm had swept around the Capitol. The heart of the commonwealth had beat up against its pillars. Humanity, crushed and bleeding, had dragged her form to the porch, and plead with the eloquence of ten thousand bruised and bleeding sufferers, but to be pierced anew by legislative Iscariots, amid the jeers and laughter of the emissaries of an accursed traffic.

After all other measures had failed, a new one had been brought out by the hand of a good Providence. A star had arisen in the east. A sovereign State had flung out a new banner, and given a new battle cry to the retrograding hosts of the reform. At one stroke the traffic had been annihilated in that State. The news flashed through the Union, and everywhere kindled enthusiasm and hope. The heart of a Christian people throbbed responsive to the shout from Maine, and to the peal of one common war-cry, rallied in solid phalanx. "Pass this law," said a drunkard in Oakvale, "and I may be saved. Now I cannot come to mill or to church without getting drunk. Give us this law, and I can die a sober man, and, I hope, go to Heaven. Without it I am lost." And so thou-

sands of drunkards turned their eyes to the new light in the east, as to a brazen serpent which should heal them. Nothing else could. Even the eloquent Gault had been tempted and crushed for a time, while thousands of stars of lesser ray had set in impenetrable gloom, unnoticed. The measure had been tried in New-York, and had failed ; and the storm was already gathering in blackness, to burst again, and sweep down upon the Capitol.

Firm for God and the right, the people went to the ballot boxes throughout the land, and put up their petitions. The issue was there tried, and the right triumphed ! Men worked for their families, country and the right, instead of party, and voted for legislators whom they could petition for a prohibitory law without a blush. The recreancy of the former legislature had vibrated to every part of the State, and had been answered by a stern and unmistakable response.

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Dense masses were darkening the streets in the vicinity of the Capitol, and their heavy tread was music in the ears of the despairing. There was a moral sublimity in this gathering of the people as they came from their homes and business avocations to witness the result of their November strife. The white-haired sire mingled with the vigorous middle-aged, and the enthusiastic youth. Women and neatly-dressed children were wending their way up the hill. Banners were waving, the music swelled up from the bands, and a voice like the low murmur of many waters

came up from the masses. A long procession, made up of citizen soldiers in the great moral conflict, and deserters from all political parties, beat the ground to the music of the bands. One vast, throbbing mass—a living tide of American citizens and freemen, calmly but sternly, and with steady steps, filed around the corners, and swept in unbroken column through the streets, and emerged into State street and rolled up towards the capitol buildings, one common purpose throbbing to the music from end to end. At the Capitol the wave swept to the left, swaying onward and onward until the vast architectural pile was hedged with steady ranks, and the head of the column dashed against its kindred wave, and then rolled grandly up the Capitol steps.

The scene within the Capitol was one for a lifetime. There was grandeur there ; for the choice spirits of a great State had gathered to witness the deliberations of their servants, and to present their petitions in person. A vast and unbroken sea of heads appeared everywhere, and without came up the murmur of the voices of those who could find no entrance. Wealth and fashion had already secured a position, and thickly sprinkled throughout the mass were the sad-looking and the poorly clad—mothers, wives and children, who had again assembled to see whether they were to be shielded from their woes. The legislators looked thoughtfully upon the array, save now and then a red-faced, brawling demagogue, who tried his pot house

wit or coarse slang upon the people, who minded not his bloated and insolent features.

Permission had been granted several of the champions of the reform to occupy the floor of the chamber in advocacy of a prohibitory measure. John Gault, once a gutter drunkard, slowly lifted his slender form, and in low, but distinct and silvery tones, addressed the representatives of the people. What a trophy had been wrenched from the destroyer when that man was saved! With tones of wondrous magic and depth, his words rolled out and reached every heart in that immense audience. He kindled as he progressed, his words glowing and burning with the true eloquence of nature. Then was witnessed the power of one of nature's orators. He swayed the audience at will. They smiled, or wept, or frowned in stern indignation. His scenes passed before them like fearful realities, and many a cheek paled as he described the effects of intemperance upon the drunkard and his home. Shudders at times crept over the strongest frames, and eyes unused to weeping flooded at a touch of his pathos. He plead for the drunkards of the land with all the heart-fervor of one who had felt the scourge. Anon he poured down the most withering invective upon the traffic, towering and swaying as the storm howled and the lightning leaped from his quivering finger, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Such was John Gault, and as he closed with an appeal which has never been sur-

passed, each auditor feared to stir, so deep had been the spell of the master.

And there was Halton, too — the grey-headed, true and iron-hearted reformer. His warm and rugged eloquence, though less brilliant than that of his brother reformer, had that sledge-hammer earnestness and strength which told deeply for the right.

A senator then came forward and addressed the people. In that tall, noble-appearing man, we recognized our friend from the southern tier, introduced to the reader in the commencement of our history, Mr. Fenton. We awaited eagerly his words, for he was the champion of the prohibitionists in the Senate.

He was a strong man, and full of fire. His blows crushed like bolts, as with resistless logic and rare eloquence he hailed them upon the traffic. His full, dark eye kindled, while now and then he drew himself up to his full height, and with his thin lip curling with scorn, he swooped down upon the positions of the opposition.

“But we are told,” said he, “that this measure is not demanded by the people — that it will ruin the temperance cause by reaction. How long since rum-sellers, distillers, rum-treating demagogues and legislators of easy virtue, who were elected by the rum interest, have been the exclusive friends of temperance? From the earliest period of our reform, as I very well know, these classes have found fault with all the measures adopted for the extinction of intemperance, and bitterly opposed them. And yet they

now presume to dictate what course shall be pursued ! This measure is needed. The people demand it. It is in vain to hope to remove the evil by regulation. The present law is an admission of the right to legislate, and the power which brought this wrong into legal being, has a right to remove it. The history of the reform shows that it is in vain to roll back the evil while it has its fountain in the legislature. Drunkards are reformed and restored to their families but to be tempted and at last destroyed. We chain them down to the rock of appetite, and then let loose a swarm of vultures to pluck their vitals. You may as well expect to legalize the circulation of the plague and expect no one to die with it, as to legalize the rum-traffic and expect none to become drunkards. No moral barrier can save the inebriate, his family and home from the consequences of a wrong which is set in operation by law.

“But this is a moral question. So it is, and a legitimate question for legislation. It concerns the dearest interests of society — the happiness, good order, morality and prosperity of a great people. Moral questions of far inferior moment have been legislated upon, and none have complained. Many of the evils that are suppressed by strong penal enactments, in three-fourths of the cases, spring directly from the rum-traffic. The existing law is an answer to this objection. The traffic stands branded as an evil — one of such magnitude that laws have been enacted to guard society from its full influence.

“We hear much of liberty and natural rights. The worst outlaws in society would joy, sir, to hear the doctrines advanced on this floor. I am yet to learn that liberty is unbridled license, or natural rights a code for civilized and Christian people, as here proclaimed. Governments are formed by a surrender of certain natural rights, and the weak are protected in that compact as well as the strong. The strongest arm does not then rule, nor the pistol and knife remain the umpires between man and man. Rumsellers are not the only members of that compact, and they would not dare to have society plunged into chaos, and each member run his chance. Were this so, God knows that the wrongs of many a heart and home would have been most signally avenged. Dissolve society, and woe betide the rumsellers. A man may dig a pit, but not to entrap a neighbor. He may let an unruly ox run, if there are none to injure. He may build his mill-dam, slaughter-house or soap-factory, if they do not injure the public. He may keep powder, if lives are not endangered; or publish obscene books, if there are none to read them; or breed rattlesnakes and mad-dogs, if there are none to be bitten; he may do all this by natural right, but the moment he becomes a member of the social compact, his course would injure others; and one man's interests are never to be pushed to the destruction of those of his neighbors. If he goes into society, he is bound to regard the welfare and rights of the whole; if he will not, let him assume the posi-

tion of an outlaw, and depend upon the exercise of his natural rights for the protection of himself and property. Why, sir, this law is no new thing. It is as old as the creation of man. Its principles are laid in the sublime fabric of Divine government. They were graven upon the tables of stone—they shine forth in revelation—they throb in the great heart of our common humanity—they are recognized and built upon in every civilized government in the world. Hunt through the statutes of christendom to-day, and you will find the principles of the Maine Law in all its length and breadth, and height and depth. It is the great principle of the general welfare—the law of God, of love, justice and truth, everywhere brought out in Divine government. Private interest must always give way to the common good. The pit must be filled up or guarded; the unruly ox must be killed or pounded; his mill-dam must be drained; his slaughter-house and soap-factory pulled down, his powder and obscene books destroyed, his dogs and snakes muzzled or killed. In fine, sir, that is a most damnable, anti-republican principle which demands that the good of a whole community shall be sacrificed that individuals may have unbribed license in their selfishness, and prosper in wickedness. It is a principle which would scatter plague, and cover the earth with rotting dead, that doctors, sextons and undertakers might grow rich. It is a principle which has filled our homes with desolation, ruined the living, and damned the dead.

“But we are told that we cannot legislate men into morality — can coax, but not coerce. Ever since God’s will has been revealed to man, penal laws have existed. One would suppose, to hear the opposition declaim, that this earth had suddenly become a Paradise, and its inhabitants angels. They do not stop to tell us that all men are not susceptible of moral influences — that but for penal laws, men would yet steal their fellows, rob the traveler, plunder graves, burn and butcher. With all our safeguards, educated by intemperance and its kindred vices, crimes of every dye continue to blacken our criminal records. Every penal enactment is a coercive measure. The mind revolts from their repeal, or the regulation of these crimes—farming out for silver, the right to a few of plundering property and destroying life. We coerce every enemy of society. If caught violating any of its ordinances, he is punished. The provisions of this bill, Sir, are no more arbitrary than our present statutes. The rights of the citizen, the sanctity of his property, liberty, or dwelling, are not more jeopardized than now. If stolen goods are believed to be secreted in a dwelling, it is searched from cellar to garret, and no complaint made. The counterfeiters’ or gamblers’ den is searched, their tools destroyed, and they punished. The one but gambles for money with an equal chance; the dealer gambles for the money of his victim, with appetite to aid him in the play. The counterfeiter turns out a bogus dollar: the dealer counterfeits the image of God, and adulte-

rates immortal coin. Is a spurious half-dollar more dangerous to society than an imbruted and beggared citizen? And yet you imprison the one who corrupts your coin, and give the other the right to corrupt and blight every pure current in the hearts of your people. The dealer would resort to the coercion of legal process, were a five-dollar counterfeit bill to be put off upon him, and yet he claims the *natural liberty* of so marring the moral beauty of his own kind, and of blighting their manhood that a demon stands in the place of a kind and high-minded citizen! Who has ever complained of the exercise of law for the protection of the health of community? Are not many kinds of food interdicted, the diseased citizen forcibly seized and thrust into the pest-house, the vessel compelled to lie in quarantine, or its cargo destroyed and even the vessel itself sunk, if the public health demands the measure? Does not our government, in time of war, quarter troops in our dwellings, appropriate stores and teams, and compel the citizen to assist? Such measures are arbitrary; but when the public interest demands them, the patriot will not complain.

“Again. We are told that the law cannot be enforced without bloodshed and violence — the present law is sufficient. I believe, Sir, the American people are preëminently law-abiding. They are familiar with the democratic doctrine of the majority. Whenever public sentiment assumes power to force from reluctant legislators a law for the protection of the

people from a terrible evil, is it not believed that they will see that it is enforced? The law has been enforced. It is no longer an experiment. It has been tried, and its success has become a matter of history. Without violence or bloodshed, the people of a neighboring State crushed the evil at a blow! And were a thousand lives to be sacrificed in carrying into effect a law like this, their blood would be but the drop in the ocean, when compared with that which has for ages smoked upon Christian altars. The cry of murder comes on every wind; crime stalks upon the heels of crime at midday; from its Aceldemas red-handed butchery runs with its smoking blade to the commission of fresh atrocities, until our criminal records are crimson with hot gore, and the scaffold casts its shadow in every part of the land. Our dungeons swarm with murderers, and thence the slayer's feet are continually beating their way to the gibbet, until the details of murder and execution are as familiar to our people as the newspapers which come to their dwellings. And those who manufacture all these butchers are going to resist, to the knife, the enactment which shuts up these schools of crime! As to the present law, it is the merest humbug that ever outraged a Christian people. It is a stupendous farce, as also an infamous wrong. It is a compromise between good and evil — with iniquity — a yoking of saint and devil — a compound of heaven and hell — an infernal adulteration which lifts up and legalizes wrong, and pulls down the right — a draping of the three-

mouthed dog of the pit in the habiliments of a guardian angel, to stand and smile at the door-sills of the pits on earth. The principle would associate the arch-fiend with Deity on the throne of Heaven, and mingle the wails of the lost with the praises of the redeemed. It would unite the worlds of bliss and of woe, and place angels on a footing with devils. Sir, does God, in his government, recognize such a principle? Do his laws regulate theft, swearing, perjury, murder, &c.? Do his retributions slumber when so-called respectable men trample upon his laws? Do his penalties fall without modification upon the most abandoned, while sinners of "good moral" character enter in and dwell at his right hand? Does he strike hands with iniquity? Can those who have wealth, and power, and respectability, transgress his commandments, and go unpunished? Where, in any civilized government now existing on earth, is this principle made the basis of legislation, save in the legalization of the rum traffic? Supposing, Sir, that the legislature should legalize the crimes which are now punishable with imprisonment and death for the purpose of restraining them? That they should empower a selection of good moral men to perpetrate those crimes, so as to have the perpetration legal, moral, and respectable? That men should be selected to rob, to steal, to gamble, to counterfeit, to commit forgery, to burn buildings, to murder? The most common intelligence would revolt at the damning wickedness, and treat such legislators as madmen or knaves. The

popular breath would at once sweep them into lasting infamy. Yet the license system is a creature of legal enactment, and stands before the world this day as the *great fountain-head of nearly all the crimes which endanger the peace and blacken the character of society*. Men are selected to engage in this traffic, and the government sells the accursed 'indulgence.' If but a good moral character is endorsed by the excise commissioners, the seller becomes a state officer — a legal instrument — a servant of the people, empowered to nerve the villain's arm which carries the torch or lifts the knife, to burn or to destroy. He scatters firebrands and death throughout the land, blights hopes as bright as bliss, destroys happiness the holiest and purest, and sweeps on like an avenging storm, until all that is pure in childhood, noble in manhood, or venerable in old age, is withered and crushed to earth. Life, happiness, and hope; virtue, love and truth, are alike blasted by these men, selected by the State, and protected by its laws. And all this to restrain and regulate the traffic! The policy is wrong in motive, impolitic in principle, atrocious in its execution, and most cruel in its consequences. It is a principle so damnable in its conception and character, and so sweeping and remorseless in its destruction of human happiness and life, that it may well crimson the cheek of an American freeman with deepest shame. Regulation and restraint!

"Sir, in the days when indulgences were sold, when every kind of vice was licensed and *regulated*,

this abomination would not have been out of place, though more thoroughly infamous than any of its kindred iniquities. Mark these inconsistencies — the inefficiency of the law in securing the object designed, and its demoralizing influence upon public sentiment, and its *legal* waste of happiness and life — and blush that so foul a stain has a resting-place upon the statute books of our people. We go upon the principle of choosing a good man to engage in a devilish business. We give respectability to a business denounced by God ; a business which crushes the rights of humanity and destroys the sanctity of religion, its every footstep smoking with the hot blood of the hearts it has crushed. Our commissioners would appear as honorable, and far more humane, if they were to select men of good moral character to steal, burn, and kill, and do society far less injury.

“There *is* a regulation, in the matter of selling to drunkards. Indeed, the license law is professedly to restrain intemperance. Need I point you to the results? Whence come this vast army of drunkards, who throng every avenue of life, and with ceaseless tread move on to the grave? Where are the fountains which feed this stream of wrecked humanity? Where is the cause? Day and night, from year to year, the unbroken columns move on. The grave swallows forty thousand in twelve months. The sod has hardly closed upon a fearful sacrifice, before its cold arms are thrown up to embrace as many more. And so this host moves on. Recruits are ever enlist-

ing. The youth in the saloon takes the drunkard's place. And so back until the legions are wrapt in the sunlight of youth, the diorama of life is moving. And so it has moved for ages — that measured and gloomy tramp taking hold upon dishonored death. Rumsellers never wish men to die drunkards, and, under a wise law, never *sell* to drunkards. And so we 'regulate' whole armies of human beings into premature graves every year that rolls around. When — when, Sir, will intemperance be so regulated by our present system that our green land shall not become one vast burial-ground for drunkards?

“We are told that the sale is justifiable, because the license money goes into the treasury! This policy furnishes us with another strong reason why the whole system should be removed. It is one of the strongest arguments against legalizing the traffic. The principle involved is one of unadulterated wickedness. Government thus assumes the attitude of a speculator in the lives and happiness of its subjects. With one arm it thrusts its victims upon the begrimmed altars, and with the other grasps eagerly for the price of the sacrifice. Here it stands upon its pedestal of the heart-broken, the dying, and the dead, a remorseless Moloch enthroned, and smiling upon the enginery of death which, for gain, it has set in motion. There is something hideous, something revolting in the aspect. Like an unnatural parent, it destroys its own for a price. Those whom it should guard and protect are thrust beneath the ponderous wheels which roll in

ruin. Men, women, and children ; youth in the buoyancy of its hopes, and old age in its locks of gray, are alike offered up. Society thus immolates all its most cherished interests for pay, and secures to itself the glorious privilege of bearing ten-fold burdens, building poor-houses and prisons, and digging graves. It sells the lives of its own citizens. Christian men sit down deliberately and say to those who wish to sell rum, in so many words, ‘How many pieces of silver will you give us if we will betray these women and children into your hands?’ All this is cool and deliberately cruel. Life and all its bright hopes are thus bartered away, while an oath sits heavy on the soul. Do not your cheeks tinge with shame as you take in the length and breadth of this policy? Even in a pecuniary point of view it is ruinous. For every dollar thus received, hundreds are paid out. It is a fearful and perpetual drain upon the substance of the people. Evils are sown broadcast, and we reap a burdening harvest of woe, want, crime and death. All that we cherish in this world and hope for in the next, is put in the scale with dollars and cents. For five or ten dollars, a man is delegated to scatter a moral plague throughout the land, and fatten upon the substance of the people. Let our commissioners look at the silver they have received. It is the tribute of blood. It has been wrung from the crushed hearts of the ruined, and is clammy with drops of blood. It is hot with the scalding tears of widowhood and orphanage. As it falls into the public coffers, its dull

sound echoes the wail of the famished and defenseless. Ho! for the price of blood! Hoard it well; for an ever-living and watchful God has put its cost on record. Over against it, to be tested at the tribunal of the Judgment, stands the record of the unutterable evils of the rum-traffic. And as witnesses against it, will stand the myriads whom the policy destroyed on earth.

“You talk of property — this evil wars upon all property. It paralyzes industry, thus working deep and irreparable injury to individual and national prosperity. Its cost to the American people is hardly to be comprehended in all its extent. The direct cost is enough to arouse the patriot against it; indirectly, its corroding effects leave their blighting mildew wherever it exists. Our poor-expenses tower until the people groan under their weight. The hard earnings of the tax-payers of the country are annually assessed to meet the cost of the sale of rum. The family is beggared, and the people support them. The drunkard ruins his health, breaks a limb, or sustains some injury from his drinking habits, and becomes a public charge. A citizen wastes his substance in the dram-shop, and from one gradation of vice to another, at last becomes a criminal. If he counterfeits, commits forgery or burglary, the people try him and foot the bills. If, inflamed by the people’s rum, he thrusts the torch into the city at night, thousands are licked up by the flames; and if the incendiary is caught, he is imprisoned or hung, and the forbearing

people foot the bills. If, in a drunken broil, he takes the life of a fellow-being, the people try him, hang him, and foot the bill. Thus circles round the great maelstrom. From the bar-room to the alms-house, prison and scaffold, a great highway has been cast up, beaten hard by continually thronging thousands. Every day's history records a fresh crime. Our prisons are thronged. The executioner is busy hanging up the effects of the traffic. The blood-offering of one murder ceases not to smoke upon the gluttoned shrine, before another victim is prepared from the bar-room. The press teems with the sickening details. The great fountain-head of crime sweeps on with increasing volume, and red-handed murder stalks forth even at noonday, with the axe and the knife hot with gore. Lesser crimes swarm like locusts, all combining and swelling an amount of tax which is drawn from the life-blood of the people. The rum-traffic costs the American people more than three hundred millions of dollars. And this is the pecuniary aspect, merely. This annual drain would bind our land in one unbroken net-work of railroads, telegraphs and canals; dot every hill-side with school-houses and churches; erect charitable institutions wherever afflicted humanity groans under misfortune, and make the blessings of education as free as the air we breathe. Patriotism — that love of country, its institutions, and people, which beats warmly and truly in the heart — should awaken our strongest opposition to a cancer which eats so fatally upon the business interests of the land

we live in. We might enlarge upon this point, but it needs it not. Trace back the history of any community, and you will be astonished at the amount of its waste. Sift your tax-lists, and it will be found that the cost of the rum-traffic is one of the most grinding burdens borne by the American people. What a position for a nation of freemen! Sacrificing the property and health of its citizens for the pastime of supporting them as paupers! Our people are liberal to a few. They foster vice and a crime, that a few may reap a pecuniary harvest. They make paupers, and build alms-houses to keep them at the public expense. They manufacture criminals of every grade, and then furnish officers to catch them, try them, and punish them. They build prisons, and annually make large appropriations to sustain them — reservoirs where they sweep in the criminals they have made, branding their own offspring with infamy, and compelling them to toil for naught. They instigate murder, and are at the expense of building a scaffold to hang the guilty instruments of their creation. In fine, they educate an army of children for all that is wicked, and then punish them for putting their teaching into practice. Were we a rumseller, we should look with a smile of contempt upon such people. They would give us the privilege of coining money out of the destruction of man's temporal and eternal interests, and then kindly support all the paupers, and hang all the murderers we might make. Such a policy in an individual would be madness. And so it is madness in

a great people. It is a heathenish offering up of their own vitals to the rending talons of the monster which is enthroned in every dram-shop throughout the land. Sir, we honor that high-toned, unbending love of liberty and justice which characterized the conduct of our revolutionary fathers. They put every thing at stake, rather than bear the burdens of unjust taxation. War became to them one of the most imperious of human obligations, and the battle-field 'the sublimest theatre of patriotic achievement and heroic martyrdom.' They left their plows in the furrows, and their homes to the protection of Heaven, and grappled boldly with England's strength. That same spirit would to-day make every true patriot's heart beat high with indignation, and arouse a storm which would forever destroy one of the most grinding oppressions on earth. The spirit which hurled the tea into Boston harbor, would seize and destroy every barrel of rum designed for the injury of society.

"The gentlemen on the other side have spoken eloquently about the vast amount of property invested in the traffic. It is an unworthy argument. Were the wealth of the universe of God staked in the traffic, it should not weigh one moment. There are immortal interests staked in human hearts. Mind and happiness — virtue, purity and peace, are worth more than all the wealth of the material universe. The weal of men here and hereafter, cannot be put into the scale with dollars and cents. The crushed and ruined — the mother, wife or child, who has been

scourged and robbed, would turn with withering scorn from the cold and heartless computation of her wrongs, in money. The structures of earth pass away, but the property of the mind is indestructible, and lifts up proudly amid the 'wreck of matter,' and exists while God exists! There is something sad in wandering among the ruins of empires where nations lie entombed. More sad the scene of a mind in ruins.

"We weep from a heavy heart as we see the gloom of a rayless night gathering over the mind, and the structure which was moulded by the hand of God crumbling into ruins. The mind is property — property which is of more value than all the wealth of the material universe. And here is where we find one of the most startling effects of intemperance. Here is where the system wars upon a class of property which cannot be computed by dollars and cents. Here are ruins, thickly strewn up and down the land, over which the patriot, philanthropist and Christian can weep with keenest sorrow.

"Sir, had I a constellation of worlds like this, I would resign it all, if every star were a diamond of priceless worth, if the slight sacrifice would buy the loved and the lost from death and the grave.

"Sir, our wives and children demand this measure. Humanity pleads this day. You protect the dead in their graves, the trees in our parks, the animals in our yards, the deer in our forests, and the fish in our waters; and why not, by all that is brave, manly and good, protect our homes, our wives and children?

Tell me, Sir, why not? Look at the course of this evil which we ask you, in behalf of suffering humanity, to prohibit.

“It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those at the red man’s belt, snatched from the throbbing brow of innocence. The system is cruel, mercilessly cruel. It wars upon the defenceless—upon women and children. Its most desolating strife is at the fireside. We execrate it for its cowardice, as well as its injustice and cruelty. Those who are never seen abroad, and who never lifted a hand or a voice against the seller, are crushed down with remorseless coolness. If men alone were destroyed, without wringing the hearts that are linked with them, it would not seem so damnable. But why should a Christian government and a Christian people war upon the happiness of the defenseless inmates of the household? Why should woe and want be carried into our homes? Why should our mothers, and wives, and daughters be scourged until they weep drops of blood? Why should children be turned out with no inheritance but orphanage and disgrace? Why should the props and pride of old hearts be snatched away and broken? Why—in God’s name tell us! in this land of plenty, where our barns gush with fatness, where our fields groan under the harvests which roll like golden oceans to the kiss of the sunbeams, and where an ever-kind Providence has scattered his blessings on every hand, should women and children go hungry for bread? Why should our

sons be turned out to be drawn into the whirlpool of crime, and our daughters to forget all that's womanly, and sink in vice for their daily bread? Is this Christianlike? Is it like freemen? Why should our homes be transformed into hells, and the husband and father into a demon, to torture and kill? Why must those whom we love be torn with hunger and grief, that a few men may fatten by selling rum?

“I need not, Sir, speak to this body of the danger to the purity of our elective franchise from the rum-traffic — all know it. The traffic is a foul, corroding cancer upon this dear-bought boon — the legacy of revolutionary hardship and death. It was won at a fearful cost. It is an anchor which shall hold in the storm — a bulwark behind which a people can gather and hurl back destruction upon those recreant to freedom and to right. But it is prostituted to the basest purposes, and trampled in the dust. It is wrenched from its honorable and legitimate purpose, and upon a tide of rum and corruption, made to bear bad men into stations of emolument and trust. These facts are written in the history of every election day which has transpired since rum entered the field. There are those who will recognize a more than ‘fancy sketch’ in our rapid hints. And is there nothing saddening, nothing alarming, in this wide-spread corruption of demagogism? With rum yoked in unholy alliance, it stalks through the land, and stands in its huge and damning deformity at the pools. It leans over the

ballot-box with a leer of triumph. It comes forth from the drunkeries of the land, reeking with all that is foul, and shouts its triumphs in the very citadel of the popular will. Thus libertines, gamblers and drunkards, slime into our town, county, State and national legislatures, and have to do with all the interests of the society in which we live. This tide must be checked and rolled back. This accursing union must be broken into pieces. The lightning of a people's will must fall upon this demagogism, and crush it to earth, or our freedom will be but a name, the elective franchise but a badge of servitude, and the pillars of our free institutions will roll like dust before the storm.

"Yes, as God is our judge, were there no other reason, we should arouse for a conflict with the rum interest for the evil it has done and is doing to the purity, stability, character and permanency of our cherished political institutions. Here is enough to alarm. And yet a large class of the American people slumber without concern over this crater, which is charged with violence and anarchy. Were we to point to the most threatening dangers to the prosperity of these States and the perpetuity of their free institutions, we should single out that class of evils, of Protean phase, which breed in foul luxuriance in the rum-shops of our land.

"But I will not detain this body too long, though I believe this bill to be one of the most important

that ever claimed the attention of a deliberative body. The world is watching the course of these States upon this question. Interests as lasting as eternity, are involved. The homes of this great commonwealth this day contain anxious hearts, and prayers are going up that the right may triumph. By our love of virtue and good order, of domestic happiness and peace — home and its circle — our own green land, and God; by every sacred and hallowing tie which binds the good man to his hearth altars, kindred, country and Heaven, let us obey the people and our own consciences, and vote for this bill; and so shall the whole land be filled with joy and thanksgiving, the fire be again kindled on the desolate hearth, and hope, in the sorrowing heart; men shall get drunk no more; peace, happiness and hope shall smile again in the dark habitations; the waste places shall be made glad, and the wilderness blossom as the rose, our stricken wives and mothers weep, and their children at the hearth clap their tiny hands for joy!”

The throng slowly dispersed, but as the sun was setting in the unclouded west, the starry sheet above the Capitol rolled out more proudly than was wont, and upon the wings of lightning the news was flashed to the north, south, east and west, the “**MAINE LAW BILL HAS PASSED!**”

“Too late!” said our old widow friend of the previous winter, but the old drunkard was there, and sat

down upon the steps of the Capitol, and wept like a child. Throughout the State, the mother hugged her child to her bosom with a thrill of gladness, and from the home altars of a Christian people, glad hearts lifted their benisons to the God of the right.

—THE PLAGUE WAS STAYED!”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TWO RESCUES.

“PRAISE be to God for this day. It will live with the birth-day of our country, and be commemorated with bonfires and illuminations, and by the prayers and shouts of a happy people. But oh, if it had come long years ago, what anguish might have been spared. A world of sorrow and crime would never have been written. But thy will, O God, be done.”

We recognized our friend, the revivalist, in the gallery of the House, as the Speaker declared the result of the final ballot, bowing his white head reverently as he spoke, and for some minutes hiding his face in his hands. By his side stood a tall, attenuated personage in singular costume, his beard uncut, and his thin hair falling negligently upon his shoulders. His emaciated countenance was pale, but the dark, deep, sunken eye glowed with steady brilliancy. He had watched the debate and the vote with the keenest scrutiny, his lips now and then moving nervously as he half whispered his thoughts. His left arm hung nerveless by his side; and in his right hand he held a long staff.

“Yes, and it will be done. The wicked shall be

overtaken, and the wrongs of the innocent avenged. The destroying angel has been commissioned to go forth, and the hosts of hell shall be smitten in all the land. Woe! woe! for the day has come! In the might of the Lord men shall go forth, and the wicked shall be found in their secret hiding places, and the dark beverage of hell be given to the flames, or spilled upon the earth. There's joy in Heaven, peace on the earth, and good will to men, for the day of the Lord has come. The chain shall be struck from the captive and the prison-door be opened. Hallelujah to God, for to-day the monster is chained, and the plague is stayed." So vehemently spoke the companion of the revivalist, as he stood by the side of his more meek-appearing companion, bringing his heavy staff almost fiercely down upon the floor at every sentence.

"Yes, the plague is stayed. God has prospered the right this day. Now to our business, and then for Oakvale. Sure enough, the prison door shall be opened."

The two passed out of the chamber, followed by a crowd who had been attracted by the words and manner of the tallest speaker. They were seeking the Governor's mansion, to the great wonderment of those who had followed them into the street.

The reader will remember, in a previous chapter, the interview between Minnie Hermon and Walter Brayton, which was interrupted by Lane. The latter individual had dogged the footsteps of Minnie to the jail, and under pretence of doing a pressing errand

to the prisoner, gained admittance to the hall leading to the cells. He had stolen noiselessly to the door, and had caught the word "oath," as it fell from Minnie's lips.

Two hours from that time, her father put a note into her hand, purporting to be from a sick woman over the river, and urging her immediate attendance. Minnie knew the woman and her situation, and immediately threw on her cloak and started. A fine snow was falling fast, and the night was so dark that she could hardly distinguish the outlines of the mountains against the heavy sky. The woman she was going to see lived in the outskirts of the village, on an unfrequented by-road leading up into the mountain. As she turned from the main road she felt the grasp of a heavy hand upon her shoulder, and strong fingers at her throat. The assault had been so sudden that she had no opportunity of raising an alarm, and in a moment she was gagged and lifted upon a horse behind another person, and borne rapidly away. Her eyes were bandaged, but she knew that her course was up the mountain. She could hear another horse alongside, and therefore judged that there were two persons besides herself in the company. She heard the roaring of the falls, and notwithstanding her situation, she thought of the circumstance which made her acquainted with Brayton, and of all the events which had so rapidly followed that acquaintance. There had been more shadow than sunshine across the pathway.

After riding a long time, and until she was benumbed with cold, a halt was made. The party had descended the mountain, and were near the "chasm," a gorge of dark and lonely character, at the bottom of which a stream swept fiercely over rocks and falls. The horses were hitched, and Minnie heard the stepping of two persons, as they went back a short distance and commenced conversation in a suppressed tone of voice. Her attention was painfully excited, but she could not distinguish the subject of the conversation.

There seemed to be a difference of opinion between the two individuals in relation to some matter concerning her, and as the dispute waxed warmer, she caught its import; and as she recognized the voice of Jud Lane, a shuddering heart-sickness well-nigh robbed her of her senses. Knowing the man, as she did, the unbroken darkness around, and a wild, bleak mountain seldom trodden, between her and any human habitation, it is no wonder that her head swam and her heart grew sick with fear and despair.

"D——n it, Jud! I wouldn't do it, I tell you. They will miss her at the village, and hunt the whole country."

"How long is it since you became so tender-hearted? You say that dead cats never mew."

"Well, I know," and Minnie recognized the speaker as Burt Vanderwalt, a notorious desperado, "but the truth is, I can't say I like this women business; men, can get along with."

"But if your life depended upon one's gossiping tongue — what then?"

"Can't say; but devil hang me — if I want to choke one of 'em to save another man's neck, any how."

"Not if *that* would save you from state prison?" sneeringly asked Lane.

"Ho, ho! Jud Lane, think you can frighten a Vanderwalt, eh? A prison better than a deadfall in public, Jud Lane?"

"Pshaw! Burt, I didn't mean nothing, for you and I are *friends*."

"*Ought* to be, I guess, and without my tipping this confounded woman into the 'chasm.'"

"But what can we do, Burt?"

"You needn't say *we*, 'cause I have been with you in some ugly scrapes, or think that I'll take to killing women 'cause I love rum. If this was *my* job, I should say, take her to Syd's. He'll put her where all h—ll won't find her. Folks sent there never return again, *you know*,"

"That's a fact; but perhaps it's better to do that. I must be back, though, to-morrow; but I'll give you ten dollars to take her there and give Sid the wink."

"Wal, guess I'll do it! Blasted cold night, though. Shouldn't wonder if she'd freeze."

"So much the better, if she does."

"No, not for me. Min. Hermon never did me any harm, Lane, and I cussedly hate to have anything to do with the business — did in the first start."

"Well, well, no matter; you can stop at the Old Morgan Clearing and put up. You can build a fire in the cabin and stop awhile."

"Not for ten dollars, though, Jud Lane, on such a night as this."

"How much, then?"

"Why, if the thing is any *object* to you, you can make it twenty, I reckon."

"Make it twenty, then, seein' it's you, and now go ahead. Ride fast, and keep your eye out. Good night."

Lane goaded his horse into a gallop as he turned his head towards Oakvale, and Vanderwalt, leading the horse Minnie was on by the bridle, pushed on through the forest. She was chilled through and through with severe cold, but felt relieved at the absence of Lane.

An hour's brisk riding took them to the Morgan Clearing, a small opening on the mountain side, where a deserted cabin alone invited the chance wanderer or the hunter. Vanderwalt lifted Minnie from her horse in his brawny arms, and then folding his own bear-skin overcoat around her, proceeded to strike and kindle a fire. It was only after a good deal of effort and sundry abrupt expletives, that he succeeded in kindling a blaze. Minnie never saw a more cheerful blaze, though the rude tenement was both empty and cheerless, and the snow had sifted in through many a wide opening. As the first light shone directly upon the darkness, she looked keenly at her companion,

anxious to read his countenance, for the thought of her situation in the forest was startling. She had often seen him at her father's tavern; and on one occasion, she had done him an act of great kindness, though she did not suppose that one of his character would remember such acts with gratitude. As the snow was pushed away and the heat of the fire dried the ground, he urged her to sit nearer, and even offered to assist her, as he noticed that she could hardly move her benumbed limbs. For a long time she suffered the most excruciating pains from the effects of the heat, and as it left her fingers and feet, she could hardly keep from closing her eyes; but she dared not do it. Vanderwalt noticed her weariness, and was at a loss how to say something which was evidently on his mind.

"Not much chance for a lady like you to sleep here, I reckon, Miss Hermon," said he, with an embarrassed air, looking towards an old frame of poles, covered with dried hemlock boughs, "and — ahem — I 'spect we oughtn't to stay here till daybreak. Plaguy tough night, though, for a woman to be out. Darned if I don't wish I'd stayed ter hum."

Minnie had made no answer, though there was a tone of respect, of honesty in the man's voice, which gave her hope, and she ventured to ask him why she had thus been decoyed from home, and brought into the mountains in such a night.

"I'm sorry — swow I be, Miss Hermon, but I can't tell that. Jud — that other man, *knows more* than I

do 'bout that business," answered Burt, looking for the first time steadily into her face. "But if I'd a known what the job was, I wouldn't a come for him nor no other man — swow I wouldn't, Miss Hermon."

"Take me back, then, to Oakvale, and I will remember the kindness as long as I live. Take me back to-night!"

"No," thoughtfully answered Burt, watching with surprise the sudden action of Minnie, "can't do that; I have — have bargained to take you somewhere else, and it must be done," and the burly ruffian looked towards the doorway with evident fear, and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"But let me take the horse, and I will go forward and *escape* you," she plead with a meaning look.

"That will not do, either," he muttered, as he edged his way nearer the door, as if to prevent her from such a ruse. Minnie started and retreated a step behind the fire.

"Don't never fear me, Miss Hermon, if I have a hard name. You did me a favor once, and I never forget such things. I wouldn't harm a hair of your head, though hadn't it a been for me, I 'spect you wouldn't a been here now. But I darsn't go back. You shan't be harmed, Miss, while Burt Vanderwalt is a friend to you. This is an awful night, and I'll run the risk of staying till daybreak. Too bad, I swow, for any women kind to be out."

Pleading was of no avail, and after exhausting all her powers of persuasion, Minnie gave up the attempt

in despair, trusting in God to guard her. Burt stripped the bearskins from the saddles, and with his own coat made the old bed of boughs as comfortable as he could, and insisted that she should lie down close by the fire, and not "worry, for things might all come around right yet." Pulling a bottle from his side pocket, he offered it for her to take a drink from.

Minnie recoiled from the tender with ill-concealed disgust. Seeing that Burt felt hurt at such a reception of his well-meant offer, she explained, that it had cursed her and her's, being the fruitful cause of all her troubles. The people of Oakvale were happy until rum came among them. Even talk upon the temperance question passed away the dismal hours; and Minnie entered into the subject with an enthusiasm that bore her mind away from the circumstances that surrounded her. As she detailed the effects of rum in Oakvale, Burt listened respectfully, then with interest, and as his better nature came once more uppermost, he felt a warmth in his eyes, and fell to kicking the fire to hide his weakness, as he believed it to be. As she ceased speaking, after supposing him an unwilling or angry listener from the violence with which he kicked the fire, the notorious tippler sat for a long time in thought, with his bottle in his hand and its contents untasted.

"True as preachin', every cussed word the gal said," he muttered to himself, as he half-angrily put the cork into the bottle, and replaced it in his pocket. "Every word true — cuss'd if 'taint. If 'twan't for some

things — rum again, old Burt!” and he ground his teeth in thought. “If ’twan’t for some things, I’d jine the temp’rance concern, and quit drinking. Better done it years ago, Burt. I’ll think of that. Any how, the gall shan’t be harmed, if I hang for it. Jud Lane may go to the devil.”

The revivalist suddenly disappeared from Oakvale. His absence and that of Minnie Hermon, left a blank in the enjoyments of Brayton which caused his mind to relapse into despondency and gloom. With haughty mien and a heart full of bitter feelings, he gave himself up to his fate. He knew not that a single friend was making an effort to fathom the circumstances which rendered his case so hopeless.

On the afternoon of a late winter day, a white-headed man was seen wending his way over one of the bleak mountains of Pennsylvania, his long beard covered with frost, and his footsteps weary from his toilsome day’s journey. He was well known in that vicinity, and was cordially welcomed to the homes of most of the honest-hearted yeomanry. For years, without money and without price, he had traveled among them and preached the gospel, his mildness, unassuming benevolence and humble manners, winning the esteem of the more thoughtless. The reader will recognize the revivalist in the aged traveler, and learn that some object of more than usual interest has induced him to make the toilsome winter journey from Oakvale.

"Are you acquainted with one Sid Lane, who lives in these parts?" asked the revivalist of his friends where he stopped for the night.

"Yes, believe there is such a man back a few miles over the mountain; but few know anything of the man, nor do they seem to want to. He shuns everybody."

"Does he live in the log house by the ledge?"

"Yes, believe he does."

"Don't know, I suppose, whether he has any connection living?"

"Do not; and it would be as much as a man's head was worth to find out. He's a very bad man. People say he came from York State for no good."

"Did he come from Oakvale?"

"Guess that was the place, or some such name, Pretty hard set there, I guess, if the stories are all true." The revivalist colored and changed the conversation.

"Hasn't there been a report in circulation that a wild man has been seen in a cavern up the ledge, and been heard to scream — a tall man with a long beard?"

"There has; and between you and me, [lowering his voice to a whisper,] I guess it's true; for one of my brothers was along at the time. They had been hunting, and just at night cut across the gorge, you see, to get home before dark. Upon the mountain they heard a scream like, just as though 'twas something human. They thought 'twas a panther, and so

concluded they would keep a lookout. And then they heard singing, and a jabbering like some one crazy. They crept among the rocks, and between two big ones said they saw a tall, wild-looking critter behind stout wooden timbers, gnashing his teeth just as if he was mad, and rattling his chains. While they were looking, Sid Lane came, and before they saw him, stood before them with his hand upon his hunting-knife. He raved terribly, and swore that if he ever caught a live man on his premises again, he would be the death of him. I wouldn't go there for any money. Guess the wild man must be some crazy relation of his'n."

"I don't know how that may be, but I have particular reasons for wishing to see this man — must see him. Who is there that can be hired to show me the way up the ledge?"

"Don't know of a man in the settlement who would do it, unless it is my youngest boy, Sam. He is a perfect dare-devil, and is always in some such scrape. I don't know but I might consent for him to go with you just to accommodate, but I am plaguy 'fraid that trouble will come of it."

"I'll take that risk. Sam, as you call him, need not go farther than will be necessary to direct me to the spot where this wild man was seen."

The revivalist found a ready spirit in Sam Janson, and after breakfast the two started over the mountain. It was a long and exciting journey, the mountain being made up of immense jagged rocks, heaped

in wildest confusion, a scattering growth of spruce and birch clinging to rift and seam for a rugged support. Here and there deep chasms were gashed in, the loose boulders and stunted timber shutting the sunlight from the gloomy depths. To avoid all chance of meeting Lane, they took a wide detour, which used up the best part of the day before they neared the spot sought. The snow lay over the fissures, and the ascent of the ledge was toilsome and even dangerous. As they neared the head of the gorge in which report had located the wild man, the revivalist insisted that Janson should keep a lookout from the crag, as the height commanded a view of the pass where the outlaw's cabin was located.

Alone, the old man set out on his strange adventure. After disappearing down the rocks among the undergrowth, he pulled a pistol from his pocket and examined it carefully. There was fire in the man's eye and a vigor in his step, which was in striking contrast with one of his character and age, and yet, asleep or awake, at the evening prayer, or preaching on the camp-ground, the weapon had for years been his constant companion. His footsteps had been dogged by a sleepless foe—the very man who claimed the section where he was treading.

The sun had left the gorge in a night-like gloom, and the old man began to despair of effecting the object of his journey, when he noticed a track on the table below him, leading still deeper into the gorge. He hesitated a moment to see that the fresh track had

returned, and then with the vigor of youth he sprang lightly down and followed the first. As he reached the bottom of the fearful chasm, he stopped and listened with breathless attention. Being confident that whoever might that day have visited the bottom, they must be beyond hearing, he put his fingers to his mouth and gave a low but prolonged and shrill whistle. Three times he repeated the sound with no response save the echoes which faintly died away down the gorge. Night was upon him, but he could not abandon his purpose, and he again followed the track across the bottom until it struck the other ledge, and wound deftly among the rocks. He whistled again and awaited the result.

High above, as if in the upper air, a wild and spectral ha, ha, burst strangely distinct from some unknown source. The revivalist grasped his staff with excitement, and kept his hand upon his pistol, listening with a heart beating violently with mingled emotions. He heard the same voice again, now swelling out, in a tone at once melodious and shrill, in a familiar hymn often sung in the country meetings.

The revivalist whistled again, though the violence of his feelings almost unmanned him. He hoped, and yet feared. There was something in the voice which thrilled like a well-remembered tone, and should his hopes be realized, the prayer of his heart, with its most cherished purpose, would be accomplished.

“Mock, ye human devils! I hear you, but fear you not. I was sick, and you bound me and cast

me into prison, where you visited me not. But an arm that is mighty to save shall break the bands and let the captive go free."

There was no mistaking that voice; and with great difficulty the listener threaded his way up the ledge, guided somewhat by the voice above, alternating with denunciation and song. When nearly half-way up the ascent from the base, the path led between two huge boulders out upon a shelving rock, hanging perpendicular over the precipice. In the high, abrupt wall immediately back, was a wide seam like an inverted letter *v*, and from this point the sound still proceeded. The revivalist doubted no longer, for the voice was familiar, and he could have shouted for joy. The thread of plotting wickedness was almost in his hand. The clear sky reflected upon the high and exposed situation, revealing in the fissure a rough frame work of timbers, let down through a cross-fissure a few feet back, and firmly wedged. And from such a fastness the sound of a human voice proceeded. After resting a moment from the severity of his ascent and the oppression of his thoughts, the revivalist advanced and stood close to the timbers, vainly attempting to penetrate the darkness within. From an immense depth the sounds still came, with a plaintive melody, followed by a burst of rage and defiance. The revivalist again put his hands to his mouth and gave a low whistle. The voice within ceased for a moment, and then there was a rattling of chains, and a wild ha, ha!

"Come on! come on, ye human devils. The Lord will smite you with his vengeance. Even in chains I scorn you."

The listener waited a moment, and then in low and deliberate tones, pronounced a name.

"Ha! What's that? Who calls me?"

"A friend."

"Who can that be — my mother? She comes in my dreams; but it's so cold here she cannot stay. But an angel has promised to let me out and give me wings, and then, woe to those who bound me. My swoop shall be terrible."

"How came you here?" continued the revivalist, as he stood sadly listening to the muttering of the insane.

"How came I here? ha! ha! How came human devils on earth? Ask Skillott — ask Jud Lane — ask the devil down the ledge. How came *you* here to deceive, and to cut my throat? Let me out, and I'll slay forty and two thousand of you?"

"I have come to let you out — a friend from *Oakvale*. Come nearer."

There was a rattling of chains, and footsteps carefully approached the timbers.

"Here," reaching his arm in between them, "put your hand in mine," again speaking that familiar name, and mentioning some circumstances of the past, "and know that you have a friend that will save you."

Lightly, like the touch of a cat, long, cold fingers

were dropped suspiciously upon the revivalist's palm, the latter all the time speaking in a winning, soothing tone. Silently the captive felt of the hand, and then up the arm; then grasped the palm in both of his, and stooped and kissed it, the revivalist feeling warm drops as the hairy lips touched his palm.

"And don't you know me? Didn't you ever hear my voice before?"

"I have, but it was a long while ago!" The revivalist was overjoyed to witness the soothing effect of his words, and continued to converse with the captive. Looking around warily, he put his mouth to the widest opening, and whispered something in the captive's ear.

"—— hallelujah!"

"Hush! never speak that word to mortal ear," and the startled revivalist again looked behind him uneasily.

"You know me, then!"

"I do. And have you come to let me out? Oh, if I could go back to Oakvale. There's a great work there for me to do. But it may be too late. How long have I been here?"

"I cannot tell; but to-morrow night you shall go free. You must wait and *keep silent*."

"I'll wait if it's God's will; but it's so cold and dark here. You'll surely come?"

"If I live," and the revivalist slowly withdrew his hand from the reluctant captive's strong grasp, and slowly pursued his way down the ledge. At the base

he met a person in the path, whom, in the darkness, he could hardly recognize. Hastily cocking his pistol, he demanded who was there.

"Why, Sam Janson! I didn't know what might happen, and so kind a walked along a little. No harm done, I hope?"

"Oh, no; but let us hurry on."

In spite of the blunt, though cordial remonstrance of young Janson, the revivalist insisted that the former should return to the settlement and procure an axe, saw and iron bar, and return by the next evening, leaving him (the revivalist) on the mountain. The latter was determined not to be foiled in the object of his coming.

He watched eagerly in his concealment for the coming of the night, often regretting that he had not himself gone back to the settlement so as to have made sure of his implements. But just as it began to grow dusk, a low whistle, as agreed upon, indicated the return of Janson. He had failed in procuring an iron bar, and as a substitute, had brought a heavy crane from the fire-place at home. Silently the two pursued their way down into the gorge and across the bottom. Here the revivalist posted young Janson with his rifle, with instructions to give him timely warning of any approach from below, and with his tools commenced the ascent. The silence was broken only by the lonely hooting of an owl across the gorge, and the sighing of the winds as they swept through the stunted mountain pines. Approaching

the entrance, he listened for a moment and then asked :

“——, are you here ?”

“How could I be anywhere else with these ungodly chains upon me ?” soberly though somewhat bitterly replied the captive, immediately advancing and eagerly clasping the hand thrust between the timbers. “And you have come to let me out ! It seemed so long since you were here that I feared it was a mad-man’s dream. I have feared I was mad. Do you think I am ?”

“It’s enough to make any one mad — a place like this. But daylight will not find us here,” cheerfully answered the revivalist, laying off his coat and commencing a thorough examination of the timbers. The iron crane was not of sufficient strength to pry them apart so as to admit his body, and he commenced with the saw, often stopping to listen. The sweat rolled down his face, but he worked with unabating vigor, and soon cut out one of the heavy timbers. With the crane in hand, he stepped into the cavern and called the captive’s name, being immediately clasped in a strong embrace and loaded with blessings. Upon examination, he found that one of the legs of the captive was in irons, the chain fastened to the ankle by a padlock, and to the heaviest timber of the doorway by a large staple. Inserting the crooked end of the crane into the link in the staple, he twisted it against the latter until it snapped in two. With the head of the axe carefully applied, the padlock

was soon broken to pieces, and the fetters unloosed from the leg. In silence the captive — now no longer so — followed his deliverer into the open air, when he paused, looked up to the sky, drew a long breath, and then locked his hands in silent prayer.

“Have you strength to follow me, asked the revivalist.

“Strength enough; havn’t starved; the devils did not wish that.”

“*Then follow!*”

They had not half made the descent into the bottom of the gorge, when a rifle shot rang out upon the night air, giving warning of an unwelcome approach, immediately followed by Janson’s footsteps as he sprang lightly up the steep path. The three immediately stepped behind a rock and awaited farther results. The revivalist was intensely anxious about his companion, fearing that his mind was not sufficiently sound to meet calmly a new danger; but his heart beat lighter as he saw him in the dim light, by his side, and cool as he ever had been in a time of difficulty and danger.

While the revivalist was peering around the path to scan the approach from below, a bullet pierced his hat and scalp, grazing the skull, and prostrating him to the ground.

“There, meddler! I saw your track, and have paid you for your curiosity, I reckon. I knew you, ——, all the time,” chuckled Sid Lane, as he approached the now-struggling revivalist.

"And I know *you*, Sid Lane! and the Philistines be upon you," howled the Hermit, (for it was he,) springing fiercely upon the former as he stooped to thrust his knife into the prostrate revivalist, with a howl almost unearthly from its bitter fierceness.

Lane had been taken by surprise, he supposing the gun below was fired by the one whom he had shot, and not suspecting that there were others in his company. The struggle was brief. With one desperate exertion of his strength, the Hermit caught up the withered old man, and in spite of his struggles, carried him to the edge of the rocky path and hurled him off, muttering as he listened after the fall below, and then turned to look to the revivalist. That personage was not injured, save a severe wound in the scalp, and had recovered from the stunning effects of the shot. The three immediately commenced their night-journey to the settlement.

Lane was not badly injured by his fall, as there happened to be a table of rocks between him and the precipice; but he wisely chose to shun the odds against him, and trust to other chances to carry out his purposes. He ground his teeth and swore bitterly when he found that his enemy had not been killed by his shot.

— They will meet once more.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH THE READER WILL SEE SOME ACQUAINTANCES
AND THE RESULTS OF THE WORK.

THERE was a happy day in Oakvale, for the Maine Law had passed, and drunkenness was to be no more. The day when the law was to go into force, was to be commemorated with bonfires and illuminations; by prayers, songs and shouts; by the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon. At sunrise, the roaring of the latter awoke the people, and ushered in a day of festivity and joy. The cannon had been placed over the river and far up the mountain, and the smoke from its hoarse lungs rolled away like a banner, and rested in the air of the clear spring morning. There was not a cloud in the sky. The sparrows and blue-birds had just returned to sing a welcome to the budding leaf and flower. There was a constant tramping of feet upon the walks, as the masses gathered from the surrounding country, by twos and by scores. They came on foot, on horse-back, and in carriages. Many a family had left the house to take care of itself, so eager were the women and children, especially, to witness the rejoicings. Groups of children in their Sunday suits were tripping here and there, and with few exceptions, all wore smiling countenances. Flags

from windows and from ropes stretched across the principal streets, wrought with appropriate devices, were fluttering gaily in the breeze. Many a drunkard, sober from necessity, was observed to watch the streamers and listen to the music of the bands, until he was borne away with the spirit of the day, and smiled upon the scene. Poorly dressed mothers with ragged but clean-looking children, came forth for the first time in years, and watched the proceedings with deep interest. The church in which the meeting was to convene was bedecked with evergreen, tastefully wrought into vines, festoons, and beautiful devices.

The firing of the cannon shook the dark walls of the prison, and startled a band of felons which had just "turned out" for the day's work. In a gang of hands employed upon a roof of one of the new shops, were two convicts, who often cast their eyes towards the smoke curling from the cannon on the mountain side. They had learned enough to divine the cause of the universal commotion, and their eagle spirits chafed as they heard the hum of voices and the strains of music. The large national banner which rolled and swayed from the staff on the Square, seemed to taunt them with its graceful movements in the free air. Who of the throng thought of them in their prison-house?

The two prisoner's were Doctor Howard and Walter Brayton! The sentence of the latter had been commuted to imprisonment for life on the strength of the direct testimony of Halton and his daughter.

Towards noon, our old acquaintance, the revivalist, travel-worn and haggard, though smiling, knocked at the warden's door, and inquired for Howard and Brayton.

To his statement that he had taken an interest in those convicts — that he believed them to be no common criminals, the warden sneeringly blurted out an oath, and put all criminals in the same class — cold-hearted and relentless, never seeing the semblance of humanity in the wretch that has committed a crime, and boasting of his cruelty, as though it were an evidence of great capacity for rule. And yet, look at the physiognomy of the man ! the small, black, hog eye ; the narrow and ill-shaped brow ; the lisping tongue, sounding like the serpent's hiss ; and the sensual lips, which grin like an idiot's when the man attempts to be a gentleman, or leer like a devil's when his *nature* glares unrestrained upon his repulsive features. He has no more idea of the real duties and responsibilities of his position than the bull-dog in his kennel. Without talents to govern men as a man, his only way to win notoriety is to be a brute and beat men as brutes. We are not mistaken in that face. We have read the souls of more cunning men in our day, and we can decipher the language written on that physiognomy as plainly as though written in English. We know the man's whole strength, his course of habits, thoughts, and the motives which govern his action. If he has not committed a *state-prison crime*, nature has written false.

He at first refused to call the two convicts from the shops, but as the revivalist showed him a sealed paper, his countenance changed to sickening smiles, and he hastened to send for the men. They entered the office with a mien unbroken by their degrading position — paler than at the time we saw them last, but erect and dignified, as in their best days. By permission of the now obsequious warden, the revivalist advanced, and without a word of explanation or introduction, handed each a full and complete pardon from the Governor of the State!

Howard bowed his head on the desk, and with a sudden and convulsive movement, crushed the paper in his hand. As suddenly he raised his head again, and advanced to the window, as if to make sure that he had read aright. Brayton stood motionless and silent for a moment, perfectly overwhelmed with the violence of his emotions. Then his lips began to quiver, and he burst into a sob which shook his strong frame as though it had been a child's. Howard first attempted to speak.

"No, no, my friends! Though I am a stranger, you once befriended me in a dark day. I have now had the happiness of doing you both a kindness in return. I wish you, as a favor which you will soon understand, to put yourselves under my direction this day. Let us go."

The convict garb was soon laid off, and with feelings which cannot be written, Howard and Brayton followed their stranger friend through the massive

iron gate, nearly sinking with the intensity of their feelings, as it crashed back to its place, and they stood in the sunshine of the wide, free world.

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The church was overflowing. Every place where a foot could find a place was occupied, and out-doors the sea of heads reached as far again. The roar of the cannon and the music of the choir had kept the vast assemblage in good feeling while awaiting the procession of the Orders and the arrival of the speakers. Indeed, almost every person seemed to feel well. Skillott had taken a conspicuous stand upon the platform, the sinister smile more prominent than usual.

From one of the open windows back of the platform, the speakers, and leading temperance men, clergymen, &c., and visitors, came in, and were seated on the platform. With John Gault, Halton, and others of the old veterans, were three persons closely muffled, who remained so during the exercises, attracting much notice from the curious thousands assembled.

We cannot describe the character of that meeting; it were a profanation to attempt it. All hearts were full, and from their fullness the mouths spake, and with a three-times-three that mingled proudly with the pealing of the cannon, the people adjourned to the Square, where glorious things were to be witnessed. Skillott volunteered to announce his devotion to the Maine Law, and Dobbs smiled graciously, but the people swept out and hurried to the Square.

In the middle of the Square were a number of barrels of liquor, seized by Marshal Gaston under the new law, and which were to be destroyed that day. Every window in sight of the place was filled with heads, and surrounding the barrels was a dark mass of eager and excited people. Overhead, the flag of our country lifted gracefully on the winds.

With a smile upon his countenance, Gaston seized his sledge which he had brought from his shop, and was about to strike the first head in, when the revivalist caught his hand and arrested the blow; and mounting the doomed barrel, he said, in a clear voice:

“Men and women of Oakvale!—I will not long avert a blow which you are so anxious to see fall. As the accursed destroyer has robbed me of all that loved me, I shall claim of our good friend Gaston the privilege of wielding the first blow of this righteous enactment, in Oakvale. Before I do so, however, here, before assembled thousands, let justice be done to those who have been wronged. You recollect Doctor Howard and Walter Brayton—two as noble-hearted men as ever lived among you. (Aye, aye, murmured the crowd; but Skillott frowned.) I have taken this occasion to have their good names vindicated from every stain, and have the proof at hand. The consequences may be unpleasant to some, and grate discordantly upon the general character of the exercises, but I know that you will be glad to

see innocent men dealt justly with by their neighbors."

"Yes, yes; that we will," was answered by many voices, amidst intense feeling and a swaying of the crowd as the people attempted to get nearer the speaker.

"Doctor Howard did *not* rob Gerald Brayton's grave neither did Walter Brayton murder Nye, the drover And now to the proof. Here are two witnesses whom I would believe, for I have known them for years, and never knew them to lie."

The revivalist then leaped from the barrel and urged the two closely muffled individuals upon the small platform, and with his own hands lifted off their hats and threw their cloaks from their shoulders.

"People of Oakvale! Doctor Howard and Walter Brayton stand before you. Let any man say that he knows aught of crime against them."

The crowd swayed like a deep wave, but still and breathless. Skillott turned deadly pale as he recognized the two men, but quickly recovered his outward coolness.

"Proof!" he sneered. "This is a pretty pass. Convicts breaking prison, and relying upon a Maine Law excitement to keep them from justice." Howard and Brayton both tried to catch the eye of the Judge, but in vain.

"Judge Skillott speaks of breaking prison," said the revivalist, again mounting the liquor-cask. "I

will read the plan of their escape," producing and reading the two pardons. "But he asks proof. Let him look at the tall man who has just dropped his cloak from his face."

The Hermit stood erect and calm before the people — his full eye resting upon Skillott.

"Let him again look at the female whom Mr. Brayton has just led before you from the carriage by the flag-staff."

Embarrassed, but still beautiful and erect, Minnie Hermon stood with her head uncovered.

"God has blessed our endeavors to scent out wrong, and here is proof which will be used to clear the innocent and convict the guilty. Friends, Walter Brayton will speak."

Pale from long confinement, Walter stood up, and in a voice which had lost none of its wondrous depth and power, said, in substance :

"Friends! I will not attempt to speak what is this day in my heart. You know me and my history. I have been deeply wronged, as, I thank God, I shall be able to show. By the influence of enemies, I was induced to wrong another. Before God and this assemblage, I will make all the amends it is mine to do, though not worthy of the privilege."

The revivalist then asked if there were any who knew why Walter Brayton and Minnie Hermon should not be united in the holy bands of marriage? There was no response, and he proceeded to pronounce them man and wife, and then put up a prayer which

was full of the dark night past and the promising morning of a better future.

"And now, men and women of Oakvale, *James Ricks* strikes the first blow!" at the same time springing to the ground and bringing the sledge down upon the barrel he had stood upon, knocking in the head.

"Depart, ye cursed, to the place prepared for you," fiercely shouted the Hermit, as he seized the weapon and with a powerful sweep crushed through a head at every blow.

"Old Barney Kitts has turned spirit-rapper," said that old toper, now cleanly dressed, although it took three of his feebler strokes to let the spirits out.

The cannon pealed from up the mountain, the bells rang out a merry chime, and the crowd, no longer able to control their enthusiasm, shouted until their voices well-nigh drowned the roar of the cannon; and putting Ricks, Howard, Brayton and Minnie, Gault, Halton, and the Hermit into the wagon, to the music of the band and deafening hurrahs, escorted them through the principal streets. As the sun faded out, fire was set to the liquor, still in pools and in the broken barrels, the flames leaping and writhing like red serpents, as they shot upward towards the sky.

"Too late! too late! Oh, if this had been done years ago, I should not have been robbed of my boy," murmured old Mrs. Weston, and she wept as she sat in her door and watched the flashing flame.

That evening, as Skillott was sitting in his office, buried in deep thought, he was startled by a loud rap

on the door. The door was locked ; but he sprang from his chair and turned deadly pale. Seizing a bundle of papers which lay on the table, and thrusting them into his pocket, he hastened through the house into the back yard. As he leaped the fence and stood by the river bank, he encountered the one whom, of all others, he most dreaded.

“ Leaving these parts, eh ? You saw me off once, and I thought I would return the compliment. Are there not more *murderers* to try, Judge ? *They are not all hung yet !* — ha, ha ! ”

The Hermit sat in the boat which Skillott had provided for an escape. The latter drew his pistol ; but a strong grasp from behind caught the arm, and the ball struck the water far beyond the boat.

“ Not so good a marksman as when you tried me before with ball ! Hand a little unsteady, perhaps. Gerald Brayton’s was *when he signed the will !* ” chuckled the Hermit as he leaped ashore and assisted Sheriff Gaston in placing the prisoner in irons. “ Been waiting for you some time. Jud Lane will be glad to see you at the jail. Your friend, Mr. Hermon, has left without so much as bidding us good bye.”

The Hermit had dogged Skillott’s footsteps, and from his hiding-place watched the arrangements for escape, and listened to the plans of Skillott and Lane. Hermon had not waited for darkness, but during the scene upon the Square had slipped away and made good his escape. From a manuscript we gather some of the incidents which followed :

“OAKVALE, Aug. 5, 18—.

DOCTOR HOWARD:—

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“We think and talk of you often, and miss you much, but do not wonder that you do not wish to reside in Oakvale, for the associations are sad indeed I was at poor Mary’s grave to-day, and thought of all the past. I go there often and tend the flowers with a watchful care. I loved her, for she was a kind and true friend to me in the dark days. And she lives not on earth to witness the dawning of a better day!

“You have probably heard ere this, that Skillott committed suicide in the jail on the day before he was to have been executed. Jud Lane was hung, after making a full confession of his crimes.

“I have been sad to-day, and have wept much. Last night a poor looking old beggar called at our door, and in God’s name plead for food and rest. Neither Walter nor myself could refuse the appeal, and therefore we took him in. This morning he died, after putting his fleshless arms around my neck and asking my forgiveness. The poor, wandering beggar was the once proud and honorable John Hermon, *my father!* How different would have been his end but for rum! As the Widow Weston says, the law came too late. . . . So you perceive that there are shadows yet flitting here and there in my sky.

“You will remember the Hermit, and how strangely he disappeared while you were under arrest. He was kidnapped by Skillott and Lane after being shot

in the shoulder. But you were made acquainted with all the facts of his disappearance, imprisonment in the Ledge, and release by Ricks. You may not know, however, that he and 'Crazy Alf' are the same, and that he is a son of Elder Snyder, and an uncle of mine! He had traced father to this place, and after his reform, became impressed with the belief that he was an instrument selected to punish his sister's husband—my father—for his cruelty to her. He is with us now, meek, kind, and gentle to all, though a word about rum will arouse him to the fiercest wildness. It would do you good to see him 'smite' the liquor barrels wherever they are found. He spends much of his time by the grave of his mother. He still persists in carrying his long staff, and in wearing his beard.

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"Bless God for the Maine Law! It has filled the land with gladness and joy, and there is rejoicing everywhere. You can hardly conceive the change it has wrought in Oakvale. No drunkenness is seen, and seldom a case of suffering from poverty or want. Pauperism has almost entirely disappeared, and the jail is empty, save now and then a prisoner, who may have been convicted of selling rum. Walter tells me that there is but little business in the courts. I look down where the babe is slumbering in the cradle, and tears of great gladness come freely from a full heart, and I audibly thank God. My boy, if he lives, will not be exposed to the sweep of the dark stream that

has wrecked so many of my hopes in other days. Walter has recovered his father's property from Skil-lott, and with this, added to the avails of his practice, we are surrounded with comfort. We are happy, yet do not forget your own broken home. . . .

"Sid Lane was recently sentenced to the state prison for a long career of body-snatching. It appears strange that the infatuated populace should have so injured you and yours for being suspected of such a crime, while they supported the business of selling rum — strange to license men to destroy the living, and imprison men for robbing the dead ! It is certainly worse to rob the heart and the home, than the grave.

"Hon. Mr. Fenton was here yesterday. He was surprised to find that we had but just commenced the married life. He had gotten the impression that Walter was the one who turned his family out of doors to freeze. We were happy to undeceive him.

"Mr. Hudson — you have not forgotten Mortimer Hudson, the elder — is well, and his home is as happy as it can well be. He and Ricks are much together in works of goodness. The latter lingers and weeps like a child by the graves of his family. He was arrested at the instigation of Sid Lane, and tried for an assault with intent to kill the latter, in the rescue of Alfred Snyder ; but Alfred testified to the facts, and he was acquitted. I believe I have detailed the principal facts you would be glad to hear, though you will be glad to learn that Deacon McGarr has become a

sober and industrious man, and that old Barney Kitts lives like a king.

“Yes, my dear friend, we are happy in the light of this new day. Walter has just come in and lifted Henry —(we have named our babe *Henry Howard*)— from his cradle, and Alfred and Ricks are conversing in low tones in the verandah. The sun has crept up and flooded the sheet, on which I am writing, with golden light, and the heart reflects it from its unclouded depths. A long, dark night has passed away; and with the most profound gratitude to God, we look forward to greet the FULL MORNING OF A BRIGHTER, BETTER DAY!

“Walter says that you may look for us in October, in your western hiding-place.

“Till then, adieu!

“MINNIE BRAYTON.”

We will not detain the reader longer, though the subsequent history of our principal characters (and they are now living) might be interesting.

Alfred Snyder was driven from his home by the “iron rule,” and became reckless and abandoned for many years. He found, on his return, that his mother had died; and after drinking deeper than before, he suddenly formed the resolution to drink no more. His enthusiastic nature assumed the phase of religious zeal, and he became a firm believer in his Heaven-directed mission against the rum traffic. The same “iron rule” had driven an only daughter from home

because she married Hermon, then a worthy young man, but belonging to another denomination. The Elder is a lonely old man, unloved and shunned by all, and cannot obtain hearers even, when speaking against the Temperance Reform.

Alfred was kidnapped and imprisoned in the fastnesses of one of the counties of Northern Pennsylvania. He owed his life to the fact that Skillott had learned that he had become an heir to a large property, and it was determined to frighten him into a surrender of the claim.

Howard is a man of sorrow; for he does not forget the loss of his accomplished wife. Save now and then a shadow which flits from the past, Minnie and Walter are happy. Their deeds are the best record of their goodness and their standing in the community where they live.

Old Mrs. Weston lives to rejoice over the Reformation. Its advent could not restore her son to her old heart, but it will save other sons who are loved as she loved hers.



MISS BRAYTON DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE JOY OF DOING GOOD—MINNIE AND WALTER BE-
COME INTERESTED IN THE GOOD TEMPLAR MOVE-
MENT—WALTER MADE GRAND WORTHY TEMPLAR.

SHADOW and sunshine are set over against each other in this life; and whether we are living in the gloom of an obscured sky, or in the brightness of an unclouded firmament, the days, months, and years roll on, and, ere we are aware, we find ourselves past the noontide of life and our faces toward the setting sun. Happy is it for us, when the threads of silver begin to show themselves in the dark tresses that have adorned our temples, if we can look back on a life of usefulness, activity, and kindly deeds toward our fellows. The joy of doing good will efface from our memory the sorrows and woes of earlier days, or leave with their remembrance that hallowed and chastened sorrow which is compatible with the deepest and purest enjoyment, or, as Moore has so beautifully sung—

“E'en sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.”

Such had been the experience of our friends, Walter and Minnie Brayton. Some years after the events related in the preceding chapter, they had removed to the vicinity of Hillsboro, Ohio, and in a pleasant rural home they were striving to rear up their family in the fear of God and the practice of all Christian virtues. Walter was now a man of influence, and, though not affluent, was yet the owner of a good estate. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and bore a high reputation for piety and earnest Christian character. Minnie, now known only as Mrs. Brayton, except to her husband, who could never be satisfied with any other than the pet name by which he had known her in girlhood, was a rather grave, matronly lady; but the occasional cheery laugh, and the bright twinkle of her yet beautiful eyes, showed that the sorrows of her youth had not drowned all her natural joyousness, and that she did not consider it necessary to be gloomy in order to be good. Five children surrounded the family board—olive-plants their father called them, though their complexions had very little of the olive tint. Of these, the oldest, Henry Howard Brayton, who has already been introduced, is now a fine, stalwart young man of twenty-two, intelligent and cultured, and is soon to enter the ministry, for which he has been preparing for some years. Ida Maria, who comes next, is a young lady now in her twentieth year—a brave, generous-hearted girl, with all her mother's early enthusiasm, and uniting to deep piety a well-trained mind and a joyous, buoyant spirit. She has had the advantage of a full

course of training in the Elmira Female College, where she had for an intimate friend and room-mate Carrie Hudson, the only daughter of our old friend, Mortimer Hudson, Jr.; a young lady of excellent mind and heart.

Freddie, who is the next in age, is an active and amiable boy of sixteen, who spends his winters in school, but, having a great love for farming life, is becoming a valuable helper of his father on the farm. Nellie, just turned of thirteen, and Wee Willie, the baby, though now eight years old, and rejoicing in boots, which he wears over his trousers, make up the household circle. It had been one object with Walter Brayton, in removing to Ohio, to separate himself and his interesting family as far as possible from all association with persons and scenes which were constantly reminding him and his wife of the sorrowful scenes through which they had passed. Over and over again there came up the remembrance of those dreadful hours in prison; of the ruin which the rumfiend had wrought among those nearest and dearest to them; of the violent death of Walter's father, and the distressing close of Mr. Hermon's career; and of the narrow escape which Walter himself had had from becoming as degraded a drunkard as any of the rest. There would come over them both at times, also, the terrible fear lest the inherited appetite for drink which, as is well known, so often skips over one generation to make itself felt with greater power in the next, should re-appear in their children.

The reminiscences of the past, which thus made life

bitter, could have been endured with more patience, had there been in Oakvale any considerable measure of permanent improvement in the matter of temperance. But, as has been the case in many other places, the reformation was spasmodic in its character; now advancing apparently with rapid strides, and then receding almost to the low-watermark of the old times. The Sons of Temperance had, as we have seen, made considerable progress, and had secured many members to their Order; and the passage of the Maine Law, while they were in the height of their popularity, had produced for a time grand results. But, unfortunately, these were not enduring; the novelty wore off, and enthusiasm in regard to the Order, gave place to indifference, until very many of the Sons of Temperance became rather Sons of Intemperance—seven-tenths of them, according to Dr. Chambers' statement, having broken the pledge. The Maine Law was not enforced, and it was claimed could not be, in the larger towns, and the friends of Temperance having grown cold in their zeal, the law was repealed after four or five years of trial. It was inexpressibly painful to Walter Brayton and his wife to see those "breathing holes of hell," as Dr. Lyman Beecher so forcibly described them, again open and sending out the fumes of these poisonous liquors, to draw unwary souls down to destruction. So long as it was possible to enforce the law and keep them closed, Walter was indefatigable in his efforts to prevent this traffic in souls; but when this became impossible, in conse-

quence of the repeal of the Maine Law, he felt almost disheartened. There was, however, one organization from which, for a time, he entertained some hopes of good. It was the Independent Order of Good Templars, like the Sons of Temperance a secret order, but admitting both sexes to membership. Originating in Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1852, it had spread at first slowly, and afterward more rapidly into other States and Territories, and into the provinces of British America. Its imposing ritual, and the energy with which it was pushed, as well as its features of female membership, and its permission of official position to its lady-members, gave it a high degree of popularity for a time, and it seemed to bid fair to be a powerful agency for the overthrow of intemperance. Its history, however, proved to be one of great fluctuations. There were noble, earnest spirits engaged in it, but there were also, as is so often the case in secret organizations, many who were only attracted to it as something new, and who either imperiled the subordinate Lodges with which they were connected by their jealousies and rivalries, or, becoming indifferent as soon as the novelty wore off, abandoned alike their obligations and their membership. This was particularly the case in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. In the first named State there was a membership in 1854 of 21,000, but four years later there was but a single lodge in existence, and this had but a handful of members. It subsequently regained more than its first prosperity, and has now nearly 100,000 members in that State.

Walter Brayton had joined it as soon as opportunity offered, and had been Grand Worthy Templar of the Lodge in Oakvale; he had also brought his children into it as soon as they were of sufficient age to comprehend its obligations. But when all interest seemed to be lost by the members, and it was impossible to bring together a quorum at the appointed Lodge meetings, and a similar state of things existed throughout the State, while, under the excitement of the beginning of the war, thousands of pledged Good Templars forgot their vows, plunging into intoxication without hesitation or apparent consciousness of wrong, he felt that this measure, like the previous ones for subduing this giant evil, was of no avail, and the old dread of a renewal of the scenes of the past, and those painful apprehensions for the future of his children, if they remained in Oakvale or its vicinity, were renewed with such intensity as to make both Walter and his wife at times exceedingly wretched. Often did they consult together in regard to the best course to adopt to avoid the evils and sorrows whose dark wings seemed already to overshadow them. Thus far their children had never had the slightest intimation of the wretchedness and agony of the early life of their parents, and they hoped almost against hope to keep from them all knowledge of the bitter past.

The hope was vain; it was now the second year of the war, when one Wednesday morning, Harry, a bright, manly, interesting boy of ten years old, had, as usual, been to school, but came running home, and

rushing to his mother, the tears rolling down his cheeks, sobbed out, "Oh, mother! it isn't true, is it? Jerry Lane got mad at me to-day, and he said—he said, 'You needn't feel so big, Hal Brayton, your old granddad was a drunken old scamp, and he helped murder a man—so there.' I told him that was a lie, but he said it was true, and everybody here knew it. Oh, mother! tell me that it isn't true—I can't go to school any more, if it is!"

Poor Minnie! her cup was full to overflowing. She managed to evade any direct reply to Harry's appeal, and rushed to her room, where soon after Walter found her in a perfect agony of tears. "Oh, Walter," she said, so soon as she could command her feelings sufficiently to speak, "we cannot *stay* here. We must remove to some place far enough from this point to prevent our children from being taunted with these horrible crimes and sorrows of the past. Let us go anywhere, and at any sacrifice, to blot out these dreadful memories. In another State, where we shall be among strangers, we may be happy, and our children never know such anguish as we have experienced."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TWENTY YEARS LATER—REMOVAL OF MINNIE AND
WALTER TO OHIO—THE PREVALENCE OF INTEMPER-
ANCE THERE—HOW IS IT TO BE RESISTED?—THE
WOMEN'S CRUSADE—IDA'S LETTER TO CARRIE HUDSON.

WALTER was very willing to follow suggestions so evidently judicious; and, after some inquiry, they fixed upon the Ohio village, where we now find them, as their future home.

The village had, on their first removal thither, but a small population, and these largely farmers; but a branch railway from the Marietta road to Hillsboro was soon constructed, and they were put in direct communication with Cincinnati. The growth of the village now became rapid, and it was soon reckoned as a part of Hillsboro, in which township it lay. Like many of the farming towns of Ohio, corn and rye were the principal crops, and with too many of the farmers the temptation to sell their grain to the distillers was too strong to be resisted. Against this, Walter Brayton had maintained a firm and steady opposition. He had seen too much of the horrible results of the liquor traffic to be willing to aid in any way in the production of the vile liquid. At first, and for some years, his course brought upon him the enmity of his neighbors, who had no scruples in turning wholesome grain into a virulent poison. He was called a Pharisee, and several times threatened for his manly and consistent course. But as time passed, and the farms of these men grew poorer each

year, and their sons became addicted to drink, the wiser and more prudent citizens began to see that his course was the true one, and he stood higher in their esteem than any other man in the town.

But there came to him and his estimable wife at this time the renewal of their old fears, from the rapid spread of intemperance in Hillsboro and the adjacent towns. Their own children were indeed spared thus far from the appetite for liquor. Harry was a young man of exemplary life, and of remarkably pure and devoted piety; and Freddie manifested no taste for liquor, and had been a member of the Good Templars ever since he was old enough to be received into the order. Ida and Nellie were equally free from any desire for strong drink in any form. Relatives they had none in that region; and, except an occasional visit from Dr. Howard and Alfred Snyder, Minnie's uncle—now no longer called "Crazy Alf," but an active, stern, and somewhat sad-visaged temperance reformer—they had no communication with Oakvale or its vicinity.

Why, then, should they feel so deeply and keenly anxious in regard to the spread of intemperance around them? It was because they had themselves experienced so much sorrow from it. The iron had entered their own souls; and, as they saw young men of great promise lured to drink the intoxicating cup, and young women, full of gayety, life and animation, offering it to their brothers and lovers, they looked back shudderingly to the fearful scenes they had witnessed, and felt that something must be done to save

these young men from a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's eternity. What was the best and wisest step to take? How could they most effectually reach and save those who were thus being led, blindfolded, to destruction?

"I have been talking with our pastor and the session, to-day, about the terrible spread of intemperance," said Walter one day to his wife, on his return from Hillsboro, "but I cannot make them see it as I do. Our pastor proposed to have a day of fasting and prayer especially for the reformation of moderate drinkers and drunkards, and he was right; but Elder — and Deacon —, both of whom have sons who are going to destruction as fast as they can, couldn't see any use in it. They thought young people would be gay and lively, but they didn't see any harm in it. I told them that there was no safety for any man who took a drop of the vile stuff; but they only laughed, and said 'Brother Brayton is a little fanatical.' Oh! I wish I could make them see the horrors that are sure to come to their own homes, if their sons keep on drinking. They would wake up then, and their hair would stand on end with fright!"

"I think," said Mrs. Brayton, "that there is but one resource for us just now, and that is in earnest and persistent prayer; prayer that God will convert our Legislature, and make them willing to enact laws by which this traffic can be prevented; prayer for the rum-sellers and dealers in intoxicating drinks, that they may be compelled by their own consciences and the pressure of public sentiment to give up the

business • prayer for these careless and over-indulgent fathers and mothers, that they may see the dreadful results of their indifference; and especially prayer for the young, that they may be delivered from temptation.”

“You are right, my dear Minnie,” replied her husband; “and I believe that you and some of our other good sisters have been praying for the Legislature to some purpose already, for I heard to-day that the Adair bill, which, you know, is for a local option law that will enable us to close up the grog-shops if we can get public opinion roused, is likely to pass.”

“There will be more need of praying than ever in that case,” was Mrs. Brayton’s reply. “There will be no necessity for resorting to force if we can only reach the hearts of the rum-sellers by the power of faith and love.”

“But, my dear,” said Walter, “are you not reckoning too much on the power of faith and love, in expecting that the hearts of rum-sellers can be moved by anything short of force? Why, most of them have no conscience and no feeling: they will never give up their vile traffic unless they are compelled to do so by the strong arm of the law.”

“Dear Walter,” said Mrs. Brayton, with the tears glistening in her eyes, “have you forgotten that faith can remove mountains?—that the prayer of faith moves the hand that moves the world? Have you forgotten—but, no! neither you nor I can ever forget, what faith and prayer did for us. God can move the hearts of these poor, sinful wretches, who

are dealing out death just as easily as He has moved upon other hearts in the past."

"Well," said Walter, "I think you are right; and if there are more women with as much faith as you have, you had better have a prayer-meeting of the women of Hillsboro, to try the effect of prayer on these hardened rum-sellers. I think there are some of the men in the different churches who will be willing to unite in praying for you, while you have your meeting, and in sustaining you in your further efforts, should you need their help."

Walter was thoroughly in earnest in this movement, and he saw that his wife was equally so. He called upon a number of the most devoted and earnest men in the different congregations in Hillsboro, and his wife did the same among the ladies, and the next week it was announced that there would be a ladies' prayer-meeting at one of the churches on Wednesday of the following week, to pray especially for the overthrow of intemperance, and that, at the same time, there would be a meeting in another church of Christian men, to pray for God's guidance of the women in their efforts to overthrow this great evil. The notices were given in all the churches, and the matter was discussed throughout the town. To the surprise of many, both meetings were largely attended; and such was the influence which pervaded them, that even the rum-sellers began to talk with bated breath about the prospects of a temperance revival. The women's meeting, at which Mrs. Brayson presided, was quiet and orderly, but was marked

by deep feeling, and its key-note seemed to have been struck when Mrs. Brayton, in a few thoughtful, well-considered words, said "that the object for which they were especially called to pray at this time was, that God would so soften the hearts of the dealers in intoxicating liquors, that they might see the wickedness of the traffic and be persuaded to abandon it forever." A daughter of Ex-Governor Trimble, of Ohio, made the first prayer, and remained ever after one of the most zealous workers in the cause. The whole audience became greatly interested, and the inquiry passed from lip to lip, "Is there not something that we can do to put a stop to this traffic in the souls and bodies of men?" Another meeting was appointed for the next day, Mrs. Brayton urging all present to be persistent in both prayer and effort, and not to cease their toils till the good work was accomplished.

The meeting of the men at the same hour was also interesting, and evinced a strong and earnest purpose on the part of the best citizens of the town to arrest the progress of intemperance by such means as should seem to be best. The liquor-selling interest was strong in numbers in Hillsboro, and had considerable wealth at its back, and the people who were selling their grain to the distillers were not inclined to favor any movement which would diminish this demand for their grain. There were, moreover, as there are in all such places, a considerable number of the more respectable citizens, who, while they admitted in the abstract the evils of the sale and use of intoxicating

drinks, were unwilling to take any active steps to stop it. "They liked a glass of wine occasionally themselves; cider was a very pleasant drink, and ale and beer were necessary occasionally; then, too, the liquor dealers were, some of them, very pleasant fellows, and had interesting families; they did not like to offend them—but, as for these low grog-shops, they did not care how soon they were put down. As to the druggists, most of whom sold liquors by the glass to genteel customers, it would be positively wrong to their patrons to compel them to give up this part of their business, as it was well known that people might need brandy or whiskey or rum for a medicine, when it was not convenient to get a physician's prescription for it."

To these respectable allies of the rum-seller Mr. Brayton and his friends endeavored to show the horrible results of the traffic, and pushed home the question, "If your son or daughter had acquired a taste for liquor, and could gratify it by a resort to these drug stores and genteel liquor stores, would you not feel that there should be some means of preventing them from obtaining it so readily?" "Well, yes; but then my sons and daughters are not fond of drink." "Perhaps not," replied Mr. Brayton; "but somebody's sons and daughters are, and the moral law requires you to love your neighbor as yourself."

There was much of this discussion going on in Hillsboro for several days, and, as a result of the successive meetings, the women were wrought up to the conviction that some mode of appeal, directly to the

liquor dealers, must be adopted and enforced in such a way as to produce a salutary effect. Just at this time, about the 20th of December, 1873—and we are particular in regard to our dates here, because these are events of history which we are recording—Dr. Dio Lewis, a well-known lecturer and reformer, addressed the Hillsboro Lyceum; and, at the close of his lecture, having already seen how deeply the people were interested in the question of temperance, offered to deliver a free temperance lecture there. His offer was gratefully accepted, and the largest church in the town crowded. Dr. Lewis is a man of great ability as an organizer, and on this occasion he proposed to the women of Hillsboro the formation of a Temperance League, and suggested the following plan, which was substantially that pursued subsequently all over Ohio and in other States. He regarded it as absolutely necessary that they should have one or two public meetings, or more, if they chose, with the pastors of the various churches on the platform, and that the public sentiment of the best part of the community should be aroused and arrayed against the traffic; that the men should be prepared to sustain the women in their efforts by prayers, moral support, and pecuniary aid to any extent that might be necessary; that committees—if possible, of volunteers—of the very best women in the town, should be appointed by the Temperance League to go to the keepers of drinking-saloons, hotels, drug stores, etc., taking with them forms of pledges adapted to their several cases, previously

drawn up, pledging them to cease retailing liquor for a beverage, and that these committees of three, four, or six ladies should courteously request them to sign these pledges and stop selling liquor. If they complied with the request and carried out the pledge in good faith, the end desired would be obtained. If they refused, the women were to endeavor to persuade them by exhortation and urgent pleading; and, failing in this, to ask permission to sing and pray in the saloon, store, or hotel, and to continue this by relays of committees, offering the pledge to all who came as well as to the proprietor. In some instances it might be necessary to keep up a siege on these places from morning till night, and perhaps from day to day, but eventually the power of faith, prayer, and earnest work would be seen in the surrender even of the most obdurate. This plan was very heartily approved; and, on the 23d of December, the League was formed and work commenced in earnest. Dr. Lewis proceeded from Hillsboro to Washington C. H., Fayette Co., about twenty-five miles distant, where he found a similar state of preparation, and, on the 25th of December, inaugurated a similar work. From these two points this great temperance movement, which has since spread over the entire land, took its first departure. Dr. Lewis was called further West by his engagements, but, early in February, returned to Ohio, and rendered valuable assistance in extending the work for about three weeks.

The success of the movement was greatest in the smaller towns and villages. In the larger cities the

opposition was so great, and the measures adopted by the liquor dealers to defend their traffic so violent, or so crafty, that many of the women shrunk from encountering the insults to which they were subjected. Still, even in these places much good was accomplished; many were led to abandon the traffic and thousands signed the pledge. But in most of the smaller towns and villages, where there were from ten to sixty liquor saloons, the traffic was by persistent effort entirely broken up. At no point among these were there more difficulties encountered, or more patient labor bestowed, than in Hillsboro. The town had a population of from 3,500 to 4,000, and more than thirty places in which liquor was sold. The first month's labor reduced these to five or six; but some of these were very obstinate. One druggist, before whose place the women had set up their tent or tabernacle, and had held daily meetings for weeks, procured an injunction—which was served on one hundred and sixty-eight persons, against their holding these meetings—and commenced a suit, laying his damages at \$10,000 for the interruption to his business. The excitement was so great that the venue was changed to another county, but he was finally defeated and relinquished the sale, and at the end of three months the entire traffic in liquor ceased there. In Washington, Fayette Co., the other starting-point of this new departure, the struggle was not so long; there were not so many stores, and all were carried within a month—and those out of the corporation limits not long after. The good work spread

not only over all the State, but into Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, New York, and the New England States. In Ohio, by the 24th of February, it was reported that 336 drinking saloons had been closed, and the business of nearly as many more completely broken up; that more than 20,000 names had been signed to the pledge. At that date a convention was held at Columbus, and a State Woman's Temperance League organized. Subsequent reports showed a great increase, both in the number of saloons closed and in the signers of the pledge.

We need not say that, in this great movement, both Walter and Mrs. Brayton were efficient and patient workers. Mrs. Brayton, from constitutional diffidence, did not seek to become a leader; but she gave herself up to the work, and was often compelled to lead when she would have preferred a humbler position. But we shall best show what she did accomplish, by allowing Ida Brayton to tell, in a letter to her friend, Carrie Hudson, the story of this temperance crusade, and of her mother's part in it.

HILLSBORO, *March* —, 1874.

MY DEAR CARRIE:—Is it possible that nearly three months have elapsed since the date of my last, when hitherto I have been the most punctual of correspondents? To me the time has seemed incredibly short, as it always does when one is unusually busy. Shall I tell you what it is that has so absorbed my thoughts and attention—that, for the nonce, even my dearest Carrie has been almost forgotten?



SINGING IN THE STORM.

You have seen accounts in the papers of the Temperance Movement, or rather, Woman's Temperance Movement, as it is termed, and may at first be somewhat surprised to learn that your "quiet little puss," as you used so persistently to call me in our school-life, is engaged heart and soul in the work. Don't start—I have grown neither bold nor boisterous, but only terribly in earnest in this over-mastering desire to have some little part in helping to stay the tide of woe which is sweeping over our beloved land. You know that my sweet mother is always foremost in every good work, but into this she throws her whole soul. Father not only fully approves of her course, but is her counsellor and support in all that she does. They are always so thoroughly united in their views and feelings, that it is no more than I would expect; but, you know, there are many men who, through false pride, object to their wives taking a prominent stand in any public movement. My own espousal of the cause was very sudden. I had been out of town for a visit of several days, and, upon my return home, entered mother's room unannounced, thinking to take her by surprise. I found her in earnest conversation with father, and as she turned toward me, the glow upon her countenance gave it an almost heavenly beauty. "What good thing has happened?" I exclaimed; and, as soon as the kisses of welcome had been received, I was informed of the new movement just inaugurated. "Your mother has found her mission," said father, his voice trembling with feeling, "and I am persuaded that she has put her

hand to a great and mighty work." "You know, Walter," was the quiet reply, "I must *work* as well as pray." Do you wonder, Carrie dear, that catching the inspiration, I placed my hand in hers, saying: "Please let me work with you, mother;" and so we have gone, hand in hand, from that time, though, as you will readily believe, her zeal is more wide-awake and enduring than mine. Repeatedly I have been aroused from sleep by the pressure of her lips upon my forehead before daylight, hurrying me to an early breakfast, and then to the morning prayer-meeting as a preparation for the round of saloon-visiting during the day. You may depend upon one thing, I do not tarry long at the toilet, over my back-hair, in these days. There is no time for any fooling with fashions. And yet, Carrie dear, this "Crusade," as they term it, is not all poetry, by any means. There is, oh, so much that would dampen one's ardor in a less vital cause! Revilings and curses from the low and degraded; threats which almost make the blood curdle in one's veins; and, sometimes, even water and beer thrown upon us as we are bowed in prayer. It is so dreadful, too, to be surrounded by a disgraceful rabble, that often my very limbs have trembled beneath me, and I should have fallen in the way, had not mother's courage and strength held me up. There is strength, also, in the thought that we are battling for human life, and more than all, to save souls from death; and so it is that neither drenching rain, driving snow, or bitter cold has power to quench our ardor. Upon one oc-

occasion the excitement here ran fearfully high. A tabernacle had been erected for our use before the store of a druggist who persisted in selling liquor by the glass. In his anger he got out an injunction against 168 ladies, in which number mother and myself were included, for interfering with his business, laying his damages at \$10,000. The turmoil was so great, that it became necessary to remove the trial to another county. He was defeated, however, and subsequently came over to the right side.

You have heard of Dr. Lewis; but, unless you have sat under one of his thrilling appeals in behalf of the cause, you can have no idea of his power as a speaker. Many of the most bitter opposers of temperance were melted down under his eloquence, and have come out fully as firm and strong upon the right side. Upon several occasions I have accompanied mother to Washington, in Fayette county, where the work was simultaneous with that of our town, and only wish there was time for me to tell you what we saw and heard there. One hardened rum-seller prayed for an injunction against the ladies, on the ground that their prayers were directed not to heaven, but at the persons whom they wished to coerce into giving up their business. Judge Safford granted the injunction, and the tabernacle erected for the shelter of the ladies was demolished. As in our own place, there were great indignities offered, and much cruel persecution endured, but followed with glorious results. I must tell you of a little incident concerning Mrs. C., who leads the movement

in Washington. After the ladies had been at work for some time at the saloon of a stubborn dealer, he lost patience, and rudely told them to go home and attend to their own business. Thereupon they also lost their temper, and told the man that if his conduct was repeated, they would send their husbands after him to enforce the law, as they were anxious already to do. This did not mend the saloon-keeper's evil mood. But when the ladies retired and prayed over the matter until nearly midnight, they saw that they had not acted in the spirit of the Master, nor in accordance with the true theory of the movement. Accordingly, on the next morning they went to his saloon, admitted that they had been in the wrong, and asked his pardon. From that moment his fate was sealed, and on the next day he unconditionally surrendered.

Other victories were won, and now there is not a rum-shop in either Hillsboro or Washington. Toward the last of January I accompanied mother to New Vienna, where the good cause was progressing. There were some exceedingly obstinate cases there, among whom was a Mr. Van Pelt, who at the outset drenched the ladies with dirty water and beer. He also brandished an axe in order to terrify them. They, however, kept guard over his saloon, the detachments relieving each other every two hours, serving daily, through storm and sunshine, for a period of three weeks, when he finally succumbed to the influence of prayer, and hung out the white flag as a signal of unconditional surrender. So complete

was his conversion, that since that day he has been a faithful and earnest ally in the work, bringing to it all his energies, and taking the field like a new Paul.

Soon after this we went to Xenia, which you know is a large town, and had a great number of drinking saloons. The women there had thoroughly prepared themselves for the work, and were full of faith and zeal. The leader there was Mrs. James Monroe, a friend of mother's, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and a lady of the highest standing. The worst drinking saloon in the town had the very appropriate name of "The Shades of Death," and was doing an immense business. Mrs. Monroe and her band of praying women laid siege to this place, and, after pleading with the proprietor most urgently to quit the business, without seeming to make any impression, as he would not allow them to pray and sing in his saloon, they set up a tabernacle in front of it and beseiged him with their prayers and hymns from morning till night for three weeks. He seemed to become more hardened every day, and some of the women were almost ready to be discouraged, believing that his heart was too hard to be moved; but Mrs. Monroe had still strong faith, and they held out.

She had sent for mother to come and help them, and we reached Xenia on the morning of the 18th of February, and went directly to the little tabernacle, where we were heartily welcomed by Mrs. Monroe and the other ladies. They had already had one

prayer-meeting that morning, but there were no signs of any change. Bloated toppers crowded into the saloon, and came out again wiping their mouths with the back of their hands, and occasionally muttering a curse on those "plaguey women that kept spying around." The saloon-keeper was busy at his bar, and seemed utterly indifferent. It was said that the distillers in Cincinnati not only furnished this man with liquor free, but had sent him money to induce him to hold out. Well, Mrs. Monroe made one of the sweetest and most touching prayers I ever heard, and we had just begun to sing our favorite hymn—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

when this rum-seller rushed out of his saloon, and running up to the tabernacle door, called out, "Mrs. Monroe, I can't stand it any longer—I give in. The boys are rolling out my whiskey barrels now, and I want you to see me spill the whole of it into the gutter." We all hurried to the door; it was snowing hard, but there, sure enough, were the whiskey barrels tumbling out, and as soon as the first one reached the gutter, the saloon-keeper struck its head a mighty blow with his axe, and the vile poison soon flowed in a stream down the street. Barrel after barrel was served in this way, till the saloon was emptied. The poor toppers looked aghast at such a waste, but the saloon-keeper's face was radiant with joy, and the crowd which had gathered shouted over the triumph of temperance. The dear women who had fought such a good fight, and whose faith had

not faltered, were weeping, laughing and praying, all together. Mrs. Monroe jumped up on a dry-goods box and struck up the grand old doxology—

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow,”

and everybody joined in, the saloon-keeper, who had really a very fine voice, singing with a will. In a few minutes, the church-bells all over town began to ring merrily for the victory, and within an hour it was telegraphed all over the state.

There was another scene which I witnessed in Xenia, that brought tears to the eyes of strong men. A large band of young school-girls, led by their teacher, took their station before the saloons, and sang with inexpressible pathos, such songs as, “Say! Mr. Barkeeper, has father been here?” and “Father, dear father, come home!” Oh! these little voices have a wonderful power of reaching the heart. Everybody was so terribly in earnest in Xenia, that I do not believe the siege will be raised until the last liquor saloon has surrendered.

It was very hard for us to tear ourselves away from Xenia, but as mother was one of the delegates to the Convention at Columbus, we were compelled to resume our journey.

Arriving there on Saturday, we attended a large temperance meeting the same evening, where there were about 1,200 ladies assembled, the majority of whom were ready to do and suffer for the furtherance of the good cause. Previous to the Conference, a mass meeting was held, intended to strengthen and

encourage the women of the city in the work upon which they were about to enter. Dr. Lewis was there, and "Mother Stewart," of Springfield, an accomplished and most lovely old lady, over seventy years of age, but with all the zeal and fervor of youth, also the New Vienna convert, Van Pelt. Women constituted seven-eighths of the assemblage, did nearly all the speaking, and soon became almost enthusiastic enough to march in a body upon the dram-shops of the State capital. The speeches were all in remarkably good taste, and some were really eloquent. Tears were brought to many eyes, the house resounded with "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" from the listening men, and, after every speech, the crowd arose and sang one of the songs of the campaign with thrilling effect. These songs were the well-known hymns, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," and "Our God is Marching On." Mrs. Mattie McClelland Brown and Mother Stewart held the almost breathless attention of the audience.

The convention met in the City Hall. Several hundred delegates were present, and the platform was occupied by twenty-five clergymen. Dio Lewis was called to the chair, and, after a most fervent prayer by Mother Stewart, the doctor invited the delegates to the platform, which proved entirely too small for such a large body. Reports were read concerning the progress of the crusade in different towns, and many a thrilling story was told by those who were personally cognizant of the facts. Messages

were also received from time to time, from different points, announcing new victories, and calling forth fresh rejoicings, and a Woman's State Temperance League was formed. But, Carrie dear, my letter is growing too long. Come and see me, for I cannot unburden my heart on paper, and what you read in the papers seems so tame in the light of reality. I shall continue in the good work, for there is a great deal of finishing-up to do yet, and, when all is done at home, there is enough to do abroad. Hoping to see you soon, and believing that you will patiently endure this infliction for the love you bear the cause,

I am, always, your loving

IDA MAY BRAYTON.

THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Oh! hark, what cry is sounding, borne clear upon the air!
‘Ring, bells, throughout the nation, ring, ring the call to
prayer!’

The *women* now are rising, and the Help in which they
trust

Will give them strength for victory in the cause that is so
just!

The wires flash joyous greeting; back and forth, from East
to West,

The words are, “God is with us, and this, of all, is best!”

Ah! sordid hearts may fear and quake, for well indeed they
know

The courage born of suffering will strike the surest blow.

Ho! all long-suffering mothers, wives, daughters, sing and
pray,

For a new crusade they usher—your emancipation-day.

They rally round no standard, with no helmet and no shield,
Save their womanly endeavors; but will never yield the
field.

They do not work with pledge alone that says, “We will not
taste

The soul-destroying liquors that run our lives to waste!”

At evil’s root they are striking, right valiantly and well,

And the pledge which they insist on is, “We’ll never, never
sell!”

They bravely enter places where men would blush for
shame

To be found by those who know them by their honored
household name.

They have found in bar-rooms children, who their little arms
would twine

Round a father's neck, beseeching that he their pledge would
sign.

They seek no law, no conflict ; their labor is of love ;
Their help, the rule of kindness ; their guidance, God above.
O bells ! ring out, ring boldly ; sound the tocsin everywhere,
While heart to heart is thrilling with woman's call to prayer.

On, on, heroic women ! your warfare cannot fail,
E'en now your foes are shaking like reeds before a gale ;
A million lives are sighing for truer liberty,
A million souls are waiting your glorious victory.
Urged by the suffering legion who have stirred you to the strife,
Down with the sordid traffic that is taking more than life !
The day is yours ; charge nobly. Crush the tyrant every-
where !

While the tocsin-peal is ringing brave woman's call to prayer.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE WOMEN'S CRUSADE.

BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER, D.D.

THE light of truth is breaking ;
On the mountain tops it gleams ;
Let it flash along our valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakens
In its flush of golden beams.
Our God is marching on.

With purpose strong and steady,
In the Great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred
From the depths of woe and shame ;

And the jubilee of freedom
To the slaves of sin proclaim.
Our God is marching on.

From morning's early watches
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter
In the work we have begun,
Till the forts have all surrendered,
And the victory is won.
Our God is marching on.

We wield no carnal weapon,
And we hurl no fiery dart;
But with words of love and reason
We are sure to win the heart,
And persuade the poor transgressor
To prefer the better part.
Our God is marching on.

When dawns the day of terror,
And the awful trumpet's sound
Shall waken up the sleepers
From beneath the quaking ground,
May no blood of fallen brothers
On our startled souls be found!
Our God is marching on.

Our strength is in Jehovah,
And our cause is in His care;
With Almighty arms to help us,
We have faith to do and dare,
While confiding in the promise
That the Lord will answer prayer.
Our God is marching on.



FRANCIS MURPHY.

THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF
FRANCIS MURPHY
THE
TEMPERANCE REFORMER.

EMBRACING ALSO

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, AND THE SPEECHES OF
HIMSELF AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

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THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF
FRANCIS MURPHY.

CHAPTER I.

ALCOHOL THE GREATEST CURSE OF THE HUMAN RACE.—TEMPERANCE REFORM A COMPARATIVELY RECENT MOVEMENT.—THE FRANCIS MURPHY MOVEMENT.—DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT IRISH ORATOR.

FROM the earliest days to the present time the curse of alcohol has rained ruin, misery, degradation and crime, on weak and straggling humanity. History, which is simply "philosophy teaching by example," is full of the most eloquent and pregnant illustrations of the curse wrought by the love of stimulants. The Biblical account of Noah's discovery of the fascination and the effects of wine, typifies the fact that even while the race was in its infancy, it commenced to be coiled in the folds of that monstrous appetite, which has grown with civilization, assuming constantly new phases, and been the fatal root of the most terrible crimes. Were the element of alcohol eliminated from the hidden causes that have made the records of humanity black and gloomy tragedies, it would sweep away the larger share of the atrocities that revolt the student in his investigations. The fall of empires, as well as the ruin of individuals, may, in numerous instances, be

directly traced to the cursed appetite for strong drink. Since the first dawn of civilization down to the present time, men have murdered their friends as well as their enemies, ruined their families, wasted their substance, in a word, transformed themselves from rational men into raving demons, in obedience to this deadly craving. From the monarch on his throne to the peasant in his hut, the insidious poison has wrought its fiendish work, and introduced moral chaos, lawlessness, cruelty, and all forms of evil, where thrift, order and virtue, but for this fell agency, would have been triumphant. It will be useless to enumerate illustrations of this fact from the annals of the past. It is one of those sad truisms of history, sown thick with illustrations through every age, written in plague, murder, rapine, and all the blackest forms of unbridled selfishness and passion. Human villany has always sought the alliance of alcohol, when it would consummate its projects, to stifle the last faint protests of conscience and enkindle the more ferocious instincts which reveal the traces of the wild beast lingering in the human breast. This form of statement may be called glittering generalization ; but it is designed to call attention to a fact, which most essayists and historians from the philosophic Buckle down, have lost sight of, or perhaps deliberately overlooked, that among the most potent factors that have entered into the problem of the human race, the love of stimulants, of which alcohol is perhaps the chief, has an evil pre-eminence.

It is a significant and striking fact, that it is only within the last two centuries that the moral sense of humanity has awakened to an alarming sense of the real gist of this tremendous question, and attempted to grapple with it practically. In spite of the innumerable facts staring men in the face, the love of wine and other forms of stimulant had previously enlisted in its cause the specious pleading of so-called philosophy, the glowing strains of poetry, and the beauties of art ; nay, it had even dragged religion into a sacreligious alliance, and daringly called on the oracles of God to set the seal of Divine

approval on the most malign agency which has blasted the bodies and souls of mankind. In a barbaric age it is easy to understand the lack of moral distinctions, but it is more difficult to fully realize the utter want of appreciation, which made the fine civilizations of the ancient world associate drunkenness rather with something poetic, refined, and ennobling, than stigmatize it as the basest and most dangerous appetite which has devastated the hearts and hopes of the race. From the sublime Homer down to the dainty and licentious Anacreon among the Greeks; from Ennius, who sang the praises of a virtuous country life, to the wise and witty Horace, among the Romans, poetry crowned the reeling Bacchus with honors no less than Minerva, the deity of wisdom. The great philosophers and moralists did not hesitate to invoke wine as the genial friend of man, and use their strongest logic to strengthen its hold over the human understanding. The same callous and terrible disregard of this frightful enemy of virtue, health, and public welfare, continued for many ages after the victory of Christianity over the old forms of religious error. And it is a sad fact that while the most pure and blessed of religions was interpreted as tacitly indorsing the use of strong drink as a beverage, it was left for the fanatical Arab prophet and reformer, Mohammed, to brand with his strongest curses even the tasting of the deadly potion which steals away the brains and consciences of men.

Mr. Leckey, whose work on the history of Morals attracted so much attention a few years ago, acutely observes that, while the priests, philosophers, and moralists of former ages proclaimed the general ethical truths with so much clearness and eloquence, they left the attempt to grapple with and remedy the practical every-day evils of life to the present utilitarian age. Pre-eminently is this the case with temperance reform, one of the most magnificent movements in its series of waves, which this nineteenth century, great as it is in improvements relating alike to the moral, intellectual, and physical man, has known.

The evil of intoxication, unlike many other vices, has far-reaching roots of destruction and misery. It propagates itself by the most insidious feelers, and masks its dangers at the outset by alluring the unwary with appeals to some of the most delightful and worthy instincts. It borrows the arguments of society and friendship, and offers the fatal cup with honeyed smiles and words. The number of victims who have been led into the habit of drinking, thence to drunkenness, crime, and utter ruin by the hand of beauty, of kindly feeling, and regard for the so-called social amenities, is simply numberless. One may fancy Satan, the genius of evil, laughing with demoniac glee, as he witnesses the most dreadful of all the agencies for the devastation of body and soul, putting on the vestments of an angel of light, and sapping the dignity and truth of manhood with pleas drawn from the armories of God. All the readers of this book will recognize the force of the fact, as old and threadbare as it may seem. A lovely woman, pure and good in all her instincts, offers a visitor a glass of wine in obedience to a common conventionality, with her thoughtlessness a mere matter of form. She little thinks in doing this seemingly trifling courtesy, she is opening the gates, perhaps, which lead the victim down on the broad road of ruin, till he ends in the purlieus of the groggery and the brothel an outcast and a wreck. A dear friend asks one whom, mayhap, he loves as a brother, to share the social glass with him, not believing that the cup holds a potion more malignant and terrible than so much prussic acid. For in the former case, the issues not only of time, but eternity, hang in the balance. So the sweetest impulses of the human heart have been wrenched out of their sphere to allure the weak from their hold on the one anchor of safety, total abstinence.

A wise Spanish proverb says, that wine is made up of the blood of three animals, the ape, the bull, and the hog, thereby typifying the different stages of intoxication—foolish chatter and laughter, when the wits have gone astray ; ferocity, which uses the knife or the pistol with unsparing hand ; and the

brutish sleep, which expunges the last semblance of manhood.

Read the newspaper records that make the columns of the press a red catalogue of crime sickening to the last degree. How often does the eye behold such a story of wretched sin as this :

"A. B., a gentlemanly-looking man, entered the saloon of John Smith, on X. street, in company with a friend, and drank several times at the bar. The two seemed in hilarious good humor and on the firmest terms of amity with each other. At last A. B. became quarrelsome and noisy. His friend, fearing some disturbance, sought to persuade him to go home. The man, intoxicated to the verge of ~~fur~~ fury, used the most insulting and opprobrious terms, and became utterly unmanageable. His friend took him by the arm and tried to lead him out into the street. At last the maniac, raving and frothing at the mouth, drew a dirk and drove it into the heart of the unfortunate man. He was arrested by the police and lodged in the city prison on the charge of murder."

Let us go further and look behind the curtain in this typical example. A. B. was a man doing a good business, happy in his social and family relations. Perhaps he left home with the pure kisses of a devoted wife and sweet children on his lips, to be gone for a short absence, and expecting soon to return to the embraces of the beloved ones. Hour after hour the patient wife waits for the return of her husband. At last comes the thunderbolt from a clear sky. The partner of her being, the father of her babes, the idol of her heart, is bolted within a felon's cell, and the shadow of the gibbet looms up in the distance. At one dreadful stroke, the happiness of a household is shattered, and a man who might have been an ornament of life made into an accursed wretch. Such is the work of the demon, alcohol.

Is this called an exaggerated example? No ! it is but one of many such instances which make the newspaper reader shudder, for it is being constantly repeated with variations as infinite

as the complexities of human life. It has been said that no man becomes bad all at once, but only by slow gradations of vice. It is the exclusive privilege of alcohol and its brother poisons to have the power in many cases to transform the good man instantly into the devil. The mad Malay, who runs amuck butchering right and left those in his way, has brother examples in more civilized regions. But even more general unhappiness and vice is caused when the work of alcohol is more slow than in the instance we have cited.

The victim of the appetite falls from bad to worse, perhaps with many occasional lapses into virtuous resolutions, which prove too weak for the force of habit. His family are deserted and ill-treated, subjected to a slow torture for years. His wife fades away from rosy health and happiness into an attenuated, sad-eyed spectre, and his children become ragged unkempt gutter-snipes, gamins of the street, with an almost certainty of more than emulating his example. He finally dies foretasting hell, in the serpent evil of *delirium tremens*. Let us not laugh lightly at these things. They are not the occasional cases, which shock the mild philanthropist as he ruminates in his easy chair into saying with a complacent sigh: "How terrible, but I suppose they can't be helped, for human nature is so frail."

No! these are but citations of innumerable facts that stare us in the face in every street of a great city; in corner grogeries, sown as thick as dragon's teeth; in haggard faces, bleary eyes, and tattered garments; in dilapidated houses and filthy rookeries; in crowded court-houses and jails; in the unspeakable squalor, uncleanness, wretchedness, blasphemy, sorrow and soul damnation, as well as bodily disease, which make whole acres of great cities a vast lazaret-house of sin and horror. The imagination can hardly over-paint the picture, and the pen fails to find words to encompass the dire facts in fitting expression. What is ordinarily hyperbole gets shriveled into weak corpses of language when it seeks to find the fitting terms.

Yet wide-spread and deep-seated as is the appetite which wreaks such a curse, the signs of the time are hopeful. The poet Teunyson sings in the opening stanza of "In Memoriam :"

"I hold it one with him who sings
On one clear harp of many tones,
That man may rise on stepping-stones
Of his dead self to higher things."

The sky has been brightening for the last century, and though the gleams of the rosy, auroral morning may be slow and faint in their increase, they are clear and plain to the patient watchman on the battlements. Let us compare the present century with the past, in the case of the Anglo-Saxon nations, for example. Not much more than a hundred years ago the crime of intemperance (for in view of its awful results it becomes more than a vice), was so much the rule in Great Britain that the peasant was an habitual sot. Strong ale was as free in every cottage as water, and the laborer, the miner, the mechanic welcomed his evening at the pot-house as the pleasurable part of his hard and grinding lot. Every village was filled with paupers, and the poor-house crowded to excess. The working man rarely ended his day without being at least, somewhat intoxicated. Among the gentry the facts were even more patent. The dinner almost uniformly ended in debauch, and the three-bottle man was honored as one of the ornaments of society. Gentlemen regarded it as one of their duties to go to bed reeling drunk, and the victor in a protracted revel, who had drunk his companions under the table, was honored with the smiles of the women, the approval of society, and the admiration of his fellows. From the topmost to the lowest layers of society, men, and oftentimes women, were saturated through and through with the love of and demand for wine, gin and beer. This is no extreme statement of the historical fact. Read the novels of a century since, those vivid social pictures of men and women as they were in all ranks, and the

moral to be drawn frightens one accustomed even to the sad truths of the present time.

No less did the same fact hold in the American colonies, and even after the establishment of the republic. North and South the vice was a paramount social custom, and ministers of the gospel themselves regarded the daily use of stimulants as not only excusable, but a rational and proper thing. The laborer in the fields considered his employer as failing in his contract unless rum was furnished, and low tipping-shops, even in those days of cheap liquor, absorbed the earnings of the poor. The country innkeeper was one of the most important functionaries of the village, without whose important voice no political or social council was complete. The higher classes paraded a battalion of decanters on their sideboards, and the visitor who refused to drink the health of the host and hostess was branded as an ill-bred boor, not fit for polite circles. So the habit of drinking was most firmly intrenched in the hearts and customs of the community, and the advocate of temperance was looked on as an ignorant fanatic, not even to be honored with serious argument.

Now let us turn to the present. It is a blessed fact that refined people, although they may not ignore or taboo the habit of drinking, regard drunkenness with open aversion or disgust. The total abstainer is regarded with esteem and admiration, even if his example be not emulated, and intoxication is stamped by law as being, not only not a palliation of, but adding a blacker hue to the wickedness of crime. The sideboard, loaded with its glittering burden of liquors and wines, is no longer a necessity of hospitality; nay, it is to-day the rare exception. Society sees that it must at least in theory frown on the alliance of the drinking habit with the usages of polite life, and many fashionable assemblies occur, without the host thinking it necessary to furnish wine to his guests. The New Year's festival is rapidly emerging from the blight and disgrace, which a few years ago made the anniversary sad and ominous in spite of the spirit of general good fellowship

pervading it ; and now the rivalry is not who shall make the most alluring display of wines, but who shall furnish the strongest coffee and purest lemonade to the visitor.

Above all, the church has dissolved its unholy alliance with alcohol, and now lifts its thunders, its pleadings, and persuasions against the use of liquor in any form, as one of the crying evils of the age. The ministers of God are no longer tipplers, and advocates of what is called with tremendous sarcasm rational drinking, but practisers as well as preachers of the virtue of entire abstinence. Chemistry and physiology have turned their powerful lenses on the scientific side of the question and reiterated with telling emphasis the indubitable fact that in the use of stimulants man has nothing to expect but breaking down of body and brain. These are eloquent signs that encourage hope, and cheer the weary laborer in the cause of reform. The change is slow but sure, and though the disease is still wide-spread, deep-rooted, and sweeps hundreds of thousands yearly to a dishonored grave, the spirit of God is leavening the times and working toward a mighty victory.

And now, what has caused all this ? The answer is simple. The moral atmosphere of the age is purer and stronger. With the increase of knowledge, the more careful study of social facts and statistics, the growing tendency of the age to refrain from mere theory and generalization, and grapple with details, there has come to be a solid conviction that this question of drunkenness is one of the terrible problems which society in very self-protection must solve. It is the mythic sphynx with its riddle and the inflexible alternative, "Explain me or I will destroy you." When to this is added the awakened religious sense, which now sees the truth in its genuine bearings, we can understand why the signs of the age are so full of promise.

The traveler in our newer western communities has often had occasion to observe the following fact. During the early settlement, the country is infested with malarial fever. Hardly an inhabitant whose sallow face and chattering teeth do not betoken the subtle scourge which reeks from the

moist black soil, and the prairie-sloughs. After a while, continued cultivation and drainage dry up the marshy lands, and the warm sunlight permeates through the earth, constantly turned up with plow and harrow. At last the poisonous malaria is destroyed and the air becomes pure and healthy. Communities pass through similar experiences in a moral sense. The swamps of ignorance and indifference born of lack of knowledge must be drained, before the moral atmosphere gets healthy.

Side by side with this tendency to investigate, must grow the sense of necessity for investigation, the appreciation of the evil as it exists. The heart must be stirred as well as the intellect. The emotional side of temperance reform is one of its most vital elements. It is like the steam which moves mighty machinery. The illumination of knowledge must get its primary motive from some fire in the heart and soul. It is here that the religious element links itself with such potency to the scientific side of the temperance problem. It is here that the eloquence and passion of the orator kindle the inert mass, made callous and heavy by long habit ! The great waves of excitement, which so often sweep the land in connection with religious and moral movements, are essential factors.

It is too much the tendency of those who pride themselves on being rational and philosophic, to decry what are called paroxysms. The formalist sneers at the Moody and Sankey revival as mere blaze without permanent fuel. So, too, we hear ridicule of such a magnificent movement as the Murphy Temperance Reform as a false and abnormal thing, whose effects are only traced in the fatal reaction which follows the high tension of the emotions after the exciting cause has ceased. Intelligent men in viewing things in this light fail to study essential facts in human nature. Brain must have the stimulus of heart, and unless the feelings are powerfully moved, it is in vain either in the case of the individual or the community to expect important changes. No man ever reformed himself, as the oyster recreates his shell, by a mere law of vital mechanism.

Among recent phenomena of temperance reform there is nothing to compare in intensity, enthusiasm and sweep with the Francis Murphy movement, whose salient features it is the object of this book to describe in succeeding chapters. It had been progressing quietly for some years in different parts of the country, and attained but little more than local celebrity. During the fall and winter of 1876-'77 it reached Pittsburg, Pa. Commencing quietly, it grew apace, and finally culminated in one of those extraordinary uprisings of the moral sense which sometimes convulse great communities as with an earthquake, reaching down to the very roots of society, and effecting results in a short time, which otherwise many years would fail to achieve. Mr. Murphy was about three months in Pittsburg, and during that time the astounding number of eighty thousand men signed the pledge. All classes of society felt the impetus of the Irish reformer's eloquence and enthusiasm. Wealth and fashion locked hands with squalor and misery, and in the Murphy meetings, night after night could be seen silks, diamonds and seal-skin cloaks rustling on the same seat with the rags and tatters of the poor. People of wealth gave freely of their abundance to advance the movement, and the milk of human kindness poured freely from the fountains unlocked by the voice of the temperance orator. This was the inaugural point of Francis Murphy's celebrity, and since that time his name has rung from one end of the land to the other in connection with the great cause of temperance reform. The next great field of his efforts, after a short visit to the West, was Philadelphia, where six weeks of labor were attended with results hardly less significant and extraordinary than at the great manufacturing city at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers. Great throngs signed the pledge of reform, hundreds of saloon-keepers among them, and the hearts of innumerable wives and mothers made glad. But we will not anticipate the fuller description of the Irish orator's work which is to follow.

The name of Francis Murphy has become a household bless-

ing far and wide. Its sound recalls to the grateful thoughts of thousands of families the glad day which commenced the reconstruction of the shattered household idols; the income of sunlight, happiness, comfort and virtue, where before all hopes and joys had been blasted by the demon of rum, the extraordinary and unholy passion, which takes such an irresistible hold on men, and constitutes one of the great curses of the race. What wonder, then, that this modern apostle is named with trembling and eager blessing, and that the hearts of men and women turn to him as an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence for the benefaction of his fellows. What greater gift could he give them than give them back themselves, lost manhood, the hope of happiness and prosperity, both in this world and in the world to come?

The *personnel* of a man like Francis Murphy must always be a matter of some interest. With men so remarkable there is always associated something intensely individual, for what is sometimes called personal magnetism, which is the outcome of a fervent temperament, burning faith, and devotion to a cause, as well as certain peculiar gifts of mind and person, has been a most potent agent in his mighty work. The mind unconsciously seeks to form an image of such men, and shape them to the imagination as living presences, standing before us in all the dignity of native manhood.

Francis Murphy is a man of noble physique, graceful in his port and massive in frame. A well-developed head sets closely on his neck, which rises solidly from broad and heavy shoulders. The frame of the orator, as is generally the case with men of exceptional powers of eloquence, is strong and symmetrical, and indicates a well-balanced, healthy, powerful nature. Full of vigor and activity in his movements, he makes an instant and favorable impression on all with whom he comes in contact. Beneath his massive and bushy eyebrows there play a pair of piercing gray eyes, that send their glances into the very depths of the soul. Yet they are full of kindliness and sweetness, and the face is lightened by a genial, friendly

smile, which is irresistible in drawing the regards of his fellows.

His features are prominent, and even handsome. A large dark moustache falls over the resolute but kindly mouth, which, when smiling, discloses white and even teeth. The head is surmounted with iron-gray hair, giving a slightly venerable appearance to the face. His stature is about five feet ten inches, and he is rather stout, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. This is a hasty physical description of what may be called a man of unusually fine physique, but it utterly fails to convey a full impression of the man himself—only of his outer shell or envelope, through which the illuminating power of the soul shines with splendid radiance. His eyes and his purse have never been found shut to the appeal of human woe and suffering. A generous heart, overflowing with love, sympathy, and charity, beats in every pulse and radiates from the face. He unites a clear head, keen perceptions, and an almost unerring judgment. When to these are added an intuitive knowledge of human nature, and a passionate enthusiasm, we get some clue to the secret of his power. His work is a labor of love, and he has become its champion and standard-bearer.

The affectionate, sympathetic nature of this truly good man is overflowing with desires to benefit his fellow-men. His earnest appeals come right from the heart, and his words, at times, flow so smoothly and are so full of conviction that they seem to be inspirational. Truly has it been said of him, that the eloquent language flows from him like a mighty stream of sparkling water gushing from a great fountain. Being saved himself from a drunkard's fate, the fascinating recital of his redemption never fails to awaken the warmest sympathies of man's nature, and encourage the consumers of strong drink to pause and consider whither they are drifting. So persuasive, so earnest, so sincere is he, that he captures the drinkers by scores and hundreds. Taking them by the hand, he gives such a genuine, hearty shake as he says, "Brother, let us have your name to the pledge," that few can resist his earnest appeal.

His very presence inspires confidence and a desire to forswear forever all intoxicating drinks. Wherever he has labored, his work has been blessed as the work of no other temperance lecturer before him ever was blessed. The people say God-speed to him, and sustain him in the good work. Within the past year he has caused a great, peaceful, and beneficial revolution in this portion of the State.

It is not in his eloquent oratory alone that he makes his greatness and his usefulness felt. He seeks to save his fellow-man through impressing the fallen that there is hope for them—that while a man is willing to help himself, others stand ready to aid him. His appeals so pleasantly made are irresistible. His very experience, sad as it has been, has contributed to his eloquence and success, the one being inseparable, if not identical, with the other.

Then, too, his method of securing the aid of reformed men as active co-laborers, is something that has added much to his effectiveness. But of this we will say nothing further at present, for we started out to describe the *personnel* of the man, rather than to dwell upon the methods which he so successfully employs in his ministrations. We now pass on to his youthful days, and as the reader progresses through the pages of this book he will find much of absorbing interest in the life of one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of revivalists the world has ever known.

CHAPTER II.

THE EARLY LIFE OF FRANCIS MURPHY IN OLD IRELAND.—HIS DEPARTURE FOR AND SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA.—HE FINALLY OPENS A HOTEL AND COMMENCES THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN PORTLAND, ME.—TRIAL AND ACQUITTAL ON THE CHARGE OF MURDER.

FRANCIS MURPHY saw the glad light of life on the 24th of April, 1836, in the town of Wexford, county Wexford, Ireland. He sprang from the Irish peasantry. A short while before his birth his father expired, leaving the mother in poor circumstances; so he was ushered into the world under rather a gloomy aspect. His home was most charmingly and picturesquely situated. It was a thatched cottage, of course, for these structures are altogether inhabited by the poor of lovely Erin. It stood on a slight elevation, not pronounced enough to be dignified as a hill; and faced the ocean, that is, the harbor of Wexford, which connects the Atlantic and the Irish Sea. A small path of gravel led up to the door, and on either side of the path was a bit of garden-land, all aglow with the beauty of mother Earth's fair offspring. In the distance loomed the gray rocks that ran out to greet the foaming channel, and on one side the smiling hills of green.

Francis Murphy lived his quiet life here. Surely the loveliness of his birth-place must have helped to mould so beautiful a nature as his; helped to bring him intimately to God. In the subsequent dark and dreadful periods of his life the charming scene must have flashed before his mind's eye and aroused the slumbering conscience in his breast.

The Murphys were, and always had been Roman Catholics. Mrs. Murphy was earnest and steadfast in her religious principles, and endeavored to instill them in the minds of her children.

The peasants of Ireland are obliged to work hard to keep the wolf from the door. This labor is incessant, and they know little rest, little pleasure, and little comfort. The Murphys were not exceptions. They shared the common lot with their neighbors. They were literally tillers of the soil, earning their humble substance by the very sweat of their brow.

Our hero has mentioned in one of his addresses the fact that after having gleaned in the harvest field, he was obliged to carry the grain into the cottage, and there thrash it out on the floor while the world at large was fast asleep.

Despite the lack of this world's goods the Irish are prone to hospitality. They love to gather their friends about them and have a pleasant time. This trait is widely known and commended. The Murphys were not so destitute but they could occasionally get up an entertainment for their friends. Indeed, this was a courtesy expected and demanded from one to another, and must be observed, if the good will and esteem of the neighbors were desired. To let the twelve months go by without once gathering your friends together, and having a little feast, was regarded a shabby trick, in fact an insult to the whole neighborhood. And in an appropriate fashion the neighborhood would revenge itself and outraged dignity upon yourself, children, even for months and months. Describing this hospitality, Mr. Murphy said :

“Public dinners were popular in the old country ; and, though we could not afford them, our friends would be invited sometimes, because my mother thought it would be considered mean if she did not invite them. I enjoyed those days on which the friends would come to be feasted at the little home. And the table might groan beneath the luxuries, unless there was liquor upon it something seemed needed for the occasion.

"It has been the fashion in my country, from time immemorial, to have liquor on the table ; and it is thus that a great many young men have been brought into the habit of drinking, resulting in the course of time, in their disgrace and shame.

"I remember when the table was spread, and all the arrangements made, how I was allowed to come into the room and see it. This white Irish linen cover and the little china tea-cups, with a gilt rim around the edge, looked beautiful upon it. I remember, that when I only touched one of the cups it would seem to sing like a bird. I could see all the large raisins in the cake ; and it was with difficulty I could keep my fingers from them. Of course, I knew that if I touched them my mother would stir me up.

"When you have a feast in this country the children are brought into the room and are introduced to the friends. In my country the youngsters are huddled into the kitchen. This was a part of our entertainments I did not like. My mother, when everything was ready, would call me aside and say, 'Come here, be a good boy, keep perfectly still, go straight out of this, and make no noise.' Thus, I remember being turned out into the kitchen, and how my hand doubled in perfect indignation. I can yet feel the scalding tears as I paced back and forth.

"There is no pleasant remembrance about this treatment. Don't ask your friends to come to your house at the expense of your children. If there are no chairs, so that they can be seated at the table, I suggest, that the old folks go out and wait until the children have eaten.

"On the occasion referred to I kept walking back and forth in great restlessness. Often I came to the door and put my ear to it that I might in some way enjoy the laughter and talking. There was a little latch across, and it would open if it was touched. Finally patience ceased to be a virtue, and the latch was touched, whereupon the door opened. At this, some of the friends noticed me, and beckoned me to come into

the room. I entered very cautiously, for if my dear mother had caught me she would have sent me back. The friends had gotten through eating and were quite merry over their drink.

“Much has been said about the Irish people drinking intoxicating liquor ; but, if you were accustomed to the ways in old Ireland, you would say very little about it. If half a dozen friends met together they had to have a drop of the crater, of course ; they couldn’t get along without it. A man would be considered mean unless he had it on special occasions upon his table ; and no man likes to be called stingy. There is something fascinating to an Irishman in the thought that he is a liberal man, and that his friends will say of him : ‘I would like to repeat my visit to his house ; what beautiful whiskey ; what splendid wine ; it was glorious.’

“My friend would take his glass in his hand ; he was a dear friend of our family ; and, adding a little water to the whiskey, would place it in my hand as I stood by his side. I remember of my looking up in his face and sipping it from a teaspoon. Thus I first learned to love the taste of liquor. It was there the appetite was first formed. It was there the seeds of intemperance were sown which cursed and made a wreck of me thousands of miles from my native land.

“In justice to the memory of my beloved mother—who loved me as affectionately as your parents have loved you—I will say, there is a way that seemeth right to many of us, but the end thereof is death.”

There was scarcely any time, and very little opportunity indeed, to think of or to obtain education among the Murphys. In the first instance, each member was obliged to toil to earn his bread ; and in the second, their religion debarred them entirely from the national schools. Dilatory opportunities were given by the priests in the several parishes to learn how to read and write, somewhat indifferently, it must be admitted. Nevertheless, it was education—or a certain sort—and Francis Murphy eagerly embraced the opportunity, and applied himself

with an earnest, steadfast will to learn all he could—a most noble characteristic, in truth, which glowingly marked the future years of glory for him to live.

There are some things that live in the mind forever, defying the kind touch of Time, who soothes, mellows and eases ourselves, thoughts and actions, having power to upset our repose and make us wretched. A blow, a harsh word, a look, an act,—little things in themselves, but powerful enough to render us in our turn cold and unforgiving.

Francis Murphy had been soundly flogged by the priest for some fault. It was no slight punishment. It was as severe as it possibly could be. It was inflicted before the whole little band of scholars, and was dreadful disgrace to him, his being a most loving, gentle and sensitive disposition.

It lived in his mind always. He always felt he had been most shamefully dealt with, and he often alluded to it in his speeches as a wrong which he could not forget, and which for a number of years he could not forgive.

The lad's youth was one perpetual longing for a greater life than that before him in Wexford, a vague longing for the world beyond the shining sea that stretched before his home. Every time a vessel passed by on its way to other shores, the same wish would rise up in his heart, and would make him impatient for the time when he might go away. He had heard, as far back as he could recollect, wonderful stories of America, the strange sights to be seen there, and the marvelous success men made there after leaving poor, oppressed Ireland. What blessed future might be his, were he only in America! What new worlds of happiness, what scenes of novelty and delight!

When he was able to support himself a position was found under his mother's landlord, who possessed an old castle in the vicinity. There was nothing in the situation to please him, and everything to revolt him. He was sensitive, ambitious, and of a highly-strung constitution; and his being a servant, was rather a source of pain than otherwise. He was more than willing, in fact eager to help in supporting the family; and the

small wages the landlord rewarded him with were of great service to his mother. However, he could not reconcile himself to his fate. He endeavored to endure it patiently. His master was a true devotee to King Alcohol ; but when he was sober Francis was a quiet, deferential servant, and when he was intoxicated the boy shared the cup with him, becoming his companion and equal. His family felt the dangers that surrounded him, and suffered great anxiety on his account. The longing for a new life grew with his growth, and urged him onward. Even in the hours of severe labor the thought would rush through him, making him pause, stand still and look, with his hands shading his eyes, at the smiling waves into the misty distance. At last the inward voice found relief in impetuous speech. He confided in his mother. He unfolded all his plans, ideas and desires, and pointed out the benefits to be gained by his departure. Naturally she discouraged him. She spoke of the manifold dangers in store for him should he go, the many pitfalls for his inexperienced feet, and the ordeals through which he would be forced to pass. Was he equal to the undertaking ? Was he sure of himself, and of his powers of endurance ? Was he willing to run all the risks, and brave the overwhelming uncertainty of success ? He had reached his sixteenth year, and in his own estimation he was a man. What dangers would brave sixteen-year-old not face ? One is not so easily frightened at that sunny age ; one is willing, nay, anxious to rush out, unarmed, unprepared in any way, and grapple with all the evils known to man, with the noble desire to kill them, each and all. He was ready to go to America, if his dear, good, kind mother would only say yes to it. She could not say it. And besides how could he go—had he the wherewithal ? How bright his face grew at that ! He even laughed a low, happy laugh ! She looked in his bonnie face, with a ray of despair in her aged eyes. She knew instinctively that he was going, that her hold on him had been severed forever. To tell him not to go now would be useless, like commanding the breezes to cease, or the blue waves laughing out

in the gay sunlight to be motionless. While she realized that he was going, he told her an excellent chance had turned up in his favor, and that all he wanted now was her consent and blessing on the venture. "I shall never forget," Mr. Murphy has often said, when describing this most momentous period in his life, "my mother's countenance, when I looked into her face, and presented my request. Dear soul, she could hardly speak to me. Her eyes quickly filled up, and her lips parted so strangely. She said, 'Yes, I think it will be best for you to go, my boy.'" The only request she made was that he should spend his last week in Erin at home with her. This was most readily and gladly granted. In speaking of this time of his eventful life, while addressing the public, he said :

"I never shall forget that week. I can see my mother going backward and forward through the house. Her time was chiefly spent in making the needful preparations, and packing up for me. And when she would lift up the clothes and look at them, I could see the tears running down her cheeks. She would look at me awhile, as if in deep thought and solicitude, and then silently walk away. I thank God for the memory of that week at home. It has been a great blessing to me. I was only sixteen years of age, yet, blessed be God, the memory of that home, that face, and that voice, is still fresh and sweet in my heart.

"And then, the last night came before I was to leave. It was the custom in old Ireland, when a man was passing his last night at home, to send for his friends. But mother said, 'My son, I should like to be alone with you this last night.' There was no person invited. My trunk was partly packed, and there were some clothes placed upon the bureau alongside of my trunk. My mother said to me, 'Get your chair and sit with me here to-night.' And she took her seat by the table, with her head resting upon her hand. Sometimes she would lift up her head and look into my face, and then drop it down upon her bosom, and place her hands across her breast. I could see her struggle to control her grief. We sat there until it was one

o'clock at night, and I don't think there were twenty words spoken between us. Mother finally arose from her chair and said to me, 'My son, I think I will try and finish packing your trunk.' Never shall I forget that voice, as she arose from the chair. She spoke so strangely. She walked over to where the trunk was, looked into it, and then reached over to the clothes on the bureau, and placed them in it. She smoothed them down with great care. When the last garment was placed in it, it was all the dear soul could do to stand up again. Afterward, she raised up from her stooping position over the trunk, and walking to the window watched for the carriage that was to come for her boy. When I was ready to start, mother stood with her back to me, and I could see her trembling.

"I had not yet received her blessing. It was really about all she could give me, dear soul. You can hardly find a countryman of mine in America who would not prize his mother's blessing. I think sometimes Americans do not value the parental blessing enough. For my mother to put her hand on my head, and say, 'God bless you,' was a great deal to me. I arose from my seat and walked up to where mother was, and putting my arms about her neck, said, 'Mother, now give me your blessing before I part from you.' I then knelt at her feet, and she, placing her loving hand upon my head, said, 'May the blessing of God go with you; and may you remember, my dear boy, that the same sun that shines on me shines on you; that the same God that is watching over us in our humble home, will care for you in a strange country; and, oh! may you not forget your mother.'

It was a long, tedious and unpleasant trip; but the thoughts that lived in Francis Murphy's brain flew onward, and made the time less irksome for him. Lovely castles, standing in radiant gardens, stretched before his mind's eye in dazzling glory, dispelling the discomforts and hardships of an emigrant vessel, and making the weary journey of seven weeks' duration merely a little jaunt of no importance. Finally the spires and high house-tops of New York rose on the horizon. How the

boy's heart swelled at the sight ! At last the land of his choice was reached ! The emigrants quickly left the steamer. Francis was met by a pleasant-looking gentleman, who offered most kindly to show him to a nice hotel. Giving him the checks, he went along with him, talking brightly as he went. They reached an inn, and here found comfortable rooms and "something to take," of which our young friend partook rather too freely. He treated every one in the room to drink after drink. Seven days he kept up a continual drinking and treating, and then he discovered that he was without a single penny. This aroused him somewhat to his situation. The landlord found he had spent all he had, and he was forthwith compelled to quit the inn, and find other quarters, if he possibly could.

Homeless, friendless, and moneyless ! What a frightful condition to be in ! Did he turn his back to the tempter, and endeavor to retrieve what he had lost ? No. He still kept up his course of inebriety until every thing he had ever possessed was gone. In this strait he became sober, and conscious of his degradation. The prospect was gloomy in the extreme—dark and threatening without the faintest ray of light to show him the way. Depressed and alarmed he sought, day in and day out, something to do. He succeeded in procuring employment after very many disheartening attempts. He entered on his work with joy and zeal. It would be an easy matter now to replace all he had lost, and to put him in an agreeable position. He calculated beyond his strength. The voice of the tempter was too strong for him to resist, and the appetite for drink demanded gratification. He could not hold out a long time ; he was obliged to submit to the passion at last.

It was, after a while, useless to remain in New York, so he made up his mind to go to Quebec, Canada. Fickle fortune seemed wary, and did not attend him. He met with failure in every attempt he made while in Quebec, and was finally compelled, after his funds were nearly exhausted, to leave there. He did not have sufficient money to pay his way to the States, but enough to take him to Montreal. Here he found work for

the time being, in a hotel. He kept his place in the hotel for a few years. His habits of intemperance drove him from this employment; and instead of seeking other work in Canada he returned to New York, hoping there to redeem his honor and manhood from the low depths into which both had fallen. He found work on a farm in New York State. It was hard, outdoor life, and he enjoyed it with zest, working steadily all the time. After many attempts, the difficulty of which is almost impossible to realize or comprehend, unless, dear reader, you have been in the same predicament yourself, he subdued his desire, his intense craving for drink.

"I was compelled to learn the profession of driving oxen on a farm," he said on a certain occasion, with his peculiarly sweet and brightening smile, "and as a green Irish boy, with a goad in hand, I learned so talk to Buck and Bright. I have seen a man laugh at me while I was chopping a maple log. I was cutting away at a great rate, and thought I was doing splendidly, but every time I struck the log he would shout and laugh at me."

He went further into the interior of the State. His life from this point was sober and right in every respect. It was here he met a generous, noble, and lovely girl, with whom he fell desperately in love. He longed to marry her, to live for her alone. Strange and delightful emotions now had possession of him, never in all his life had he felt as he now did. There seemed to be one ray of light for him, and it centered only in this girl. There seemed to be but one life worth living, and that was by her side. His present existence appeared colorless, unworthy, empty, unsatisfactory. He yearned to change it. He did change it. The gentle girl had learned to love her bold, impetuous, her handsome, stalwart lover. She consented to be his wife. He had just reached his eighteenth year, when he enveloped himself with the trials, responsibilities and felicities of marital life. The years that now stretched before him were full of promise. Everything devolved upon himself. His own happiness was in his hands, to make or to

mar. He fully realized that the future must be steady and industrious toil, for now there rose others to be cared for, and self had slipped almost unperceived from out of his life. Six years, happy, quiet and contented years, went gently by. Francis Murphy developed into a happy father and husband, an energetic worker, an upright, esteemed, beloved man. His wife proved herself one of the best, kindest, and truest helpmeets a man ever was blessed with. She proved herself a true Christian, a most faithful follower in the Divine footprints that alone lead us to our heavenly home. She it was who made Francis Murphy what he now was—a sober and successful man. She was always his adviser, counselor and friend. He did not withhold anything from her; but rather sought her sympathy and advice in all he undertook to do. Her influence on him was very great, even unbounded; and he loved her with all the fervor of, perhaps, one of the largest, most feeling hearts of the present time. He has touchingly spoken of her in his addresses to the people, not directly, but in an indirect way that proves in what light he regarded her presence at his side, and the influence she had over him. On one occasion he said, with a gush of feeling and power that surprised the vast assemblage before him:

“If you have a good, Christian wife, consult her in all your business. Give her to feel that she is a partner in life with you, that you are to work together, and believe in each other, come what will. Hearts thus joined together by God’s Holy Spirit, nothing should separate. There is no difficulty they cannot surmount, no obstacle they cannot overcome. With faith in each other, and faith in God, they will come through all right.”

The quiet and peaceful flow of their country existence was disturbed by the advent of one of Francis Murphy’s brothers, who did all in his power to persuade him to branch out into the great world again. Every one in the little family was willing to go, and, after many consultations, they agreed to go to Portland, Maine, and settle there.

The brothers determined to run a hotel here. This enterprise promised them a profitable return. Francis' heart, however, failed him when he thought of his dear wife and her views as regards a public-house life, and the results of such a business. As he expected she opposed the venture strongly. She told him she was against the business and would always be so ; for she feared everything from it, and she could have no ease of mind, no pleasure should he embrace it. She dreaded to see him placed in a position fraught with so many dangers for him. What if the old demon of drink should enter his breast again? She thought of her little ones, herself and himself, and said she could never consent to it. "I would sooner beg for a living in the streets of Portland, than to have you sell intoxicating liquors," she said, looking him earnestly in the face. He knew she felt and meant what she said, and nothing could ever alter his opinion in regard to the business he was about to enter. He did not feel as she did, but he would not oppose her. He would act alone. If harm came of it he would be to blame, not she. As he said in one of his speeches :

"I consulted her out of courtesy, and if she did not indorse my way, I pursued it all the same. I never saw a man have occasion, in the end, to regret having consulted his wife. Men engaged in the sale of intoxicating liquor do not, in general, consult their wives. They think they are capable of managing their own business ; but their wives are worried to death by it. After all, there's nothing like a man taking his wife into his confidence, just as he has taken her into his heart. He should make her to feel that she is loved, and should consult, and be advised by her in his business. Thus God's Spirit will both lead and help."

The Bradley House, on the corner of India and Commercial streets, was rented. It was neatly and comfortably upholstered—in fact, a desirable residence. Francis intended that his family should reside in it. To overcome his wife's scruples, he told her, encouragingly, "My dear, I am not going to make

any effort to sell liquors, but I will only have it for my customers and sell it respectably." In this manner he hushed his conscience, and overcame his wife's strong objections. His argument then was to the point and answered his position perfectly. In after years he said, having tested his argument to the very letter : "It is an utter impossibility to sell liquor respectably. It is the worst business under the sun. The finest of men, apparently, will come to you and say, 'Give me another drink?' You reply, 'You have enough!' They then urge, 'Don't I know my business?' And thus you cannot refuse them without the dreaded quarrel."

Mrs. Murphy could not rest, or consider his plans until he promised her faithfully not to drink, even if he did sell the cursed beverage to others. And yet in the next breath she exclaimed, conscience-stricken, "If you don't drink, yourself, some other people will take it!" Her mind was clear and strong, her heart pure and sympathetic. If she were saved others would suffer at the degradation of their loved ones. This she saw and felt acutely. From this time fear took possession of her heart. When her husband took her and the children to the hotel, he carried her through the different rooms with an eager air, as if he wished her to like and admire her future home.

"How does it please you, my wife?" he asked finally.

"I suppose I shall have to be pleased with it," she answered sadly.

"Do not be concerned, I am not going to take intoxicating liquors," he said soothingly, taking her hand in his.

"Others will," she said, shaking her head ominously.

The business proved to be very successful. The brother retired, leaving the whole concern to Francis, who was now a wealthy man. He remained proprietor of the hotel ten years. He kept his word for a time, or as long as he could, not to imbibe ; but he finally fell a victim to the alluring tempter. He became fond of it, and gratified his desire to excess. The

business was left to take care of itself ; the money he had made was spent regardless of the consequences.

The end came. Francis Murphy was a confirmed drunkard, a wretched habitual sot. He was turned out in this condition upon the world, with his poor wife and children, to face the storms of adversity as best he could. How patiently and resignedly did the suffering woman endure her miserable lot ! Not a word of unkindness or reproach did she let fall from her lips. Never would she let it happen, that he might feel she was unkind or reproachful towards him, whom she so devotedly loved both in adversity and prosperity. Francis Murphy ran a saloon in a limited fashion, to keep the wolf from the door. The insatiable craving, however, for the flowing bowl baffled his efforts, and hurried him breathlessly down the road of crime and ruin.

In a drunken brawl in his saloon he refused to let one of the men go up-stairs. The man broke away from the crowd, and went up-stairs. At the top stood Francis Murphy, wild with passion and heated with drink. They met ; a scuffle ensued ; both missed their footing, and fell headlong down the stairs. Francis Murphy was unhurt, but the intoxicated man had been hurried into eternity to face the Great Judge. Think of standing before the Lord of lords in that state—before the glowing angels and the glorious saints, with the vile, reeking odors of rum about him, and the horrible signs of the caresses of King Alcohol about his person and on his face. Oh ! man, where is your nobility, your manhood ? Oh, man ! endeavor to be yourself, your grand, noble, worthy self, so that when the good time comes you may be allowed to kiss the blessed Redeemer's feet, permitted to join the angels, and sing their swelling, inspired strains !

Francis Murphy was arrested and tried for the life of a fellow-creature. He himself had a brief look at death, but he was acquitted of the charge, and dismissed. Did he pause, and think of the future ? Did he say to Satan, "Get thee hence—I will have nought to do with thee" ? Did the passing

glance at the valley of death, the damp, chill feeling of it and its deep shadows, arouse his soul, and show him how to walk to be saved? Did he reform? No; he plunged down the road of ruin recklessly, madly. He gave scarcely a thought to himself, his poor, sorrow-stricken family, or to the future. He was an abandoned wretch, lost to everything noble, pure and good. He was indifferent to both God and man. What would be the end? Mr. Murphy had now reached that point of degradation and disgrace when society was obliged to take the matter into its own hand. His home had been made desolate by himself; his wife had reached a state of despair and pain when the hardest heart in the whole world could not help to pity and sympathize with her and her children. Society could not stand by and turn a deaf ear to the sufferings of these innocent people. It saw but one course to adopt. However, it will be of far more interest to give Mr. Murphy's account of this wretched part of his life, as narrated by him to thousands upon thousands of eager, spell-bound listeners.

And here our digression will be pardoned if we call attention to Mr. Murphy's graphic and eloquent descriptive powers, which have enlisted for him the honest hearts of the people, and which have been a spell of most unusual power and sweetness to all who have heard him speak.

He said: "I lost everything I owned in this world in the City of Portland. On the night of September 25th, 1869, I was a bankrupt, without a dollar, and, I think I can say, without a friend. This is a good deal for a man to say. It is easy enough for a man to simply say that he has no friends; but it is quite another thing for a man to feel it down deep in his heart.

"When misfortune came my friends passed away. I then kept on drinking, trying thereby to forget the sorrow that had come upon me. I did not care much whether I lived or died. Even the men, who were engaged in the same business I had followed, gave me the cold shoulder. Generally speaking, if you have been respected in the liquor business, and become

unfortunate, you will find a great gulf to come between those similarly engaged and yourself.

"Some persons thought that the best thing they could do for me and my family would be to have me arrested and sent to the county jail for reformation. Nevertheless, it has been to me one of the greatest crosses of my life.

"A countryman of mine, a wholesale liquor dealer, and Mr. Perry, the sheriff, came to my place one day, and asked me to take a walk down the street with them. I did so, not knowing what their business with me was. The sheriff had been talking about things of recent occurrence, when suddenly he said :

" 'I have been requested to have you arrested.'

" 'By whom,' I asked.

"Thereupon he pulled a writ from his pocket, having the signatures of four men upon it. One of these was in the same business I followed, and, of course, had not the least sympathy with me. They did not come and talk with me in a manly way, but determined upon arresting me, like a dog, and thrusting me into a dark dungeon. I asked :

" 'Will you let me go and see my friend Patrick McClidgy ?'

" 'Yes ; we will go with you to him,' was the reply.

"McClidgy was a man I loved as truly as I did my own children. We had been drunk and sober together. We had, so-called, good times in associating together ; and I loved him. When we went and saw him, he said :

" 'Take him away and lock him up, it's the best thing you can do for him.'

"At this, it seemed to me my heart would break. It was about the hardest blow of my life."

"My wife knew nothing of my arrest. My children were ignorant of it. The sudden misfortune to me had not yet reached their ears or hearts.

"Soon we came to the dark door of the jail. It stood open and I stepped into it. Never shall I forget the first moment in which I entered the building.

"I was thrust into the little dungeon of about six feet by three in size. It contained a little iron bedstead, having upon it a pillow of straw and an army blanket stretched over it. Here thoughts of the past crowded upon me. The voice that came to me first was that of my sainted mother. I could see her sweet face and hear her once more. I thank God that it is utterly impossible to tear from the heart the memory of a good mother. Then I could understand what the poet meant in his beautiful language :

"I hear a voice thou canst not hear,
Which says thou shalt not stay;
I see a hand thou canst not see,
Which beckons me away !

"Yes, in the silence of that lone place, I could hear the old familiar voice. And there I remained, suffering all the terrible delirium that it is possible for a poor victim of intemperance to endure. Of course, I was shut away from the world. I was altogether deserted by everybody except my faithful wife and children. And may God bless these ; they never deserted me ; they never said an unkind word to me. Constantly, almost, they passed and repassed in review before me.

"In this place I remained for a considerable time. It was evidently designed that I should have somewhat of leisure with my thoughts. My condition was one of extreme sadness. But, eventually, I realized the truth of the lines :

" ' God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.' "

Francis Murphy had ample leisure while in confinement to ponder on his condition, and the dreadful strait in which his family was now most unfortunately placed. His repentance and contrition were strong and sincere. If ever a man suffered acutely that man was the noble fighter against intemperance

in these sad, dark days in Portland. How his heart and spirit went out to his lonely, suffering companion, who had so courageously borne up under the deep sorrow, the manifold trials he had heaped upon her devoted head ! And yet he could do absolutely nothing to help her in any way. Could he have seen her as she was away from him, his heart indeed would have been broken, and his grief and agony deepened a thousand times deeper than it was. Poor woman ! alone, with six children to maintain, her lot was exceedingly hard to bear. There were times when she scarcely knew where to turn for the necessities of life ; and times when she dared not think of what the morrow would bring to her and her helpless little ones. Long and earnest supplications to Him, who helps the afflicted, poured from her breaking heart, asking help for herself and children, and for him, who was now away from them. How dark and desolate did life appear to her in these unhappy days ! If her faith in Jesus had not been so powerful, so enduring, she could not have endured the ordeal. As it was, she was fast losing hold on life, fast slipping away from earth and the ties that bind us here below, and drifting down that broad, placid and mighty stream that leads but to one point—Eternity.

When we step into the path of glory we are not often impelled that way by ourselves ; we are rather guided along the shining, flowery road by others. Some kind, guiding hand stretches forth from out the gloom for us to clasp, and clasping it firmly, warmly, we walk so before the Lord, in sweet companionship with some chosen vessel of the most High, who is familiar with the way.

The world seemed darkest when help and light came to Francis Murphy. It came in the person of Captain Cyrus Sturdivant, a gentleman admitted by all who know him to be the kindest friend a man could have. Captain Sturdivant felt the “wee sma’ voice” within his breast calling him to do good. To do good, in his opinion, was to go among the lowest of the low, the wretched part of humanity. He therefore went, with the

sheriff's consent, to the jail in which our embryo lecturer was confined, with the purpose of talking to the unfortunate beings that crowded the edifice. However, we will let Mr. Murphy describe Captain Sturdivant's visit in his fine and much-admired manner :

"To Captain Sturdivant," said he, "if I have been of any use in the world, under God, I owe all of it. He commenced his work on the Sabbath day. The great, dark entrance door was opened to the Christian people. Quite a number had collected together, and they came in singing,—

" 'All hail the power of Jesus' name ;
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all, &c.' "

"I was sitting on the little iron bedstead in my cell, when the keeper came to the door and, looking at me, said :

" 'Mr. Murphy, we would like to have you come out and attend religious service.' "

" 'Please excuse me, I will remain here and not disturb your people,' was my prompt reply.

" 'Come out, these people are your friends, they will not injure you,' persisted the keeper.

"There was something so kind and agreeable in the face of the man, that it produced a disposition of assent within me, and touched my heart. Yet my answer was,—

{ " 'I would sooner stay here.' "

" 'Come on, Mr. Murphy,' he continued.

"At this, I concluded I would go. Oh, how my heart had ached for a kind word ; for some one to say, 'Can I do anything for you?' I then responded,

" 'I *will* go out with you, I believe.' "

"I arose from my seat, stepped out the little open door, walked along about ten paces, and sat down with the rest of the prisoners. There was Captain Cyrus Sturdivant. His back was turned toward me as I walked along the corridor. He appeared

to me then as a larger man than he is just now. When he turned about he was weeping as a mother sometimes weeps for her child. As I looked at his face, I asked myself, 'Who he is weeping for ; has he lost a son ?' No, it was evident that he had a heart for others. He was telling of God's goodness. His words were very sweet to me. He spoke to us of hungry wives and children. And, at that moment, it seemed I could see my poor wife and children before me. As he continued to talk, it seemed to me that my imagination never realized so powerfully, as it did at that time, the presence of the objects of my affections. My children seemed to be about me ; and my dear wife to stand in my presence, as calm and patient as ever, saying not one word. I queried, 'Does anyone care for me ?'—'I wonder if there is a friendly hand here to be extended to me ?' And I said to myself, 'Oh what would I not give to sit down with that man and tell him the sorrow of my heart.' Nobody said anything to me, and I spoke to no one. In spite of myself the tears would course down my cheeks.

"After the meeting I desired to hurriedly get away. I wanted to get into the little dark room, out of sight, so that I could, in some way, give expression to the grief that was almost consuming me. I was walking along the corridor, when a step came after me, followed quickly with a tap on my shoulder. My hand was instantly seized, and Captain Sturdivant stood before me.

"The first words of Captain Sturdivant to me were,—

"'I am sorry to see you here. Would you not like to be sober, as you once were, and stop the business of selling liquor, and be at home with your wife and children ?'

"'Yes, I would like to be respected. I do not want to be in the business of selling liquor. But,' after a slight pause, I continued, 'hardly a hope remains for me.'

"Upon this reply, the good-hearted man immediately pulled me close to his side, and said :

"'There is hope for you ; and, if you will only make an effort to help yourself, we will help you, and God will help you.

"Oh, how sweetly these words came to my heart. I shall never forget them. And as I looked up, and into his face, I saw the tears coursing thick and fast down his cheeks. Then I said to myself, 'God helping me, I will make an effort to become a sober man.' And, I can say, I secured the victory over the terrible evil of intemperance through the kindly touch and words of this Christian."

Never had Francis Murphy felt so touched as he did that blessed morning. Hope there was still for him. He might become free again, respected, loved, even happy. How glad the world seemed as the very thought flashed through his brain. He detained Captain Sturdivant. He could not let him go soon. Would he ever see him again? There was so much he would like to know, so many questions he would like to ask. He turned to him with a wistful beseeching look in his eyes, and asked entreatingly :

"Will you please go and see my wife and tell her to keep up courage?"

"Indeed, I will, my friend," the captain said earnestly.

"And will you come and see me again—soon? Oh, do!" And Mr. Murphy held out his hands as he spoke with an eager, earnest air, that showed how much he longed to have him come again to the prison. Captain Sturdivant grasped his hands fervently in his, and cried : "O, yes! I will come and see you again. And oh, may God bless you!" The prisoner fell back in his cell, and covered his face with his hands. Like a flash the lovely scene of his birthplace rose before him—the fair, green hills, the frowning gray rocks, and the long stretch of smiling, sparkling blue sea. His mother's blessing—the broken "God bless you," rang like silver chimes through the chambers of his heart, and caused the big, salt tears of regret and remorse to course down his cheeks.

That night was peaceful. He saw the light—faintly, flickeringly, but surely. A longing for the advent of the next holy day now took possession of Mr. Murphy. He yearned for a glimpse of Captain Sturdivant—yearned to hear a few

more words of cheer and encouragement. "There is hope for you!" Could it be true? Was it not some happy dream came to distraught him? It was a glad reality. He lived again. He would make his beloved wife, his dear little children happy, give them cause to love and bless his name. How he longed to embrace these darlings of his heart, inform them that he would reform, and be himself! With anxious heart he waited as patiently as he could for Sunday; and when it did dawn he was comparatively happy. He said in alluding to the occasion:

"The Sabbath day came and great interest was shown throughout the city. It was generally known that the Christian people had commenced to worship in jail. A large number of people early gathered about the building. They principally came to join in the worship of God, and you may rest assured there was quite a crowd.

"I did not suppose that my wife would come to see me. At least I hoped she would not. But it was ordered otherwise. Of course I knew that, out of the gladness of her heart, she would come, if it did not occur to her how painful it would be to me to see her at such a place and under such surroundings. But it seems that where hearts are true they cannot easily be separated. Prison doors cannot long keep them apart. You may even put a man on the gallows, the redeeming power of love will claim its own.

"The doors of the prison were soon opened wide, and a continuous line of people entered. How different my feelings now from those I had, at the same hour, one week previous. I actually longed to see the face of that Christian man, Capt. Sturdivant. Through the previous week I prayed from my heart, while alone in my cell, that God would send him to me. I longed for some friendly hand, and for deliverance, so that I might, liberated from all bonds, go to my innocent children and queenly wife.

"As the crowds came in they sang, as before. It was truly

a beautiful and inspiring sight. When the place was well filled, hundreds of people had to be turned away.

“When I lifted up my head and looked over among the throng, my eyes fell upon my dear wife. She had stepped just inside the door, so as to be out of sight as much as possible, dear child. I see her sweet face now. The moment I looked upon her, she stepped aside, to be away from my gaze as soon as possible. The little children were with her. They had hold of their mother’s dress, and I could see them looking through the audience to see where their father was.

“As I was, seated there on that occasion, I felt in my heart that I would have thanked God, had he taken me to himself in an instant of time. My experience was of such a terribly painful nature, that my poverty of language forbids me to attempt a description of it.

“When I saw my wife, her lips parted, and her eyes filled with tears. I had just taken my seat, and kept looking at my my children. Truly, I realized that my life was far from desirable.

“At this point, my oldest daughter, Mary, who was then ten years of age, parted from her mother and pressed along through the audience. She had a beautiful bouquet in her hand. Evidently she had brought it to her father. I saw that the face of the dear child had become as white as linen. Soon she was at my side. She tried to shake hands with me, but standing as she was, she could not very well, and passing her arms around my neck, she said :

“‘Father, oh, father, we have been lonesome for you!’

“‘Daughter, I have been lonesome for you,’ I replied, and at once added, ‘and, God helping, I shall make an effort to be a sober man.’”

After the service, which all of the prisoners attended, Captain Sturdivant with Mrs. Murphy and her children went to our hero. They all adjourned to his cell. In that gloomy place a pathetic and solemn scene was enacted ; by far too solemn for us to narrate, when we have Francis Murphy’s

own touching words to place before our kind readers. He said :

“Capt. Sturdivant was close by my side. He placed his arm about my neck, and said, ‘Mr. Murphy, give your heart to Christ and all will be well with you!’

“In a little while my wife was by my side, with the children.

“I hardly dared to look to heaven, I had been so unfortunate. But a ray of hope came to my poor, aching heart, and then, with my poor suffering wife and children, we all knelt down together upon the cold, dark prison floor, and supplicated God’s Throne for Divine mercy and grace.

“The work was then and there done. I arose from my knees with an evidence of God’s acceptance of me. Blessed be His name. I knew, for myself, that,—

“ He breaks the power of cancel’d sin ;
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me !”

From this time forward he was one of God’s chosen—one to go among men and save them from sin, shame and crime, and to lead them along the way of truth and happiness to glory everlasting. His heart had undergone that great and peculiar change. He stood now in the light. The obscuring mists that had blinded him for so many years were no longer there—all was bright, and as clear as day. No more would he stumble, and fall ; his step was firm, his gaze steadfast, unshrinking and directed heavenward. He was a believer ; he was a convert. He belonged to Jesus ; and henceforth was ordained to work for him in saving mankind from its worst foe, its most seductive enemy—Alcohol. The last drop of the alluring beverage had passed his lips ; and henceforward he was the savior of those unfortunate souls who imbibed. Francis Murphy came from out the dangers that had beset him, passed through the ordeal, as a victor, crowned with signal success.

He stood now a man among men, pure, noble, grand, a king among his subjects. The divine spirit burned clearly, steadily, within his breast, and rayed out of his eyes with such grand beauty that few could meet his shining glance unmoved, unloving. Every one that now came in his presence longed to shake hands with him, and hear him speak. There was something about him, a look, an air that attracted all to him, and made each one feel as though he had just issued from a holy place. He was saved. God heard his earnest prayer in the lonely cell, heard the tearful supplication of the loving wife and offspring, the beseeching words of one of the best, the truest of men, and came down, and granted the so much desired request. As our subject said :

“Everything became transformed. The very granite of the prison seemed to me to cut and carved so as to exhibit the forms of angles.”

Thus came peace and joy to him who had for some time been a total stranger to both.

The service that brought so much good being over, Mr. Murphy, with his happy family and happy Captain Sturdivant, quitted the place in which he had suffered so greatly. A long walk was enjoyed by them with zest ; and everything they saw seemed brighter and gladder in God's gay sunshine, that memorable Sunday.

Francis Murphy was not directly set at liberty. While he remained imprisoned, he spent his time in deep thought, and made up his mind in regard to the future, and the course he should pursue when liberated. Before his mind's eye there stretched a long, radiant vista, and he longed to walk in the way of it. To him it seemed the only road for him to follow. A mighty voice seemed to call him ; a warning hand pointed to it. For some days he was restless, uncertain, wavering ; and then all was clear. He saw what was his future. He sent in a petition to Sheriff Perry. It expressed an earnest desire to hold a prayer meeting in the jail. His heart went out to his fellow captives. He felt deeply for them ; he wished to

save them. The meeting was one remarkable for its earnestness, and effect. Francis Murphy spoke to the motley prison crowd as the poor wretches had never heard anyone speak, and roused them to their degradation, and to what the future promised, until each and all shed tears of grief and joy combined. They realized there was hope for them ; that they could be saved. Like the inspired few that die to save their fellow creatures, the great temperance advocate stood that day in the Portland jail. Those who heard him recognized him as what he was, and is—a hero, a being inspired with a devoted love of his fellows. Carried away with sympathy and desire to save, he forgot himself, lost the first sensations of embarrassment that had assailed him, and soared to grand heights of eloquence and fervor. Every heart in that seemingly God-forsaken crowd, throbbed with him ; and every one recognized him as a savior, helper and friend.

From that memorable occasion the wonderful good and success of the after days of brightness sprang. He understood his position in the world ; and with God's kind grace and assistance he was going to clearly define it to mankind. "In the deep silence of the night the blessed word came to my soul that God had a work for me to do," Mr. Murphy fervently remarked on one occasion. "I then said to the Lord : If thou wilt give me to see much fruit from this work, it shall be the evidence to me that I am called to preach the gospel."

The fruit came to him before many hours—every man in jail was saved and had been saved by him alone. From that moment he stood before man a chosen vessel. His success had been so signal that the outside world heard of it, and rejoiced. He had been one of the lowest of the low, a miserable, offensive inebriate, a saloon-keeper ; but now the light around him was so dazzling that men fell back, and wondered at it. Surely the radiance that shone wherever he went was the holy light God flings about the chosen ! Like a vivid flash it rayed out upon the dark, sleeping world, and

startled it. What was it? Would it last? might be heard eagerly demanded by the wondering many. It lasts; ay, and forever! A light that will be always burning, brightly and steadily, to point the way, to eternal happiness and glory! Now is the time to be saved—therefore be saved! Think of the future, the awful hereafter, and dash the maddening cup of intoxicating drink away from you, and take up the cross! Oh, be wise while there is yet time! Sign the pledge, and swell the hundreds that hurry so joyfully heavenward.

Mr. Murphy's suffering family did not hear of what good he was doing in jail. They little knew how near at hand was that most devoutly prayed for hour, when they and want would be strangers, and he, whom they so dearly loved, would be with them, never to go astray again. As the temperance apostle said to the great listening throngs that hushed to hear him speak:

"They were in straitened circumstances. The landlord had notified my wife and her six little ones to get out of his building. There was no one to help her.

"What I suffered during that time God himself only knows. My wife denied herself bread to feed the children, as a good mother always will, and even to send me a bite by the children when they came to see me. Finally, the children could not come; they had no money to pay the car fare.

"It was on the 30th of October, 1870, that I received a letter from my dear wife. It was the last one I ever received from her. It appears that she had no meals that day, as she had nothing to cook. Johnny, the littlest of the six, while walking up and down the floor, had turned round at last and pleaded to her: 'Mother, haven't you got a piece of bread for me?' She opened the cupboard, but searched in vain. For the first time there was actually not even a crust or crumb for the 'pet,' for whom she had always been able to save at least something.

"The mother's heart failed her, and then she sat down and wrote me this letter:

“‘DEAR HUSBAND:—I have had a week of bitter trial. My strength is failing me. I cannot live long. But do not be discouraged. My trust is in God.’

“This letter I received at night. I could not read it in my dark cell, but I managed to decipher the words by the gas in the corridor.

“I walked my cell all that night. I cannot speak my experience on that the most bitter night I ever spent in all my life. But it is past now, thanks be to God ! never to be lived over. I determined to put my trust in God. If I lived until morning I would show that letter to the keeper, and tell him the circumstances, and ask him to go to Captain Sturdivant, the only earthly friend I knew. And when daylight came God’s goodness came unto me.

“I was released from prison through the efforts of my friend, Captain Sturdivant. On my road home I heard a familiar step behind me, approaching rapidly, and the next moment the arms of my son Willie were around my neck.

“He whispered in my ear, ‘We live down there, father ; come quick this way, and follow me. No one is looking.’ The poor boy thought it was necessary to hide me. ‘I am released, my boy !’ I cried to him.

“‘Blessed be to God,’ he answered, as he fled to break the news to mother ; and in nearing the house the children came and flocked around me, and I felt like old times again.”

Mr. Murphy’s heart almost broke when he beheld his wife. He stood still and looked at her a long time. He shuddered, and then ran to her, with an exclamation of intense grief. Poor woman ! Life to her had been most difficult, and she had stepped upon the shadowy threshold of death, soon to be lost in the deep gloom. “God helping me, dear wife,” he said, sobbingly, “I will never touch another drop of liquor, and never sell another drop !” She fell down upon her knees, and with him and their children prayed to God to assist him in his noble resolve. He described the effect of this earnest supplication in the following manner :

“And then, all at once, things brightened, and I determined to erect a family altar. I said, I will go to Captain Sturdivant, who had rescued me, and tell him.

“And that night he brought a lot of friends with him to erect it, and they brought fruit and garments for the little children. Oh! you don’t know how they needed them. My eyes cannot help filling with tears when I remember that crisis of my life.”

The fight with poverty now devolved on the head of the family. He fell to with a will, and did anything of a respectable character that came to him. In the sacred recesses of his heart he acknowledged a discontented feeling at his lot. He felt some powerful inward emotion that seemed to demand of him more than he did, that pushed him on to other things, higher and greater. He could not help feeling restless and anxious, and longing for that indefinite state, that condition he desired without really knowing it, which the future held in store.

Three weeks went by, and then Mrs. Murphy fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever. She lingered some time between life and death, and finally yielded the mastery to the latter. The suffering of Mr. Murphy and his children was of a character that all who have lost those nearest and dearest to them have experienced, and which rends their hearts with such terrific pain they wonder how it is they could outlive the agony.

Mr. Murphy felt this great blow in an intense degree. Even to this day when he narrates his eventful life, and comes to this period of it, his voice trembles and big tears roll down his cheeks. To his mother and wife are dedicated the greater part of his most pathetic speeches. When he speaks of these two good and true women, he rises to eloquent grandeur, and captures the immense concourses that go to hear him, and moves them to tears and sobs. On one occasion he said eloquently, in speaking of what he was doing :

“I am doing this work because I cannot help it. I can avoid doing it no more than I can avoid breathing. There is

no portion of life I do not seem to have tasted. There is not a man, who has passed through affliction, except that I have been called upon to do as much. I have been in the furnace when the form of the fourth was in it. I knew God was with me.

“Could I but give others to see what I have seen, to feel what I have felt, and to pass through what I have done, none would be surprised at my eagerness. I found, beyond all questioning, that God saves to the uttermost. No matter, if you have been a prisoner, and base rebel, He comes to you with more than a mother’s love.

“How quickly would the mother come to her boy, if she could, and put her hand fondly upon his head, and draw him lovingly to her breast. A boy, even in rags, will try to make himself appear well before her who bore him. But she will not stop to see his rags ; she will see her face in his, and take him to her heart. She will not be content to take his hand, but will fall upon his neck.

“So Christ sees His face in yours, if you will but believe in Him ; and wherever you may be, or however degraded, He, the once crucified, oppressed and bleeding, stands ready to fold you in His arms. Yea, he stands and knocks at the door of your heart, until His locks are wet with the dew of the evening. God always does His part.”

CHAPTER III.

MURPHY'S CAREER AS A TEMPERANCE ORATOR OPENS.—HIS STRUGGLES AND PROGRESS IN THE CAUSE OF REFORM.—THE PUBLIC RECOGNIZES HIM AND HIS MISSION.—THE GREAT PITTSBURGH REVIVAL.—FRANCIS MURPHY BECOMES A HOUSEHOLD NAME THROUGHOUT THE LAND.

FRANCIS MURPHY delivered his first lecture in the City Hall, Portland, on the 3rd day of April, 1873. A number of gentlemen who were highly interested in the noble cause of temperance, and interested in him, induced him to do this.

The success of the event was very marked. The hall was crowded by a curious and eager crowd. Our subject was somewhat embarrassed as he stepped forward on the platform, and stood before all those eyes ; but this feeling was transitory. He forgot self and his surroundings, as he spoke of his life, and argued for his cause, rising often to sonorous eloquence. The audience was moved to tears, and then to laughter, when his well known, genial humor would burst out in quaint bits of rhetoric.

That evening he received over sixty applications to lecture in other cities. He was amazed and delighted.

He had felt that he failed in favorably impressing his audience at first ; but here was substantial proof of his success. This result prompted him to continue the work he had commenced. He began a series of meetings in Portland, and delivered about forty lectures with most gratifying effect. A club was organized by those who reformed, and devoted Christians who longed to save the fallen, and did much to break down the barriers of King Alcohol. Mr. Murphy's success

was noised abroad ; and people in other parts of Maine cried out for him to come to them. He could not be deaf to their demands. He complied, and went from place to place telling of his reformation, and urging all to relinquish the use of intoxicating liquor. Two years were nobly spent in the State of Maine, and were productive of great good ; and one passed in the State of New Hampshire with like result. Out west, where a large band of people had gathered together to fight rum, his name went with words of praise and joy. He was heralded as the savior of the fallen ; he was the appointed apostle of temperance. The aforesaid band of noble fighters in a most noble cause begged him to come West, and address the thousands of unfortunate beings in that section of the country. He went to Iowa and Illinois. In these States, his advent was hailed with exclamations of delight. Wherever he went, he did wonderful good ; and the people loved him. In Iowa and Illinois, no one is so well known, so respected, and so admired as Francis Murphy. His name is a household word. And hundreds upon hundreds fall down on bended knees, and pray to God to shower blessings on the head of him, who brought them out of the thick shadows of the valley of sin and death.

He went to Freeport, by special request. In that town temperance was only made known by a small band of brave women, who went from saloon to saloon praying. They could not boast of any signal success. Francis Murphy came, and things assumed another aspect. He roused the town, and numbers of people hitherto indifferent to the cause rushed forward and swelled the lists, under his magic spell moved to lead pure lives and eager to do good. His way was vigorous, manly and inspired. Every one felt he had been sent, and that he was there to save. His manner won all hearts. It was modest but manly, and his pathos was genuine. His appeals went forth, and were obeyed. He was accepted as the apostle of temperance.

A very successful camp-meeting was conducted at Old Or-

chard Beach, in New York State, in the autumn of 1874. It was here that Mr. Murphy made one of his most famous speeches on temperance, carrying the immense concourse with him from the beginning to the end of it. Dio Lewis, that world-famed doctor and lecturer, was present, and, after our

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who has made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay!
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else from me is drifting—
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and
shine—
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
No street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned,
Unto my fitting place;

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green ex-
pansions
The river of thy peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

[John G. Whittier.]

toil. He was becoming the accomplished master of the instruments that God put in his hand to use to such purposes in the forging of great results.

The temperance orator used his spare time in reading and furbishing the weapons in his intellectual armory to a high degree of polish and sharpness. His style commenced to rise to a higher dignity than of old, though he has always kept that conversational ease and directness, which on important

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was noised abroad ; and people in other parts of Maine cried out for him to come to them. He could not be deaf to their demands. He complied, and went from place to place telling of his reformation, and urging all to relinquish the use of intoxicating liquor. Two years were nobly spent in the State of Maine, and were productive of great good ; and one passed in the State of New Hampshire with like result. Out west, where a large band of people had gathered together to fight rum, his name went with words of praise and joy. He was heralded as the savior of the fallen ; he was the appointed apostle of temperance. The aforesaid band of noble fighters in a most noble cause begged him to come West, and address the thousands of unfortunate beings in that section of the country. He went to Iowa and Illinois. In these States, his advent was hailed with exclamations of delight. Wherever he went, he did wonderful good ; and the people loved him. In Iowa and Illinois, no one is so well known, so respected, and so admired as Francis Murphy. His name is a household word. And hundreds upon hundreds fall down on bended knees, and pray to God to shower blessings on the head of him, who brought them out of the thick shadows of the valley of sin and death.

He went to Freeport, by special request. In that town temperance was only made known by a small band of brave women, who went from saloon to saloon praying. They could not boast of any signal success. Francis Murphy came, and things assumed another aspect. He roused the town, and numbers of people hitherto indifferent to the cause rushed forward and swelled the lists, under his magic spell moved to lead pure lives and eager to do good. His way was vigorous, manly and inspired. Every one felt he had been sent, and that he was there to save. His manner won all hearts. It was modest but manly, and his pathos was genuine. His appeals went forth, and were obeyed. He was accepted as the apostle of temperance.

A very successful camp-meeting was conducted at Old Or-

chard Beach, in New York State, in the autumn of 1874. It was here that Mr. Murphy made one of his most famous speeches on temperance, carrying the immense concourse with him from the beginning to the end of it. Dio Lewis, that world-famed doctor and lecturer, was present, and, after our hero had taken his seat, was asked to address the people. He rose, and said, with great effect: "I cannot make a speech after Mr. Murphy. I have heard speeches for forty years; have been on the rostrum myself for over twenty-five years; but I have never heard such a speech as his to-day. In God's name, keep that man telling his story all over the land, every night, as long as his breath and strength are spared."

These earlier years, though remarkable for the success of Murphy's temperance efforts—for he carried the hearts of thousands wherever he went, and gained innumerable signers to the pledge—were principally notable for their educational influence on the man himself as a lecturer. Uneducated, with a mind untrained by early study and reading, though his imagination was burdened with rich stores of humor and pathos, and his heart burned with devotion to the cause of temperance reform, he yet needed the severe discipline of habit, the practical training in the art of public speaking, which were afterwards to make his name blaze like a meteor through the land. Murphy possessed that peculiar power of strong natures, the power of receptivity. His intellectual resources during these important years were fed by a thousand influences. He was absorbing the reserve forces so necessary to sustain a man on his level through long years of arduous toil. He was becoming the accomplished master of the instruments that God put in his hand to use to such purposes in the forging of great results.

The temperance orator used his spare time in reading and furbishing the weapons in his intellectual armory to a high degree of polish and sharpness. His style commenced to rise to a higher dignity than of old, though he has always kept that conversational ease and directness, which on important

themes are so much more efficient in grappling the hearts of men than labored diction and well rounded rhetorical periods. Above all, the well-spring of his power, his tremendous earnestness and conviction that he was called to his mission by the voice of God himself, got deepened and settled by his experiences. Truly a Pentecostal harvest in the salvation of men had been vouchsafed him, and what might not be expected of him by those who had early welcomed him, and foreseen the results that were to follow !

Francis Murphy was too humble, too sincere a Christian not to feel that the main fountain, which fed his wonderful power, and dispensed its healing waters in a thousand limpid and healing rills and rivulets, came by the power of God. It was in recognition of this fact that the orator kept himself close to his Heavenly Father in prayer. His public addresses are full of devout acknowledgments of this source of strength, and a lesson might be read to the world through this striking illustration of the dependence of human effort on the inexhaustible source of all spiritual strength.

It is in virtue of this fact, that Mr. Murphy has always linked religion with the temperance reform in every possible way. He had known from terrible experience how difficult it is for man to stand alone, to battle against temptation and the hydra evil of a giant appetite, without calling in every possible aid and resource. He himself had realized the potent re-enforcement found in the warm Christian sympathy of individuals and communities. So the Murphy work from the very outset placed itself side by side with the religious element in society, and enlisted not merely the aid of the individual Christian, but of church societies as organized institutions for work. This probably has been one of the powerful influences in the movement throughout, in utilizing and consolidating results, as well as joining the emotional nature in the ardent enthusiasm required to commence the work. Murphy acted on this principle from the outset with great earnestness. But in appealing to church influence and

assistance, our orator was careful to avoid any appeal to sectarian bitterness and prejudice. In many cases attempts were made by powerful denominational influences to get such an influence on the Murphy movement in certain places, as to control it and make its results redound to the glory and gain of particular societies.

All such attempts the subject of our sketch assiduously discountenanced, for he knew what seeds of rankling discord and discontent could thus be sown. All his tact and good management were sometimes necessary to prevent evil consequences from ensuing, and he won, thus early in his career, the admiration and love of those who watched him, as much by his skill in riding over these obstacles, as by his fervid eloquence and force as a platform orator. Mr. Murphy's views on this subject are very well expressed in an extemporaneous speech he made some time after from the balcony of a hotel at Atlantic City. Though in chronological order this address anticipates time, it is so pat to the matter under discussion that we are impelled to give it. It is such a good specimen of his average style of effort too, that it is presented in full. On this occasion the great apostle of temperance reform said :

“MY FRIENDS :—I thank you for this generous reception in this beautiful city by the sea. I have a heart that feels and a memory that never forgets. A good deed brings its timely reward, and there is a satisfaction in performing good deeds to those who most need them. There are thousands throughout the land who need good deeds—who need to be lifted up from where they have fallen through their liking for strong drink. Let us throw our temperance banner to the breeze. Let temperance and charity be our watchwords. I am glad that I am here to-night to speak to you on this important subject, for I feel that each and all of you can do something toward reclaiming those who need wise counsel and genuine love to dissuade them from their folly. Let us seek the truth. It is precious—more precious than the wealth of the world. When we find it, let us disseminate it. Let us show

the poor, unfortunate man who is being dragged down into the sloughs of poverty and disgrace, through a diseased appetite, what will be the result of his folly. Speak kindly to him and try hard to save him.

“We, in our humble places, can make the world better for having lived in it. The beautiful ocean which looms up before us thrills us with its beauty and grandeur. It touches the divinity within us—that divinity which teaches us to be purer, better, and more truthful. In all nature we find lessons of portentous import. In all things God’s handiwork and His loving kindness are to be seen. This world is not so bad as we would make it, for it is a good world, and I would like to stay in it a great while.

“We are here to talk about a subject old and threadbare—at least, some people say so ; but there is still something to say against rum-drinking. I am glad to say that the man who resolves to break away from the terrible curse of drinking has made great progress. This is a world that is a schoolhouse. Temptation is on the right hand and on the left hand. The man is not to be thanked for not falling when there is no temptation ; but the man who resists temptation is entitled to commendation.

“The principle for us to teach is that men shall consecrate themselves to an honorable life. Legislation can never make people temperate or bring them into the kingdom of God. It is only the grace of God which can divert men from their evil course.

“It is not necessary for men to become sectarian in their views to be God-like men—temperate men ; but it is necessary that men should seek God’s mercy to strengthen them in their righteous resolutions. How are we to be saved, is the great question of to-day.

“Men want to be cured and saved. When men have become reckless and dissipated, how are they to be saved ? By kindness, and kindness only. The kind touch of the Christian hand is sweet with the fragrance of heaven. I know what

kindness is, for I've tasted of the bitter dregs in the cup of dire poverty.

"Kindness is never forgotten by the true heart. I know what it is. I have had it extended to me. The principles of Christ as preached on the Mount should be carried out by every one.

"The reclaiming power of love is great ; aye, it is powerful ; yes, it is most potent. I know this, for I have seen the most degraded taken from the very gutter. It pays to be kind ; it pays to be merciful. Speak the kind word ; perform the kind act. It may be your passport to eternal bliss. Away out in the far-away State of Iowa, I met a man who had fallen low, yea, to the very depths of dire degradation, through drinking from the accursed cup. He came to one of my meetings. He signed the pledge, and abandoned the fiend that dragged him down. The family that he had disgraced was made happy, and, what is more, he kept the pledge, and obtained fifty thousand signatures to it.

"The Church of God is like the hospital for those who are sick. The ministers are the physicians. We must feed the starving. We can't stop to ask what has made them hungry. God's love is great. He does not forsake the lowly. Why should we ? God is in the man, and God is in the woman.

"Don't become discouraged in working among the lowly. They are a part of God's people. They shall be washed purer than snow, and be brought back unto the fold of Christ.

"Beware of the wine-cup. It is a snare and it is a delusion. Six years ago I was not known, except for my dissipation. Then I could not control myself ; but now I know that I am redeemed from the accursed cup. Drinking men should make an effort to help themselves, and others will aid them in their noble effort.

"Let us be the master and not the servant of King Alcohol. A glorious victory awaits us, and God shall give us a blessed deliverance." (Great applause.)

Prior to his great revival season at Pittsburgh, which lifted

his name from merely local celebrity to a fame as wide as the continent, Mr. Murphy had already carefully organized his plan of work and studied the various agencies necessary to carry on the arduous campaign against a foe so powerfully intrenched and fortified in the habits and passions of men. His experience had revealed to him all the insidious appeals which the love of alcohol makes to the frailty of humanity. To win back the lost, besotted in their own evil appetites, with their consciences glozed over by all the specious arguments prompted by perverse desires and wishes, and bodily functions diseased by the terrible love for the most dangerous of poisons, it was necessary to use every resource known to the wisdom of the student of human nature, as well as the magnetic eloquence of the temperance orator. First, the religious element must be utilized, teaching men that they must trust to a higher power than their own hasty repentance, and calling in the sympathy and encouragement of the Christian brethren. Secondly, the powerful influence of woman, so effective for good and evil, which has played so important a part in all the social and moral revolutions of the world.

Thirdly, Murphy early saw that to reform the drunkard permanently, he must arouse his sense of self-respect, so long drugged and deadened. The converted sot must be made to feel that he is a man among men once more, with the ability to be useful to others, and to be recognized as one of the world's workers.

To accomplish this as far as possible, Mr. Murphy borrowed a feature from the Methodist discipline, the class meeting ; or to speak more accurately, he engrafted on the conduct of the temperance movement the systematic narration of experiences on the part of those who had signed the pledge of total abstinence. Aside from the versatility of interest given by this peculiar method of conducting his public meetings, the contagion of example proved to be catching and inspiring in an astonishing degree. The friends of the reformed watched these exhibitions of the birth of a new spirit with breathless inter-

est; and immense throngs were drawn who might not have been alone attracted by the eloquent appeals of the leader of the movement himself. The enthusiasm poured into the veins of society by this novel agency may be easily imagined, and the acute observer may very well attribute to this course a large share of the extraordinary success of the Murphy meetings from the very commencement of his phenomenal career as an agitator of temperance reform.

The influence exerted over men themselves by this interesting and striking method, is described by eye-witnesses as something thrilling and marvellous. Some poor wretch, just awakened perhaps to a full sense of his miserable condition, the light dimly struggling through his clouded brain and conscience, would hear a familiar voice on the platform. Raising his eyes he would see the well-known face of the companion of many a foul debauch standing before the vast audience, telling with broken voice and simple but touching words the story of his fall, his degradation, and of his new birth; the audience trembling with sympathetic attention; the speaker himself lifted into manhood and self-respect in the thought that he had come back like the prodigal son, and was welcome into the fold of manly usefulness, dignity, and equality.

Fancy the thrill that would tingle through every nerve and vein of the listener! He himself, too, might set the seal of public confession on the sincerity of his repentance and thereby induce others to reform! His tremors, his hopes, his aspirations for a new life soon seen by some one of the many watchful and attentive laborers in the cause, anxiously watching for the blessed signs. In a moment all the sluggish instincts of good, which had become almost dead, would leap into full-born activity, and another convert to manhood and respectability have taken his first step in a new life. Many of the scenes enacted at the Murphy meetings throughout the land have been startlingly dramatic and striking, and we cannot wonder that the great wave of reform should have rolled

with such tremendous sweep throughout different parts of the nation.

Before entering on any detailed account of the leading revivals which have marked the Murphy movement, let us get at some clear conception of the man and his methods as actually at work. The personal appearance and oratorical manner of the temperance reformer have already been sketched. A man of massive frame and will, his whole soul is in the great work. He evidently feels himself a king annointed directly by the Divine purpose, and he impresses this on the people who hear him. Let us sketch such a scene as has occurred, with trifling modifications, a thousand times.

A great audience is assembled waiting for the arrival of the man who is the centre figure of all the great interest, which lies pent up in the throng. Eyes are frequently turned to the door, that they may catch the first glimpse of him. Vagrants and tatterdemalions, the offscourings of the gutter and the rum-shop make up a large part of the waiting people. Their imbruted hearts have been pierced with a ray of keen and poignant emotion ; for they have, somehow, an idea that this night may be the turning point of a wretched existence. Suddenly a thrill runs through them. A little stir at the door, and somehow the knowledge passes from heart to heart that Murphy has come. The audience arise to their feet as a single man. As the broad form of the orator buffets his way through the eager crowds, it is like a swimmer cleaving the waves, for they press eagerly around him, closing up in front and rear, every hand extended to clasp his.

Women with streaming eyes bless him, for their hearts are full of gratitude to the man who they believe likely to be the savior of their husbands, their fathers, their sons. Stalwart and bearded men shake with emotion, for they have found in him a strong pillar of hope and encouragement, an influence mighty to save from the fiendish curse of rum. Murphy's strong, massive features, wavering between a smile and a tear, for he has the strong Irish sense of humor, and he is both

touched and amused by the feeling he excites, respond to all the emotions. At last he pushes his way through the human billows, that choke his way to the platform.

A short, pungent, telling speech follows. Every word pregnant with meaning, and hitting the bull's eye like a rifle bullet. His language has no graces of rhetoric, no ornaments of fine phrase; but it is terribly earnest and direct, the burning utterance of a heart which looks on its burden as of paramount importance to humanity. There is no thought to tickle the fancy or please a fine esthetic taste, but the picture on the platform is that of a great strong soul wrestling with some enemy. The impassioned orator quivers with the intensity of his feeling, great beads of sweat roll from his face, as he stalks up and down the platform, which seems to be too narrow for his standing room, and he strikes the table with resounding blows from time to time, as if he were smiting some invisible but yet terrible foe. An experienced and clever critic in speaking of the Irish temperance orator, says of him :

“His remarks make it apparent that his forte lies rather in addressing drunkards, and holding meetings for their conversion, than in lecturing to large audiences of temperance people. The story of his life as related, to be sure, is of interest, but his pleadings and exhortations are of little force in such instances. He is, indeed, a man like Moody, and other lay preachers, big with the sense of his mission, possessing a powerful constitution, much magnetism, great hopefulness, and an indomitable will. These, combined with his Irish versatility and ready wit, make up the man. Beside he is a fervent Methodist and an incessant hand-shaker.”

As Murphy goes on in his address, signs of irrepressible fervor and sympathy break out in the audience. Exclamations break out similar to those heard at revival and camp-meetings, and the people sway at every turn to each thought and feeling of the speaker. When he closes his short and telling speech (for all his speeches are short), some singer, appointed for the purpose, leads the audience in a hymn or temperance song,

which pours forth with passionate melody as if a necessary relief for the emotions evoked by Murphy's address. The exercises which follow are best described in Murphy's own language, as, for example, in his conversation with a newspaper reporter at a camp-meeting at Chataqua, N. Y.

REPORTER.—“Do you propose to continue your work on the same plan as it has begun?”

MR. MURPHY.—“Exactly so. It has, under God, been a great success, and I am confident that it may yet be made more so.”

REPORTER.—“But you can't go everywhere and preach this gospel of reform. How do you expect to have it spread?”

MR. MURPHY.—“I am enlisting young men everywhere I can find them of the right kind. When a man signs the pledge and makes up his mind to try, under God, to keep it, I immediately make him talk about it, and about the second or third time he speaks I announce him for the principal man at a meeting. I tell him to tell the people how his wife and his children and himself suffered, and how he spent all his money on Saturday night before he came home, and then told his poor discouraged wife, when he arrived home late at night, that he had been delayed and the firm for which he worked could not pay him, and thus he got in debt and his wife got worse and more discouraged and everything was wrong. When it is announced that this man will speak, his old associates, with a peculiar turn of the large tobacco quid in their mouths and a wink of the besotted eye, say to each other, ‘Bill is going to make a temperance lecture to-night; let's go.’ And they do go, and they arrange themselves right in front of the stand to scare him, you see.”

REPORTER.—“Don't these men thus put forward break down in their speeches?”

MR. MURPHY.—“Not often. A man can tell the simple story of his follies, as I have told you; and when he rises to do so, and is introduced by some kind words, he makes a great effort, and as he goes on with the relation of one foolish and

simple act after another, his friends hunch each other and say, 'That's so, Tom; that's just the way we all on us do. Bill knows just how it is. He is happy now. Did you hear 'im say as how happy his wife is, and he says his children run to meet him, now he's sober, when he comes home. Let's us try it, and see if our wives and children will do as his do.' In this way, don't you see, the work of these men is very effective."

REPORTER.—"You intend that these men shall do the work, then?"

MR. MURPHY.—"A large part of it. I shall do all I can so long as God lets me live. But the great work I expect to have done by an army of workers, who shall go over the country from Maine to California (I started in Maine), and preach the gospel to the lost. I have had invitations to go to New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Boston, and many other large cities of the country. I have not decided where I shall go yet, and don't want to decide. I am not at all desirous of making announcements beforehand. The preparations then are too elaborate, and I don't like to work by other men's plans. They are too grand, and consist in too much announcing."

REPORTER.—"How long have you been speaking upon the subject of temperance?"

MR. MURPHY.—"In my weak way ever since I was made a free man in 1870. I then began in a very feeble, stammering way to pray and to speak. At first I would get way up in the corner, where I thought as few as possible would see me, and I talked as low as possible; but I grew in grace, God helping me."

As we have before stated, though Murphy's labors were highly successful during the earlier part of his career, it was not till he came to Pittsburgh in the fall and winter of 1876-77, that he became a mighty name and recognized power throughout America. The movement there inaugurated was so grand as to trumpet forth the man's fame from sea to sea.

Pittsburgh, the Birmingham or Sheffield of America, the great city of the workers of steel and iron, was a peculiarly available city for his efforts. Nowhere in the country was drunkenness more rife, and the devil of drink so potent a monarch over the hearts of men. The large number of artisans and mechanics collected, embracing many foreigners of different nationalities, gave a peculiar social element to the city dangerous in the extreme, as the material for that conflagration of the passions and appetites involved in rum-drinking. Above the city floats an eternal gray pall, the smoke of innumerable furnaces and factories, and the clang of steam and trip hammers reverberates incessantly on the air like a mighty roll of drums. The dominion of the rum-seller was like an iron chain, and perhaps Pittsburgh, and its neighbor, Alleghany, might be selected as in many respects typical cities for the Murphy work. The time came and the work commenced. The business of the manufacturers was very much depressed on account of the hard times, and thousands and thousands of hands had been thrown out of work or were laboring on half-time. The large amount of leisure, and the discouragement consequent on lack of employment, operated with unusual force to fill the shops of the dealers in liquid death, with customers anxious to drown their troubles, or to while away the long dreary hours. The opportunity for a grand work was there. So the hour and the man also came, and a whole continent clashed with the echoes of the tremendous results, that were forged out by the magnetic ardor and powerful will of a strong leader, aided, to be sure, by eager assistants, but still wrought in the main by the indomitable force and novel methods, acting on raw material, eminently fit and ready for the experiment.

The father of this great Pittsburgh reform movement is George Woods, LL. D., the Chancellor of the Western University. This gentleman is studious and scholarly. His life path runs in an entirely different direction from that of vice and wickedness, and yet, he has stepped aside, and strives to

save those unfortunate beings lost to honor and purity. He was born in Yarmouth, Maine ; comes from a noble State that has done more than any of the States in the cause of intemperance. It may be here remarked, that the foundations of the great and noble principles that have captured Pittsburgh, and have caused nearly all public emotions to beat in unison with them, were first laid in that dear old New England State ; and that to her we are indebted for untold good and blessings. George Woods is the possessor of a great heart—a heart that goes out to the sufferers unrestrainedly. He is very sympathetic, and his love for humanity of no slight magnitude—a love that lives, and grows, despite non-success and disheartening results. He worked for years to establish some institution in Pittsburgh of the nature of a reform. He was greeted with very little sympathy ; he had scarcely any success. Few persons seemed to care whether the drunkards were rescued or not. It was a vast deal of trouble, mentally and physically, to go forward, and try to reclaim these wretches that were black blots on the community. Even the laity had the appearance of indifference, and no one seemed disposed to exert himself practically in the cause. Intemperance was so black and low, that many, being happily situated where it only come occasionally, like an ungentle wind, were not ready, or willing, to meet it face to face, with the purpose of killing it. It was a kind of contamination to approach it thus closely. These people were not hard, and cold, and unsympathetic ; once aroused, they would not hold aloof from the drunkard. They were simply indifferent. This was the Chancellor's estimation of the Pittsburgh people. Future developments have proven him correct in his conclusion. He, having failed to awaken the interest and sympathy of one class, addressed himself to another. Here he met encouragement, and the initial of the movement that is now known throughout this country, and recognized by the fair lands across the foaming deep. It will be interesting to give

the first minutes of the proceedings of the society. They are as follows :

“On the evening of Friday, March 2, 1876, a number of persons assembled by arrangement in the Chancellor's room, at the Western University, to consider the advisability of establishing a temperance organization. After some informal remarks, the meeting was called to order. Addresses of some length were made by Chancellor Woods and the Rev. Joseph Travelli, who detailed their experiences in this direction in other parts of the country. At nine o'clock the meeting adjourned, to assemble in the same place on Tuesday, March 7, 1876.” This was the first step taken towards the movement from which such infinite good has sprung, and which is now so well known. At the second meeting, they came to this agreement : “We form ourselves into an association, with the purpose of abstaining entirely from the use of all intoxicating liquors, including beer and ale ; and of inducing, by kindness, sympathy and love, all others, wholly to abstain from their use.”

At the third meeting the following constitution and by-laws were adopted :

PREAMBLE.

In view of the great evils in every form of intemperance, to individuals, families, communities, and our nation, especially of the exposure of our young men to shame, suffering and ruin, we hereby form ourselves into an association, to be governed by the following constitution :

Article 1. This association shall be called “The Young Men's Temperance Union.”

Article 2. The object shall be by its members abstaining entirely from the use of all alcoholic liquors, including beer and ale, and by their kind and sympathizing influence over each other, and by their efforts for others to bring them into the association ; to save the young from the dangers to which they are exposed, and to rescue those who have already become victims to this prolific source of vice and crime.

Article 3. It proposes to accomplish this object by frequent meetings for discussion, by addresses and social intercourse, and when its members and means will allow, by securing pleasant rooms, where its members can meet at any hour of the day or evening, and where newspapers, books, and light refreshments of the best quality, at the bare cost, can be had, to which others can be invited.

Article 4. Its officers shall be a president, five vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, consisting of five, whose duties shall be such as usually belongs to such officers.

Article 5. Any person may become a member of this association by signing this constitution and expressing his purpose to conform to article 2.

Article 6. Alterations and amendments may be made to this constitution by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting, notice having been given of the proposed alterations and amendments at a regular preceding meeting.

AMENDMENTS.

1. The president, vice-presidents, secretary, treasurer, and executive committee, shall be elected on the first Tuesday evening of April, 1877, and annually thereafter. The executive committee shall have power to fill any vacancy occasioned by death or other cause, among the officers or executive committee.

BY-LAWS.

1. It shall be the duty of each member to attend all meetings, so far as his time and circumstances will permit, and to exert his influences for the good of the members and others, who may be addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

2. Wherever any member shall fail to keep his purpose, it shall be the duty of the other members to use all kind and persuasive influences to restore and save him, in conformity to the scriptural injunction to be "compassionate to those who are out of the way."

3. Alterations and amendments may be made to the by-laws, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present at a regular meeting, notice having been given of the proposed alterations or amendments at a regular preceding meeting.

From this time the beloved project that had been in the Chancellor's head for so long a time assumed the aspect of a certainty.

From this movement sprang our present great temperance cause. This association confined itself to one principle and one purpose. The people in it were Christians; but Chancellor Woods' plain and practical sense managed to keep them clear of all elements outside of the aforesaid principle and purpose. It has been well said by a noted authority that "the key-note to the grand success of the Young Men's Temperance Union is 'Good will toward all, but devotion to no particular one.'"

"In reference," says an early minute of the society, "to the subject of opening and closing the meetings with prayer, which was then brought up, it was decided that it should be left to the discretion of the presiding officer."

Dr. Woods made a motion, "that any one who may have violated his pledge, or knew of another having done so, should make it known, if so disposed." This was adopted; and there was no such thing in the organization as a black sheep, or an excommunication. Those that signed the pledge, and fell, were not expelled from the association, but helped to regain his footing in the path of right. They were taken in again, and allowed all the privileges of full membership.

On the 24th day of October, at the meeting, a letter was read "from Mr. Murphy, a celebrated temperance lecturer." The president, Mr. W. C. Moreland, was requested to secure the valuable services of Marshal Swartzwalder, but failed in doing so. Here we have the first glimpse at Francis Murphy and Marshal Swartzwalder, giants in the fight against intemperance. The last minute of the society was the record of the meeting of November 21st, and was as follows: "It was voted

that the thanks of the association be tendered to Dr. Woods for his promptness in writing to Mr. Murphy, and also that the association fully endorses the action taken by the Chancellor for securing Mr. Murphy's services." It was also voted that "a committee, consisting of Dr. Woods, and Messrs. McMasters and Arnold, be appointed to arrange with Mr. Murphy, and settle all the business necessary for holding the lectures, including the securing of a room or church."

These are the last words recorded; for the work that crowded the following week left no time in which to note the manifold events of one of the grandest movements known to man; for this temperance wave deserves the highest praise, it being the blessed means of bringing back fallen man to his pristine glory. Mr. Murphy's engagement was originally for eight lectures, at twenty-five dollars a lecture. When, however, the interest and attention of the whole community was directed to this cause, he was retained for an indefinite period, the price of his services and expenses being put at a salary of \$125 a week. When the movement was started, about eighty dollars lay in the treasury of the union; and the lecturer was engaged while it was in that low state.

The receipts of the Sunday evening lectures in Library Hall amounted to about \$3,000; and this defrayed the expenses of the crusade. The expenses were the salaries to Mr. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, as organist and vocal soloists; rent of halls, services of janitors, etc., etc., besides the money loaned the poor men, who had reformed, and were destitute. Mr. Murphy's first lecture was delivered in the Opera House, and the others delivered in different churches.

He was not successful at the outset. Some men, known in the smoky city as "rough and tough" specimens of manhood, found their way up to the famous lecturer's feet and signed his proffered pledge. This pledge, which is known from one point to another of this vast country, is as follows:

YOUNG MEN'S TEMPERANCE UNION.

WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE AND CHARITY FOR
ALL.

I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from *all Intoxicating Liquors* as a beverage, and that I will, by all honorable means, encourage others to abstain.

FRANCIS MURPHY.....

Among the first signers were Edward Timmony, George Hall, David Hall, John Irving, Colonel Hetherington, S. T. Paisley, Frank X. Burns and Captain Barbour.

The first signers were chiefly young men, known as "hard drinkers." The reader can imagine the ridicule flung at them by the community. They were the target for all the ill-humored things one man can say of another. But they were brave and unflinching. They held their post nobly. And after awhile hundreds, nay thousands rallied around them, and hoisted the banner of temperance gladly, eagerly. Mr. Murphy made a novel, and most interesting departure in the lecture field—he made his converts address the crowds that rushed to his meetings. The moment a man was enrolled in the lists of temperance he was put into active service. And they did great good, working in the cause like Trojans, and making often brilliant and telling speeches in their warm enthusiasm.

Curiosity drew a vast number of people to Mr. Murphy's meetings; and, after hearing him, these people returned to their homes filled with hope and faith, and praise of God. This movement was to reform inebriates, hardly to entertain those sure of their position, and not given to the indulgence of intoxicants. To all in need of sympathy, encouragement and hope, this movement opened wide its arms, and especially

solicitous was it to those poor, unfortunate beings down in the low, degrading depths of sin and dishonor.

It was open, frank, and conscientious in every particular ; and not the lightest shadow of sectarianism fell upon it. No attempts were made to bully those engaged in the sale of the poison ; no mask hid the face of this angel of mercy. The movement stood out from the beginning in its true color, fair and truthful from first to last. It was indeed the perfect embodiment of those noble words : " With Malice toward none, and Charity for all ! " It is no wonder that the whole populace were attracted, captured, and carried away with delight at this beacon-light of so much hope and promise, both of joy and peace of to-day, and of the vague, uncertain to-morrow, that stretches before men's dim sight like some vast, unknown land enveloped in dark and grim shadows.

The Rev. Mr. Murray's Fifth Avenue M. E. Church was secured, and from this edifice thundered forth the glowing words of salvation, through temperance, to hundreds upon hundreds of eager listeners, sitting under the spell of that powerful and beloved voice.

This old edifice has become dearer than mere words can express, to the community of the smoky city. It has been christened the " Old Home ; " and it well deserves that loving appellation. Many a weary soul has found comfort within those walls ; and there many a lonely and suffering soul has been brought from out of the shade into the sunlight. The basement of the church was used for charitable purposes ; and was the scene of many goodly sights. Mr. Murray, the pastor, worked zealously in the cause, giving his valuable services whenever there was any need of them, and going about doing all he could to forward temperance. The esteem in which he is wrapped, and the love the people have for him is indeed great ; and the Fifth Avenue M. E. Church is regarded affectionately by thousands.

Five thousand persons signed the pledge in the fourth week of the movement ; and ten weeks afterwards, it reached the

high figure of forty thousand. These figures show how the community of Pittsburgh felt, and in what light it regarded the cause.

The maner in which the meetings were conducted is peculiarly original and interesting. Some reverend gentleman present would generally open with prayer. At the outset it was somewhat difficult for Mr. Murphy to find a divine in the audience. Looking around the audience, he would say: "If there's any minister of the gospel present, I wish he'd come up here, and pray for us." This earnest appeal often went by unheeded; and he, himself, would be obliged to kneel down, and conduct the prayer instead. This state of affairs did not last a very long while, for soon the ministers gathered about him, and worked nobly and well with him in the great temperance wave.

The regular business commences after the prayer. The singing of a volunteer choir, which is always on hand, is one of the most attractive of the meetings, and is heartily enjoyed, and participated in by the immense congregations that assemble to hear Francis Murphy speak. The vocal exercises consist of the dear old Bliss and Sankey tunes that we love so much—"Hold the Fort," "What Shall the Harvest Be?" "Let the Lower Lights be Burning," "The Sweet By-and-By," and "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice." The last mentioned song is Mr. Murphy's favorite; and he always asks for it. There are some expressions of the temperance apostle which will live lovingly in all those who attended the meetings, and worked with him in the movement. Who can forget, who has once heard his wind up of "If you please," or "Won't somebody please say 'Amen?'" And how can one lose sight of his "Presbyterian," "Just a word, brothers," and his introductory of "Clothed in his right mind?"

We have already remarked that Mr. Murphy requests his converts to work. He brings them forward without any thought whatsoever of their ability to tell their story of reformation from drunkenness. His introductions always put the speaker

at ease and in excellent humor, and as a matter of course he speaks well.

For instance, Mr. Murphy will generally say : " Brother George Magoffin will now tell us how good he feels. Brother George, tell the people how happy your wife and little ones are since you signed the pledge." And forthwith, a man of the people will tell the secret affairs of his family to an immense throng of listeners with an ease and power little short of the marvellous. Indeed the attention and sympathy of the vast audiences are with men of humble circumstances, and these men make often the most telling speeches at the Murphy meetings.

We find such names prominent in the movement, gentlemen of social and commercial standing in Pittsburgh who signed the pledge, and delivered speeches at the various meetings, as the following : Hon. J. K. Moorhead, James Parks, Jr., Joseph Dilworth, Josiah Copely, Chancellor Woods, Rev. Travelli, Dr. Scovel, Marshal Swartzwalder, Colonel Richard Realf, William C. Moreland, S. T. Paisley, Gilbert McMasters, George Garber, George and David Hall, F. Johns, George Potter, John Patterson, William Hill, George Woods, Jr., William Weyman, Captain Shannon, Joseph Hunter, Colonel Hetherington, Edward Timmony, Chief of Police Ross, Frank Burns, Robert Pollock, Dr. Mundorff, Joseph Woodson, Dr. McClarren, Joe Cupples, Daniel Burk, Harry McGregor, Felix R. Brunot, Captain Barbour, Thomas McClellan, and many others.

" The speeches," says a good authority, " are of every kind, from grave to humorous. Some touching pathetic recital of past struggles and sorrows, with the name of loved ones, of wife, mother or children, connected with it, elicits tears ; while following this may come some quaint reminiscences of services in the tanglefoot battalion, which causes a broad smile, which frequently deepens into a ripple of laughter, among the audience. Applause is also frequent and unstinted. There is a sociability about the whole affair that is singular and attract-

ive. Chatting, so long as it does not interfere with the proceedings, is by no means considered indecorous, and rarely is there seen a sea of happier faces than fills the "Old Home."

Incidents of interest occur almost every evening. "At the Smithfield Street M. E. Church," to quote again from the aforesaid authority, "worthy 'old brimstone corner,' one evening, a young man stepped up and signed the pledge. Scarcely had he done so, when a young woman, with a babe in her arms, came forward, and falling upon his neck, kissed him and wept. Drink had separated the young couple, and as with pledge in pocket, and the baby on one arm, and his wife on the other, the husband walked through the crowd, and received the congratulations of every body, it is safe to say that Pittsburgh held not a happier man."

At one of the meetings the following scene excited considerable sympathy :

A lonely, ragged wretch drew nigh. His very air seemed to say : See, no one cares for me. I am left to myself ! Why do I wish to be pure and good ? His conscience was awake, and would not slumber. He takes the pen, and frees himself, by one stroke of it, from Satan. He turns to quit the place. He meets smiling faces, and eager extended hands. He is no longer alone, but with kind friends who will help to lead him along the only true way.

On one occasion a gentleman of most pleasing aspect walked up to the table to redeem his honor and himself from the low depths into which he had fallen by a long course of intemperance. As he did so, a bright little youngster, in charge of a lady, clapped his hands gleefully together, and cried out, in ringing tones : "Oh, auntie, there's papa ! Look, he's going to put his name to the good paper. Let's hurry home, and tell dear mamma. She will be so glad !"

Sometimes a son, whose feet have rambled from the path of rectitude, will, after signing, return to the author of his existence, and then, way off in some sheltered corner, mother and son, pressed to each other's breasts, will mingle their tears

of love, hope, and happiness together, while the audience draws around them the respect of privacy. To see a person sign the pledge scatters away all doubts as to his sincerity, and earnestness of purpose. He does so with solemnity, and with an air that forbids the questioning of his motive, or doubting it. Strong, brawny men go forward, and annex their names to the pledge, and return to their companions with moistened eyes, and seem to be changed. They have overcome their base appetite, have regained the pristine nobility God endowed them with ; they are men again. There is a tear in the eye unused to tears, and a quiver of lips that were set and stern. They have cut loose from sin ; they have saved themselves. "Many instances of what Mr. Murphy has been pleased to term weddings," says the authority from whom we have before quoted, "have taken place. Family ties that have been broken by the rude hand of dissipation have been mended, and estrangements between husbands and wives brought to a happy conclusion."

An incident occurred along in the fifth week of the movement, that, though not widely known, is full of interest. A young man of good social position in Alleghany had long been paying his attentions to a very pretty and accomplished girl in Pittsburgh. They were engaged to be married, and undoubtedly loved as only lovers know how.

But he took to drink. She stood by him through thick and thin, and it was not until, while he was under the influence of liquor, he had offered her an insult beyond the power of her sex to condone, that she finally, at the importunate solicitations of friends, gave him up. She nearly died, but a sound constitution prevailed and placed her again in the possession of health, but loverless. He went to the dogs. Loss of position followed loss of love. For three years he squandered his patrimony, sacrificed his social position, and ultimately ended his race in the gutter ; a parody on what he had been, a caricature on what he should be. In tatterdemalion attire he one evening drifted into the Murphy meeting at the "Old Home,"

and signed the pledge. Mr. Murphy seized on him as a subject for testimony, but all that could be gotten out of him were a few, fierce, bitter words of hatred for the author of his ruin, and a few of earnest but cold determination. Then, with eyes on the floor and tightened lips, he turned, and in his rags and loneliness, wended his way from the crowd. During this scene there had sat in the gallery, near a gas jet, a young lady, in a seal-skin sacque. She expressed no visible emotion, or indeed recognition, when the ragged man first made an appearance. But as he spoke his few brief remarks, in a low tone, the face of the fair one in the gallery became pallid, and her agitation was noticed by a number who little dreamed of its cause. As the new convert, after squeezing his way out of the church, was passing along Fifth street, a seal-skin sacque brushed against him, a soft little hand was laid on his arm, and a voice he knew but too well, spoke an endearing name of the "long ago." That evening was the beginning of a new life, fraught with much promise and much happiness.

But few weeks had elapsed before the interest of the Pittsburgh public became intense, though the meetings had commenced coldly. The fact, that some very prominent and noted men in local circles, men whose intemperate habits had seemed to be past reclamation, men whose social importance had been completely sunk and betrayed by the terrible appetites which had enslaved them, had, under the new wave of power which was sweeping over the city, risen again to the might of manhood and broken their fetters—this fact, we say, startled society to the core, and aroused even the indifferent into warmth.

Among the distinguished lawyers of Western Pennsylvania, for many years has stood *primus inter pares*, a giant among his fellows, Marshal Swartzwalder, Esq. Superb in gifts, a powerful orator, a profoundly read and recondite student in all the learning of his profession, a thinker of extensive and rounded culture, this man had become a household name from the number of celebrated cases in which he had

taken a part. One colossal vice, however, blasted his otherwise prosperous life. He was what is known as a periodical drunkard, a victim of dipsomania. These frequently recurring spasms transferred the elegant gentleman and honored citizen into a dirty vagabond, oscillating between the side-walk and the gutter, a ragged, mud-bespattered, senseless idiot, the pity and wonder of the city of which in his sober moments he was the pride and ornament. All efforts to reform him had proven futile, and those that loved him best, even, had given him up as a lost man. Family separation and estrangement had taken place, and all that was strong and noble in the man seemed debased by the fearful blight of alcohol. This noble and gifted man had sunk from one depth to another till there seemed no hope of rising. Imagine the shock of joy and amazement that thrilled his friends, when it was announced that he had yielded to the magnetic influence of Francis Murphy, and planted his feet firmly on the rock of total abstinence. As a gentleman of prominence told the writer, the Murphy movement in Pittsburgh would have been a notable success, if the sole fruit of it had been the permanent reformation of Swartzwalder alone. The Irish reformer in a speech afterwards made at Columbus, Ohio, gave a graphic account of his attack on Mr. Swartzwalder, and the means he used to raise him from his wretchedness. Let him speak for himself:

“Allow me to use an illustration that I may enforce this truth, and may God help me. I will speak of a man you have had in your midst, speaking for you—Marshal Swartzwalder. He was a victim of this habit for a number of years. He was a companion of my dear brother here on the platform, and who drank with my Brother Hall from week to week, and month to month, and year to year. He was a perfect gentleman when he was sober; a kingly man, and has justly been called the patriarch of the Pittsburgh bar, and the Demosthenes of the profession. Perhaps no man who has been upon the platform, in the cause of human reform, has been equal to him. When I first came to the city of Pitts-

burgh, I was told about Marshal Swartzwalder, that he had been a drunkard a great many years—for thirty years at least—and they said there was no hope for him. I said I would like to see him. ‘Well,’ said they, ‘you can see him,’ but said he had been on a tremendous spree. I took particular pains to find out how I might be received ; they said I would be received kindly. I got the number of his office—for at this time he stayed in his office, and ate his meals there, and had a nice back room handsomely furnished where he slept—I came to his office and rapped at his door ; there was a young boy, a son of his, a beardless boy, about sixteen years of age, I should judge, that always staid with his father, and never left him ; he called him Dick. Dick came to the door—I wish you could have seen the poor boy ; he looked so depressed and sad. Said I, ‘Is Mr. Swartzwalder in ?’ He replied, ‘Yes ; do you wish to see him ?’ I told him ‘Yes, sir,’ and sent in my card. He had asked what my name was, and I told him, and he stepped in and told him that Mr. Murphy was in the office and would like to see him. Said he, ‘Send him in ; I would like to see him.’ So I went to his room, and he rose from his large chair which he had for his own comfort. He was partially stripped, having his pantaloons tied around him with his suspenders. Being a chunky and quite heavy man, as he came towards me I was a little scared at the man, to tell the truth, as he walked up to me, looking so earnest, with a keen expression that seemed to look me through and through. As he approached he extended his hand and said, ‘You are the man that has been talking temperance here ?’ ‘Yes,’ said I. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘we never had much good from you temperance people ; you come here and sing your songs, and present your bills and go away. That is the way they do, and I suppose you are like all the rest of them.’ I said, ‘I don’t know how that is.’ He said, ‘Mr. Murphy, I want to talk to you.’ ‘I have been a victim of intemperance for more than thirty years,’ said he. ‘I have no power to control myself.’ He asked me to be seated in a chair, and I sat down by his side.

Said he, looking strangely in my face, 'Is there any hope for me?' Said I, 'There is hope for you.' 'There is?' he exclaimed. 'Yes.' He asked, 'How so?' Said I, 'With God's help you can be saved.' With a shake of his head he said, 'Why, for more than twenty years I have been seeking for the truth, and have read the Bible through and through.' And he told me about the writings of several men he had read, seeking for the truth. 'And,' said he, 'Mr. Murphy, there is no help for me.' I commenced talking to him in my humble way, the best I could. He turned around to Colonel Hetherington, and said: 'Go and tell Dick to come in.' The dear boy, when he came in, stepped up to his father's left side, and the father put his arms around the boy. The poor boy was so much overcome that he sat down and put his arms around his father's neck. The child could not control his feelings, and commenced to weep. The father said, 'Dear Dick, you never left me.' Turning to me, he said: 'Mr. Murphy, here is a boy that stays with his father; here is a boy that has walked the streets night after night for his father, and stays with him; I wish I could tell you how good he has been, how much I love him.' Before we got through talking to each other, and reasoning with each other, Mr. Swartzwalder said: 'Mr. Murphy, I feel a very strange impression on my heart; I feel as though God had touched me, so to speak.' I said to him, with all the power of encouragement that God had possessed me with, 'Mr. Swartzwalder, by the grace of God you shall conquer this evil; I know it in my heart.' I left him; I knew the work was done; I knew it was a question of time when that man should come out redeemed. Brother David Hall, who is on the platform, carried him provision, and nursed him, and there is not a better hearted man walks on this green earth of God's, than this same Brother Hall. He stayed with him and helped him for several days; after six days the Christian people began to pray for him; the people would come to me and ask, 'Mr. Murphy, do you believe Mr. Swartzwalder will be saved?'

‘Do I believe it? Why,’ said I, ‘God saves to the uttermost, and he knows no hard cases.’ I gave them all the encouragement I could. The Christian men and women prayed for that man, for the people of Pittsburgh loved him; they are proud of him as a grand pleader at the bar; the grand counsellor of the State, with whom the judges of the supreme bench consult. In about six days—we had heard from him from day to day—and after some six days this man, majestic in his appearance, with his white flowing locks, well dressed, and with a nice silk hat shining like a piece of polished gold, and his cane in his hand, came to the meeting; there was a grandeur and majesty about the man; he seemed to have come to himself again, with all the grandeur and kingly nobility he formerly possessed. As he came in, he stood and looked over the multitude of people in the room. When the man came in, and stood there, a whisper passed throughout the congregation, and I noticed that men that hadn’t been seen to drop tears since the meeting commenced were now moved. I could see their lips begin to tremble, and after a while, I could see them get out their handkerchiefs. I wondered what was the cause of all this, but it was the hold the man had upon the people. By-and-by he walked up the aisle, pressing his way among the multitude of people, and as they parted to let him in, and he passed along, you could hear the people say, ‘God bless the man.’ And when he came toward the table where the pledges were, the interest was intense. In the back part of the room they commenced standing up, to see if he would sign the pledge, and in a little while, as he stood there silently meditating, he turned, and seizing a pen, wrote his name upon the pledge of total abstinence. Then, turning to the congregation again, he said—what he had never before said in all his life—‘I want you to pray for me. This is for my life; this is the last effort; if I fail now, I shall never try it again.’ That man went to his office, and asked God to help him.

“I met him when I came to Pittsburgh, and had the pleasure of putting my arms around him. Said I, ‘How are you get-

ting along, Brother Swartzwalder?" and he said, 'Brother Murphy, every morning I pray ; every day at noon I pray ; and every night I pray ; and every day when I go past a saloon I begin to pray for God's power to keep me and sustain me.'

"This man has been kept by the grace of God, and has been the means in the hands of God of securing—I don't know but twenty thousand signers to the pledge of total abstinence, and is standing up to-day in all the dignity and freedom of this new-born life, saved from the power and dominion of rum. It pays to be kind, it pays to be merciful and to work in this blessed cause."

In the same speech, from which we quote, Mr. Murphy gave a brief sketch of the conversion of the Hall brothers, who afterwards became such powerful co-laborers in the good work, that is worthy of citation :

"Now, my dear friends, I see that the time is advancing when I must close my discourse. If I had time I would like to bring before you another illustration of this truth. Just a word about my brothers David Hall and George, and while they are on the platform they will excuse me for speaking about them. When I first came to Pittsburgh and spoke in the Opera House, brother David was there, George was not present. The next day, passing down the street, I met brother David near the Seventh Avenue Hotel, on the sidewalk. He stepped up, and taking me by the hand, said, 'How are you?' And I said, 'Very well; how are you?' and he said, 'You don't know me?' I said 'No.' Said he, 'I heard you talk last night; I want you to understand that.' Said I, 'Did you?' and he replied, 'I was right there.' 'Were you?' 'Yes,' said he; 'and you told my story exactly.' Well, I was wonderfully pleased with the expression of his face. 'And now,' remarked he, 'there was something left out of the story; you didn't tell all.' Said I to David: 'I want you to tell me what it is.' Said he, 'I want you to tell me whether your wife is living?' I told him she was not living. Do you know that

this man bowed his head on the street there and cried. 'I want to say to you now,' said brother David, 'I will sign this pledge with you, and if you let me go down to the hotel with you I will sign it right there.' And he took another man with him, John Irving. He said he would go along and sign it too. We went to my room and he said: 'I have a saloon; I want you to understand that.' Said I, 'Have you?' 'Yes,' replied he. I inquired, 'What are you going to with it?' 'I am going to shut it up,' he replied. 'Will you?' said I. 'If you will shut it up, brother David, it will be a blessed thing.' I asked him where his place was, and said I would go down and see it. 'You have got to come down quick if you get into it,' said he, 'for I am going to close it up, and I will never sell another drink of liquor.' When we came in the room he asked for the pledge and sat down and signed it—he and his companion, John Irving—as noble a man as ever God made, but who had fallen through the power of this evil. When they signed it they stepped up to each other and took each other's hand, but didn't speak a word. They turned their heads away from each other for a little while, then let go, and David went to one side of the room and John to the other. I knew that God had touched their hearts, and I want to say to you that it is these men that have made this movement and not Frank Murphy. These are the men who have done the work, and called it the Murphy movement. It ought to be called the Hall movement."

Nobly indeed did these men work, and the appeals of Swartzwalder, and the two Halls, night after night, were features of hardly less importance in the success of the Murphy meetings than those of the temperance reformer himself. The sincerity and enthusiasm which lay at the bottom of it all is best indicated in the fact that such men as these we have mentioned, and many others, did not lose their grip after the subsidence of the first great excitement. They have been laboring assiduously ever since in the good work, not only in Pittsburgh, but in all the neighboring towns and counties, organizing

Murphy associations and meetings, and bringing vast numbers into the fold of temperance again. This peculiar significance, found in the steady continuance of the Murphy work, after the departure of the man himself, shows what a vital tap-root it has, and how false the sneering charges sometimes made that these revivals are mere passionate spasms of popular feeling, without any hold on the more solid foundations of will and belief.

In describing the growth of the movement in Pittsburgh, we can best describe the work in a graphic way by referring to individual cases. So far as the general outlines of the reform are concerned, they continued the same. Like an avalanche it was a swift, steady, monotonous movement, magnificent in its sweep, grand in results, but guided by a few simple laws and conditions. Once started, it became cumulative with such rapidity, that in a few weeks nothing else was talked of in the iron city. Thoughts of business, of social recreation, of the miscellaneous themes that ordinarily occupy the minds of men, were all swallowed up in the one absorbing topic. Petroleum oil, iron and steel, manufacturing, stocks and bonds lost their hold on the minds of men. The grand query was, "How shall I myself be saved," or "how shall I save my drunken, lost brother?"

The church organizations threw their powerful might into the struggle, without any thought of denominational success, and were very important factors in solidifying the results of the movement. The women of Pittsburgh, from the first, had prayed, and struggled, and labored with the most fervid zeal, for they saw how deeply involved was the salvation of numberless family circles, the rehabilitation of shattered household gods. Let us now relate to the reader several graphic examples and incidents, which will illustrate more vividly than any general description the success and strength of the wave of temperance reform, once it commenced to roll its pure and cleansing waters onward in a great wall.

The following incidents are the recitals of prominent men

at the Murphy meetings, and will be read with great interest :

David B. Hall was saved through the prayers of his wife. For years he had been a slave to intoxicating drink, and was known as such in all Pittsburgh. Now he had embraced religion ; and he felt he had escaped danger forever. No one has been a more earnest, sincere co-worker than Mr. Hall in the Murphy movement. He has succeeded in reclaiming a vast number of drunkards ; and is still conducting the good work with zeal.

Mr. Best, of Pittsburgh, had caused his family a great deal of sorrow by his intemperate habits. He signed the pledge in the Iron City, and found it the very hardest thing in his whole life to keep it. However, he conquered ; and he was now a happy man. He was a devoted "Murphy man."

Mr. Charles Wenzell used to keep a drinking saloon in Pittsburgh ; but sold out, on account of the business not paying well. He concluded that he would go to South America ; and went to New York to make preparations for the journey.

When there he gave the idea up, and spent all the money he had with him. Then a great longing came over him for the old Iron City, and he returned. Murphy meetings were then being conducted, and to pass the time he dropped in to hear what these temperance people had to say for their cause. The next day he attended a church, the first he had been in for twenty years. The service had a wonderful effect on him—he desired to become a Christian. He also desired to sign the Murphy pledge. He sought out Francis Murphy, and asked his advice. If he gave up his old ways, his sporting habits, how could he make a living ? "God provides a way," said Murphy ; "He feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies of the field." "But I am no sparrow !" Wenzell cried. "Try it," Murphy rejoined ; "and you will be provided for."

The upshot of this interview was Mr. Wenzell's dedicating himself to the cause of total abstinence, becoming a member of the church, entirely leaving off his former habits. He has

often remarked in his stirring addresses that he would not return to his old business if he knew it would bring him in hundreds of dollars a day. Mr. Wenzell has proved himself to be one of the strongest advocates of temperance, and a brave worker in the Murphy movement.

Mr. John M. Nesbitt said at a meeting held in Pittsburgh : "I have studied law, gone into politics, become a candidate for Senatorial renown, and one glass of whiskey gained the victory over me and all my ambition. The morning of the election I was seen turning down a glass of whiskey by a gentleman who afterwards voted against me. That one vote defeated me. I possess considerable stock in my native town. I have no money ; but I have stock to the value of ten cents in every brick of every saloon in the place."

Harry Rawle had formerly been a liquor dealer in Pittsburgh, but he signed the pledge and left the trade. He gave the following quaint testimony at one of the largest meetings held in the city : "This is the first time I have been before an audience. I am asked by Brother Murphy to say a few words. I will say them in my own way. I kept a saloon about four years ; I drank a great deal. I took a quiet little drink every morning till Murphy came. One day I thought I would go and see who and what this gentleman was. I dropped in. A man who knew me came up to me, and said : 'You had better sign your name to the pledge.' I said : 'I don't drink much—I don't think it necessary.' 'I have seen you when you had too much,' he said. I said : 'I'm in the business, and I cannot sign it now, as I have nothing else to do.' A lady said : 'We will pray for you.' I said : 'I would be glad of that.' I went home and told my friends I had seen Murphy. They asked me what I thought of him. I said : 'He is nice enough, and that is all there is of him.' I did not take much stock in him then. After awhile, however, I was caught in the Murphy net. I have signed the pledge, and I mean to keep it."

The movement was not confined alone to reform, but also extended to charity. The afflicted were succored, and those

who had signed the pledge, and had nothing to do, were cared for until they could help themselves. Dinners were given on Christmas and New Year's day, in the basement of the "Old Home," to all who were homeless and hungry. A most interesting description of Christmas that memorable year, in Pittsburgh, appeared in one of the newspapers, which we take great pleasure in presenting to the reader. It is as follows :

"Pittsburgh's Christmas is probably unparalleled in the annals of American history. It is safe to make the assertion that never before of a Christmas day, in any city of the western hemisphere, has an edifice the size of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church been so crammed with humanity, from early dawn till dewy eve, and from dewy eve until late in the night, with a crowd of people bent on temperance reform. Of all queer recreations for a Christmas day, temperance crusading appears to be the queerest. 'A Christmas drunk' has heretofore been a licensed irregularity, and people who have kept level-headed the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year, have felt a moral obligation, arising out of respect for the hilarity of the season and heirloom festivities of the 'Merrie Christmas tide,' to indulge in the wassail bowl and render homage to Bacchus. But Monday a multitude of people gave Bacchus the cold shoulder, and ignored the traditions of the past. Tom and Jerry sat lonesomely blinking at one another over these degenerate days, the proudest plume was pulled out of the chanticleer's caudal appendage, brandy smashes thought the times had gone to smash, socially-inclined slings discovered themselves being slung aside ; and even Holland Tom jammed his cork down in his throat and gurgled forth his lamentations, while Colonel Rye Tanglefoot wildly called for his troopers, and wept rivers of bug-juice when he fairly comprehended that the troopers, from the lamp-post picket to the vidette in the gutter, had deserted their posts and 'gone up to Murphy's.'

"This temperance movement has thoroughly interested our citizens, and Christmas day they expressed it. The expression was not one of froth and foam either, but had the solid body

of a practical and substantial effort attending it, for in the church, while the crowd up stairs was shouting 'Hallelujah !' the crowd down stairs was sending delegations of turkey, ham, cold beef, cake, pies and coffee, into the interior departments to announce the glad tidings that the pledge had been taken, and the department should no longer be outraged by the presence of plenipotentiaries from the court of King Alcohol. One of the earliest principles introduced in this movement was the concession that it was but little use trying to convert a man with an empty stomach. So long as a glass of beer and a hearty lunch can be obtained for five cents, all the temperance orations ever delivered cannot convince a hungry man that the glass of beer is not a road to happiness. The good people of Pittsburgh recognize this fact, and knowing that the dull times have created a class of very hungry people in this city, when it was proposed at one of the temperance meetings to give everybody who wanted it a Christmas dinner, hosts of kind-hearted matrons resolved themselves into committees of one and proceeded to furnish the material.

"The Sunday-school room of the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church was converted into a dining-room, and the room immediately in its rear transmogrified into a refectory. Early Monday morning the provisions commenced to arrive. They came in boxes and baskets and bundles and barrels ; the widow's mite jostled the contribution of wealth, the plebeian ham leaned familiarly against the patrician turkey, and the humble doughnuts nestled under the shadow of the majestic pound cake. Stout matrons brought in plethoric baskets, little girls tugged along with big bundles, and little and big boys—after the manner of their sex—'rolled them up and tumbled them up, any way to get them there,' while the sexton's wife and a lady who deserves great praise for her exertions in behalf of the hungry ones, had commenced to boil the coffee, of which beverage enough was drank to nearly float the Ajax off a sand bar.

"During the preparations down stairs, the main body of the

church above was crowded with all classes of people, and prayer and temperance testimony were the order of the day. A short time before twelve o'clock it was announced that tickets would now be distributed (fifty at a time) to the hungry ones, good for an admittance to the dinner below. And then the fun commenced. The hungry ones had long been on hand chanting—

“ ‘ We come ! We come !
The voracious bum !
Fee ! Fie ! Foe ! Fum !
Give us grub and we'll give up rum !’

“ The tramp brigade had heard of the ‘ blow-out,’ and were on hand in force. There were full delegations from all the different lodges of the fraternity ; the ‘ Texas Rangers of ’76,’ ‘ Centennial Cadgers,’ ‘ Hand-out Repudiators ’ and ‘ Free and Independent Order of United Sit-down Solicitors,’ and others too numerous to mention. All were anxious to secure a ticket, and it was comical, yet a trifle pathetic, to witness the fears that some seemed to entertain lest they and the dinner might fail to connect. Many of them had an idea that it was necessary to sign the pledge before they could get their dinner (which was not the case, as no distinctions were made), but under the impression that dinner depended upon it, there took place a very sudden and laudable inclination to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, as typified by whisky, and embark on the high-road to sobriety and something to eat, through the instrumentality of one of ‘ Murphy’s life-boats.’ Many fell into this mistake, and were highly indignant when the door-keeper below rejected their ‘ life-boats,’ and told them to get one of the other kind. For over three hours there was a majesty of jaw-bone at work in the Sunday-school room. Tatterdemalion attire covering the gaunt and wasted forms, the pinched cheeks of hunger and want, the shabby and thread-bare attempt at respectability, the ‘ out-of-luck ’ air of hard times, the anxious, restless, trouble-haunted eye, and the patient, sad look of hearts bowed down by long suffering, and

lives ground out of shape beneath the heel of poverty, were all there, and all earnestly at work upon the viands. In a short time the dinner tickets became much soiled and torn, through constant and rough handling, so that a fragment of one was accepted as a passport. The great unwashed did not fail to avail themselves of this advantage. Some, for reasons of their own, were disinclined to either sign the pledge or go into the church after a ticket. These would await on the outside for some braver comrade to sally forth with his piece of paste-board, and having equitably divided it up before them, three and sometimes four would go on the same ticket. But no objections were made and no refusals—all was good nature, affability, good will and fraternity.

“Many ladies were in attendance and assisted in serving out the good things. Prominent among these was Mrs. Lincoln, wife of Mr. Lincoln, the organist. This lady’s efforts in behalf of the temperance revival have been earnest and never flagging. Her fascinating vocalism has been given freely and without affectation or reserve at nearly all of the meetings, and yesterday the little lady was busy as a bee the whole day attending to the wants of the hungry multitude.

“Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Long, of the Young Men’s Home, were prominent in originating and carrying out the benevolent enterprise ; together with the noble assistance of Mrs. Morris, Miss Hubley, Mrs. Childs, Mrs. Fulton, Miss Annie Baldwin, Mrs. Frew, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Duncan, Miss Scott, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. and Miss Moore, and others—ladies who literally obeyed the injunction “feed the hungry and clothe the naked,” and who have the blessings of many a heart made happy on Christmas day through their instrumentality.

“During the day Mr. Murphy received as a Christmas gift a loaf of bread ten feet long from Mr. J. B. Youngson, the confectioner. This Staff of Life was on exhibition in the extemporized refectory, and many leaned upon it. About half-past three o’clock in the afternoon the last hungry man appeared to be satisfied, though the dining-room was kept open

until after six for all who wished to eat, the crowd died away, and only solitary and isolated empty stomachs dropped in to adipose their ribs. The number of those who had partaken of the good cheer was by actual count 1,205.

"During the gastronomic services below, spiritual services were in progress in the church above. As before mentioned, a crowd filled the edifice all day long, among which were many ladies. The singing was conducted by a volunteer choir, led by either Mr. or Mrs. Lincoln or Miss Smythe, and an organ accompaniment by either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Dunbar. Messrs. Paisley, Jacobs, Woodson, Barbour, Burns, and a host of others, are in frequent attendance, while the audience and a crowd of silvery-voiced ladies scattered through the house are at all times ready to join in, and it would be difficult to find better congregational singing than that which takes place. The songs are the old familiar battle hymns of the revivalists, 'Hold the Fort,' 'What Shall the Harvest Be?' and others of that kind. Nothing of the 'Cold Water Regimental Chorus' sort has yet been attempted, and it is sincerely to be hoped it never will.

"Another peculiar feature of this revival is the amount of 'sticking' that is being done. Heretofore it has been too often the practice to reform one day and go around as an awful example the next. But in the present instance it is different. The pledge has now been opened for signatures over nine weeks, and out of the forty thousand who have signed it the 'back-sliders' would not make a corporal's guard. The men who sign seem to identify themselves with the movement, and are constantly on hand at all the meetings. They encourage one another, and it is a very rare thing to hear the revival spoken of disrespectfully by anyone. Another feature consists of the generosity of sentiment that has sprung up among the young men of Pittsburgh. Not that they did not possess these good qualities before, but they are now more pronounced and have taken a more active and practical shape. Let who will put in an appearance, if he is in trouble or desti-

tute he will find somebody to help him. In fact, Pittsburgh is experiencing an enlargement of the heart, as well as a temperance revival. Each young fellow constitutes himself a committee, and if he is applied to and has his hands full, he passes the applicant around among 'the gang' until some one is found who can carry a little more weight."

There had been established a sewing society, and extensive donations were received, and distributions of clothing made, under the charge of Captain Shannon, each day at the church. The dull times rendered it impossible to secure employment for all, but the worthy citizens of Pittsburgh had strenuously exerted themselves in the matter, and many idle men were provided for. The meetings, originally confined to the "Old Home," were widely extended, and now held each evening in fully thirty churches in the city and vicinity. Temperance clubs were organized on all sides, and, in the vernacular of the river men, the cause was booming.

The laity had been most active in the cause. Among those churches that threw their doors wide open to temperance reform, and gave it so cheering a welcome, were the Wesley M. E. Chapel, Smithfield Street M. E., Emery M. E., Arch Street M. E., Alleghany, North Avenue M. E., Alleghany, South Common M. E., Alleghany, Centenary M. E., Walton M. E., South Side Union M. E., First Methodist, Fifth Methodist, Soho, Second Methodist, South Side, Sharpsburg Methodist, Birmingham Methodist, Second Presbyterian, Temperanceville Presbyterian, Central Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, and a host of others. The pastors who were active in the movement are: Rev. Messrs. Clark, Templeton, Thomas, Frazier, Gill, Donohoo, Senons, Shields, Scovel, Murray, Cowl, Wallace, Sirites, Hamilton, Smith, Vernon, McGuire, Snyder, Cox, Baker, Ferguson, and a great many others.

One of Mr. Murphy's hopes is that some day there will be a home in Pittsburgh for reformed men—"a monument," as some one has aptly said, "to sobriety, and a light-house for those who had been shipwrecked on the reefs of intemperance."

This desire on the part of the hero of the cause has, as yet, not reached consummation; but there is a place in the "Smoky City" for the reclaimed. It consists of a pleasant reading-room, cheap eating-house, and a fine sanitarium. A meeting was held by those anxious for the erection of a building, or the renting of one for the aforesaid purpose. There were nearly all the prominent men of the city present.

Mr. Murphy made one of his effective speeches, in which he said: "that it was the duty of the citizens of Pittsburgh to establish a temperance light-house, a beacon for the mariner on life's stormy sea, and a harbor of refuge for those who sought to escape the dread maelstrom of drunkenness." He spoke at some length on the personal efficacy of reform, and argued that individual effort alone could accomplish what legislative and municipal authorities had failed to do. Before the meeting adjourned many came forward and subscribed liberally in aid of the worthy project.

Francis Murphy received a weekly salary of \$125, for his labor in Pittsburgh, from the Young Men's Temperance Union. He deserved this; and it was only right that he was paid it. Some officious parties, however, took it up, and rang such discordant chimes, making unkind and uncalled for remarks, both on the lecturer and the cause, that he was forced to notice it. If any man earned his pay, it was he; and if other temperance lecturers are paid for their services in sums of \$100 or \$200 a night, surely he ought to receive as much, and even more; for, looking at the subject in that light, no one has ever been as successful as he on the temperance platform.

At one of the noonday meetings, in the midst of this discussion, Mr. Murphy alluded to it, and said that he did not approve of a salary, and that hereafter his services would be gratuitously given. The vast concourse present was brought to tears, and many denounced, in bitter terms, the parties that interfered in the matter, and expressed great sympathy and love for their noble leader. Many came forward, and pledged themselves to defray all his expenses as long as Pittsburgh

had the honor of his presence. This turn of affairs was the comment of the whole town, during the day, and one could see, and judge by the remarks flying about, that Pittsburgh loved and revered Francis Murphy in no slight degree. No one could charge him with being grasping and mercenary. His large heart is in his work ; his purse is open to the appeals of the unfortunate, and he works to save the fallen; and to gain the glorious reward of a conscience that acquitted him of any selfish or interested motive. Mr. Murphy was vehemently assailed by certain newspapers with mere reform demagoguism, to use a phrase drawn from another field of effort. The mere fact that he received a salary seems to have been the sole foundation underlying the accusation. The combined malignity and childishness of such a charge make themselves patent to everyone who studies the conditions of the case. Mr. Murphy's celebrity had already made him an object of national curiosity. No other man had ever achieved such results in the history of temperance reform. For his success was not merely a personal one, *i. e.*, the ability to draw large and enthusiastic audiences, but extended beyond surface agitation, and struck deep and permanent roots in the hearts of men. It has never failed to be the case, that after the departure of Murphy from any place, meetings were continued under his name by able followers in the path he marked out, the fruits of which were as important almost as those wrought by the man's personal presence and effort. What better test than this of the profound significance of this reform movement!

It could not be expected that Francis Murphy, the possessor of an extraordinary, nay almost unexampled power, and a poor man at that, with a large family to support and educate, should live purely on voluntary contributions. The consecrated ministers of the gospel do not carry the habit of the primitive apostolic times into practical usage now-a-days. The social and religious economy of the nineteenth century do not permit the preacher and reformer to travel about with a staff, and sandal-shorn, proclaiming the word of truth as an itinerant

pilgrim. Mr. Murphy has shown a very moderate and modest estimate of his own pecuniary worth, specially as the lecture bureaus have offered him extraordinary terms for his regular services on the platform, in the same way as Gough, Beecher, and other celebrities sell their services.

A candid judgment, then, compels the conviction that Francis Murphy, whatever else may be his faults, can hardly be convicted of self-seeking and disinterested motives, so far as his career up to the present time would indicate.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF THE PITTSBURGH WORK.—MURPHY'S DEPARTURE FOLLOWED BY CONTINUED ACTIVITY.—FEATURES OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT.—A HOST OF FOLLOWERS AND CO-LABORERS.—THE INAUGURATION OF THE MOVEMENT AT PHILADELPHIA.

THE Murphy movement was steadily conducted, and grew in favor more and more each day. The noon-tide meetings were quite popular, being very earnest and full of religion. The night meetings, however, were more largely attended. Here were found evidences of interest, enthusiasm, and good little short of marvellous. Daily scores of men, known throughout the entire community as hard drinkers, stepped up to the tables, and took the pledge. The "boys" used the room during the day as a reading, conversation and smoking room. It was a genuine treat to get with them, and hear them speak of Francis Murphy. How they loved and revered him ! Verily he is a man among men !

Every one had come generously and heartily to the front to help on this great work. Ministers, journalists, men of wealth, and others, had nobly aided the movement, giving liberally of both their time and money to that purpose. The railroad companies had passed the Murphy speakers from point to point, sending also destitute pledge signers to their friends, all because they were a part, so to speak, of Murphy. And men and women had gone to the headquarters every day and night to keep up the spirit of good, and to push the cause onward as regularly as clock-work, not asking any remuneration

save that of cheering words and signs of encouragement and success.

To outsiders the enthusiasm and devotion exhibited by the Murphyites in their cause was a source of much surprise. That their love and earnestness should last caused people to think seriously ; and this serious thinking generally resulted in their conversion, and enlisting them in the already mighty army.

The tiny spark lighted in their hearts by their noble leader burned and would continue to burn—was now a flaming light that shone out in full glory upon the whole civilized world.

The Murphyites loved their work. They attended their meetings regularly, and prayed, and sung the dear old Gospel songs with the same power as when Francis Murphy himself stood in the Smoky City among them like a king. They lived for their cause ; they lived to save the lost and dying. Stirring speeches were delivered at the meetings by the brave “boys ;” and now and then he whom they devoutly followed paid them a flying visit, and roused them to greater work. Every time he came there, there was a mighty crowd to hear his graphic and pleasing talk. One night he was announced to appear in the Central Presbyterian church, and long before the appointed time the building was packed.

On his appearance the dear “Old Home” choir burst out in that sweet, and to him, the finest of songs, “I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.” He shook hands with every one he passed ; his face beamed with his delight at being again with the “boys.” He addressed them in the following earnest words :

Mr. President and Dear Friends:—

I am glad to come to you again. I am glad to see you again and hear your welcome voices. It is a great pleasure to know that we are welcome when returning home, and there is something pleasant about a hearty greeting. We all feel it, and it does me good to know that I have your esteem and confidence. I am glad to be with the “boys” again, who have stood nobly by this movement ever since its commencement. There are some who say we will not keep the pledge,

but time will tell. I had a most delightful trip. Have been talking and traveling over some of the ground which the boys from Pittsburgh have worked, and have found the people holding them in grateful remembrance for the good they accomplished. No matter what people say about us, we will say no unkind words against them. I am a lover of peace, and believe in the reclaiming power of the gospel of love and kindness. If we do good we must be merciful and kind. When we come to die it will be sweet to know that we have been unkind to no one. Let us keep on in this great reform, and with clean hands and pure hearts we will gain the victory, no matter who may oppose. I have just come from Lexington, Ky., where Charles Wenzel is doing a grand work. He has secured about three thousand signers, and Mr. Nesbitt has obtained about two thousand among the colored people. I once asked the merchants of Pittsburgh to put up a building, and I believe they will do so yet. Other cities have their own reading-rooms and tabernacles, and we must have them in this city. Pittsburgh has done a noble work, and the good cause will spread wider and deeper; not because I am in it, but because it is of God. In God is our trust, and with our motto we will go on saving men and making homes happy. I am glad you are in this church. Its pastor, Rev. Senour, is a noble man; God bless him! I expect to commence the work in Troy, New York, some time in November. We should have an anniversary in this city on the 26th of November. Now is the time to get ready for it, so that we may have a grand time. Do not be discouraged, boys. The country is waiting for the movement, and why should not Pittsburgh still be in the front? What a good thing it is to see and know of the happy wives and children and homes that this movement has brought to our land. Then why should we be discouraged because some oppose and throw obstacles in our way? Let us go on in the right, "With Malice to none and Charity for all," and God will give us the nation.

One of the notable events of the meetings held at the head-

quarters was the reformation of James Onslow, a politician and writer of some repute. He had been a hard drinker for a long time, and had been given up long since by his friends. The Murphyites, however, despaired not; and finally succeeded in converting him. Mr. Onslow delivered the following speech, after his reformation :

"Ladies and Gentlemen :—

"Those of you who have known me for the last ten, fifteen or twenty years (and that number is by no means small), will doubtless be surprised to see me here to-night, and many of you will say, 'Jim Onslow has drank whisky too long, and loves it too well, to ever be able to keep his pledge, or become a sober man.' For entertaining this opinion, my friends, you are not to blame. My past life justifies you, perhaps, in thinking and saying just what I have indicated (although I never signed the pledge and broke it), but believing in the idea 'that while the lamp of life holds out to burn, the vilest sinner (or drunkard) may return,' I resolved last night, in bed, all alone, with God's help, aided by your prayers, and sustained and encouraged by your friendship, to make a strong effort in that direction. Last night, about twelve o'clock, awakening from an uneasy slumber, a voice seemed to say, 'Oh, my son, remember no drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven; if you persist in living as you have been doing, you can never see those who loved you well, and whom you loved so dearly, while we were all together on the earth below.' Without believing in dreams, ghosts or hobgoblins, I must admit that this semi-vision appeared like a call or warning from above, to halt in my career of dissipation, if I would avert the wrath to come. I have slept none since, and this morning my mind was fully made up that whisky and old 'Cussewago' would part company forever.

"And just here let me say, by way of parenthesis, that those who expect me to abuse and rail out against my old friends, the saloon keepers, will be mistaken; also to remark, for the benefit of several of those old friends, that while they will not

be called upon to score up any more drinks against a former good customer, they shall all of them be paid every cent now chalked down against him ; but here, with the help of Him who rules and reigns above, whose attributes are mercy, peace and love, the accounts will close. Fully indorsing the idea of that great apostle of temperance, my eloquent and enthusiastic countryman, Francis Murphy, that abusing people is not the way to reform them, no harsh or unkind word shall ever escape my lips, either about he who sells, or he who drinks, the life-destroying liquid. If I can save myself from filling a drunkard's grave, as many of my former associates are now doing, and keep some other poor devil like myself from doing the same thing, it will, in my humble judgment, be far better than abusing anyone. And now, in conclusion, let me say a word to the ladies here present, noble representatives of those who are going about like angels of mercy, continually doing good ; representatives of her who was last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. May God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, watch over, bless and protect you, now and forever. May your pathway through this life be strewn with flowers of the brightest hue, and finally when you have passed the dark valley and shadow of death, may He take you to Himself, where you will enjoy the society of those whom you most resemble, is the earnest prayer of your humble servant."

The good done by the "Union" cannot be estimated ; it is impossible to do so. Hundreds upon hundreds were reclaimed by the brave "boys ;" and now are leading prosperous, happy lives in all parts of the State. James Onslow, of whose reformation we have already spoken, has entered the lists, and works well and successfully. Dave Hall's work is too well known to be minutely described here ; it is sufficient to say of him that he has done nobly for the good cause. Wm. Hill, Bob Love, Thomas Jones, and the other boys of the "Old Home" are actively engaged in the Murphy movement ; and have done untold good. These "boys" have been called to all parts of the country to speak to eager, curious crowds of

their reformation, work and their leader. Their speeches have been earnest and convincing ; and their success has been great wherever they have spoken. They carry conviction with them because they are earnest in the extreme ; and because they have been all drinkers, and were saved. Noble "boys !" Your reward will surely be great in the glorious by-and-by ; and you will be crowned with the universal love of man, and the blessing of God. Your names will live ; hundreds will bless you, and murmur your names in their supplications at the seat of mercy. Verily those that live for the mere sake of doing good to man shall live, not for a little while, but forever !

A noble feature of the Murphy wave in Pittsburgh is the work done by those earnest, zealous ladies that have come forward so readily.

Several unions have sprung up ; and are now in a flourishing condition. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is known throughout this country for its success in the cause. The faithful women that compose this society have been fighting against intemperance for years. "At times," says a well-known authority, "the meetings were small, and things looked dark ; but still they held out, praying that God would give them success. When the Murphy movement was inaugurated in this city, many of these women assisted nobly, and have continued to aid the 'boys' in every way possible. This has greatly added to the numbers and interest of their Sunday meetings, until at the present time the room is crowded every Sunday afternoon. For a while the Woman's Christian Temperance Alliance met in the same room, but the two organizations were consolidated by the Alliance uniting with the Union, and the two were afterwards known as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union." On one occasion a very interesting address was delivered by Mrs. M. Cora Bland, of New York, and formerly editress of the *Ladies' Own Magazine*. We give it in this instance as it clearly defines woman's position in the world, and what great good she can do in the blessed cause of temperance.

Mrs. Bland said :

“ ‘Woman is the power behind the throne,’ ‘She moulds men to do her will,’ ‘The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world,’ are stereotyped compliments that have been given from almost every pulpit and rostrum in the land. To say that she possesses a tithe of the influence attributed to her, is to accuse her of holding a power for good which she criminally refuses to exercise, for it is patent to all that hitherto she has done very little toward staying this great evil of intemperance. Still she loves virtue and abhors vice. She would that all men were good and pure, that they were noble and true and God-like ; and think you she possesses the power to make them so and refuses to exercise it? Ah! no. She righteously covets the power to say to this flood-tide of intemperance, with its attendant evils, ‘thus far shalt thou go and no farther.’ Had the power been hers she would have banished the liquor traffic from the land. Instead,” said the speaker, “the most pious and respectable mothers are compelled to witness the descent of their loved ones, for whom they have hoped and prayed so much, go down, down to ruin, while they, with bleeding hearts, stood powerless to avert their doom. Tell me not that men do women’s bidding when they license liquor saloons and other haunts of immorality. In view of the crime, the injustice, the drunkenness and debauchery of men, it is no compliment to women to say ‘they rule the world.’ It is time we were done with polished shams and glittering falsehoods, and as earnest men and women look at facts as they exist and take hold of the work understandingly. My religion teaches me that if the world is to be redeemed from the dominion of appetite and sensualism, it must be done by human endeavor, addressed to the work in accordance with God’s method of regenerating mankind. Intemperance is a physical, social, mental, and moral evil, resulting from violations of the physical, social, mental, and moral laws.”

She here dilated upon the effects of alcohol in past and present times ; and closed with this touching appeal :

“O, women of America, responsibilities rest upon you greater than any that ever burdened the women of any clime or country, and this because your privileges are greater, higher, grander than ever crowned women before. To you as to none others is the sunlit summit of the mount of wisdom accessible. 'Tis your privilege to add to the potent yet fleeting charm of beauty those enduring and more potent graces of the heart and brain, that comes with the broader and higher culture so freely offered you. 'Tis yours to preside over homes made delightful by your natural grace and culture and safe through your virtue and intelligence. 'Tis yours to guide the footsteps and form the habits of the young as mother and teacher, and yours also to mould society by models of virtue.”

These noblest of noble women have cheered the “boys” in their fight—have made the darkest days of trial and temptation light and bright by their ennobling presence, their influence and earnestness. Very many unfortunates, staggering down the easy road of sin, and tottering on the brink of the grave, have been guided gently away from it, out into the glad light of right and purity; desolate homes have been brightened, and made homes again by the blessed reformation, through the loving labor and prayers of these women, of the dear ones astray; and sad hearts cheered, and manhood restored to its native grandeur. Not once did these Christian women falter—not once did they lose courage and hope; but steadily went on, day in and day out, praying, helping and saving. And they have been crowned with success beyond their expectations. God has heard them; and through them hundreds have been plucked, “as a brand from the burning,” to walk in sobriety, usefulness and happiness along the way of life to the gates of Heaven, which will be wide open when they journey thitherward.

The anniversary of Francis Murphy's advent in Pittsburg was observed at Library Hall, Sunday night, November 25, 1877. It was conducted under the auspices of the “Old Home” Union, and was a grand success in every particular.

It was long after twelve o'clock ere the vast assemblage dispersed. It was impossible for Francis Murphy to be present ; but, despite this great drawback and disappointment, the exercises were of a most interesting character, and were received with much applause. That giant in the noble army of temperance, Dave Hall, led the meeting in a very felicitous manner ; and short, entertaining remarks were made by a very large number of the most prominent "boys." The great work done during the year was reviewed, and congratulations extended to those who had worked so well. The future fields in different sections of the country were discussed, and the evil ahead of them scanned seriously. Hands were grasped in hearty friendliness, and the "boys" were drawn yet closer to one another, and strengthened for the long fight. Could Francis Murphy have seen them, how glad would have been his great heart ! Could he have been in their midst, and heard them speak of him, how pleased he would have been ! It was a night never to be forgotten. It will live in the minds of those that participated in it forever. It will be looked back upon with emotions that are utterly indescribable.

At a meeting held in Oakland, one of the suburbs of Pittsburgh, the Rev. Mr. Vannote introduced W. C. Moreland, Esq., before Mr. Murphy, then in Pittsburgh on a short visit, who delivered a speech as follows :

"There has grown up in this nation a custom of speech-making on occasions of this kind when distinguished men meet with their friends ; and extremely is it my duty to-night to welcome a man whose reputation for deeds of charity and love are so well known in this city. I know that he needs no introduction at my hand to those of you here who have felt the beneficent influence of his good deeds. His name has become a household word ; his labors of love and charity are so well known that they require no panegyric from me. I pray God that his labors shall go on widening until still greater victories are gained not only amongst us here in this city, but all over our beloved country. As he has manifested all that is

good and loving in man, we all hope that he may ever keep his name unsullied ; that he may not weary in his good work, and as his words shall go ringing in our valleys and over our mountains that they may be both a benison and a benediction. May there be open hands and homes here where he may ever find a welcome. Peace and happiness attend him. And now I have no need to tell you that I refer to the great apostle of temperance, Francis Murphy, who will now speak for himself.

Mr. Murphy was then introduced by the Rev. Mr. Vannote, and spoke in the following happy manner :

“Mr. President:—

“This is an unexpected honor to have an address of welcome given me in this beautiful temple of worship. I do not know what inconvenience it will be to me to remain here to-night, but whatever it might be I think Brother Vannote is responsible for my being here. He has a faculty for holding on that I could not overcome ; but I hope that Brother Miller will be able to send me up the beautiful waters of the Monongahela in time for me to meet my appointments.

“Anyhow, I am very glad to be here. I feel perfectly at home in your midst. I have an abiding interest in this city. My youngest daughter is with Mr. Dravo, who has so kindly given her a place in his good home. They say that where the heart is there is home, and my heart is here always. I am glad to be here and respond to this address of welcome.

“I remember very well the first time I spoke to you. Mr. Moreland introduced me to the people of Pittsburgh. Feeling my want of education I feared that I would not be able to command language to express what I wanted to say. I looked at this young David who has no difficulty in speaking. He is perfectly at ease in framing his thoughts in such beautiful language that one falls in love with him while listening to him. I call him the golden-mouthed boy of Pittsburgh. From the beginning of the movement in this city to the present he has been my steadfast friend. He and Brother Vannote have stood steadfastly by me. I shall never forget my first meeting

with my dear Brother Vannote. I stepped into his editorial sanctum to ascertain whether or not he would give me any assistance through his paper. He looked at me for a moment, and I suppose thought I was a poor excuse for a temperance lecturer, but he said: 'We will give you a hearing,' and, blessed be God, he did give me a hearing. Right here on this stand is the young man who wrote some of the most favorable reports of the work from the very first. I should like to have seen the young man who gave the first report. When I read the report I could not keep back the tears. May God bless the daily press of Pittsburgh for the great assistance it has rendered in this glorious work. The city of Pittsburgh has been called the home of this great moral reform. There are some people so intent on saving one portion of the human family that they will let the other be lost. They do not realize the power of Divine love, which is so far reaching and infinitely greater than mere human love. There is a great difference of opinion as to the way of obtaining total abstinence. This movement in which we are engaged proposes to save *all*, and there is no doubt but that it will be a grand success in this country. There are good men engaged in its manufacture. I do not want to conduct a temperance reform that will hurt any man. We must not condemn any one. We can succeed better with love and kindness according to our motto, 'With Malice toward none, and Charity for all.' It will be better for us to present it in such a way that all men will fall in love with temperance, and not compel them to adopt it.

"The moment you begin to fight men that moment you will find opposition. I have just come from New York where the hotels are, in the goodness of God, giving up this business. As long as four-fifths of the population drink, so long will men engage in selling rum, and it cannot be stopped unless the men can be induced to stop drinking. You can't drive them; they will find ways of getting it. The stringent law they had in Portland couldn't stop it. One day I saw there was an old

lady in the market selling eggs at a dollar and a half a dozen ! The wonderful pullets to lay such eggs !! But the eggs had been emptied of their original contents, filled with whisky and sealed up again. I never fought the prohibitory law. When I was engaged in selling liquor in Portland, and the officers seized my stock, I never attempted to get it back by false swearing. There were men who were regular false swearers, and there were those who were ever ready to get them to swear for them. They were professional swearers who could be obtained whenever they were wanted.

“This is a handsome picture. This church so nicely decorated. There are some beautiful pictures that come to us in life. I remember seeing one during a trip I once took to the mountains. It was a beautiful day, and as we drove along under the green canopy of the forest—beautiful birch trees and maples swinging back and forth in the gentle zephyrs—and the bright sunlight of heaven dripping down through the foliage as though it were liquid gold. We passed on, while on our right and left the rippling brooks from the hillsides came dancing down until they reached the shaded dell below where they flowed along in crystal beauty. But we were anxious to get a view of the still greater beauty that was soon to meet our admiring gaze. Our horses were urged forward, and onward and upward we went until we reached the crown of the hill and could see the beautiful valley spread out before us. The majestic grandeur of the scene which was now presented to our astonished gaze was extremely gratifying. I was thrilled to the veriest depths of my heart. Away yonder in the distance I could see the top of a great giant which stood still as though dead, and nearly concealed by the distant hills, looking like a veil thrown over it. On all sides we could see the mountains standing in all their glorious majesty with their crowned heads bowing to each other, as though they themselves felt the awful grandeur and dignity of their position. I looked up into the sky and saw the bright clouds—God’s chariots—so wonderfully white that there was not a speck upon them ;

there they rolled along, and as it were, enjoying the great beauty of the scene beneath. I shall never forget the picture that was there presented to my wondering view.

“But what was that compared to the scene here to-night. You are all gathered here to-night, with happy hearts in this beautiful temple built for the worship of God, to help forward the glorious cause of truth and justice. More precious is the picture which we enjoy here to-night than the one I have described. I feel that I shall never be able to command language adequate to give a description of it. Grand and beautiful as was the mountain scenery I endeavored to describe, it will pass away. We too, shall soon pass away to our homes above, to scenes of infinitely greater beauty. Beautiful as is the world, grand as are many of its scenes, grander and more beautiful still is a purified soul.

“May it be the delight of our life that no stain or dishonor shall come upon us ; that Christ shall live in us and reign over us. This is the sincere prayer of my heart. And when all our meetings are over here, when all the beautiful things of this world have passed away, may we all meet in the eternal sunlight of joy in the world above. Good night. God bless you.”

The wonderful success achieved by Francis Murphy the three months he was in Pittsburgh, travelled to Philadelphia, and awakened a lively interest in many philanthropists and prominent gentlemen of that city. He had been to a place notorious for its very drunkenness ; and under his influence about 80,000 persons appended their names to his pledge of total abstinence. What untold good he might do in Philadelphia ! These gentlemen, true Christians, every one of them, realized that their city required his presence, and immediately, at that ; and they felt assured the same remarkable success following in his track, wherever he went, would but be repeated here.

Stimulated by these feelings they came together, and agreed upon some definite action. Mr. John Wanamaker, known almost everywhere as one of the most successful of clothiers,

opened a correspondence with the temperance apostle, the result of which was an earnest, nay urgent invitation to the latter gentleman from the former to come among them, and do what he could to lift the thousands of degraded, drunken persons, that were like large black blots on their community, out of the low position into which they had fallen, to lead useful, worthy lives. Francis Murphy was not the man to be deaf to this appeal, or likely to close his heart to it. He received it gladly, and hastened to the Quaker City as if on flying pinions.

On Wednesday evening, March 7, 1877, he made his first appearance in the Academy of Music. The vast hall was crowded by a most brilliant and appreciative audience. On the stage were noted clergymen of different denominations. The well known and beloved philanthropist, George H. Stuart, presided, and made some happy remarks. Rev. G. Dana Bordman read a passage from the Scripture, and Rev. Henry C. McCook lifted his voice in a short prayer of great power and fervor.

Colonel G. H. Hetherington, of Pittsburgh, rose, and remarked that he had come with Mr. Murphy, and had been converted by him in Pittsburgh, and described what good had been done there, and what was going on. After other short speeches from noted gentlemen, Mr. Murphy was introduced. He stood before them like a king, and every eye in that audience "took in" his personal appearance. What they beheld was a man of five feet ten inches, robust and leonine physique, high, broad shoulders, apparently weighing fully one hundred and ninety pounds; a short, thick neck, supporting a long head, with closely cut iron-gray hair, a low, broad brow, deep set, piercing black eyes, bushy black eyebrows, and a mouth wholly concealed by an enormous coal-black moustache. His presence was attractive and imposing. The audience was instinctively drawn to him by an open, frank, manly way he had, and a certain animal magnetism, with which he is surely endowed. The moment he opened his lips and spoke, the place

was as quiet as the grave ; and many of those present leaned eagerly forward to catch every tone, every modulation of his deep, rich, and vibrating voice. His address was felicitous, and was full of humor. He pathetically told the sad story of his life, graphically showing how low he had sunk from the use of intoxicating drink.

There were few of his listeners dry-eyed as he told them of his prison life, and his reformation while in confinement. With a power that surprised every one he urged, begged all young men to abstain from intoxicants and lead pure, sober lives. At his cordial invitation hundreds came up to where he stood at the conclusion of the lecture, and signed the pledge. This was the first appearance of Francis Murphy among the Philadelphians ; and he created a warm impression. His auditors went away with his inspired words ringing tuneful chimes in their hearts, and with his noble presence reflected glowingly before their mind's eye. It was no easy matter to forget his imposing front, or the spell it cast on all that came within its vicinity ; no easy matter to forget what he said, so earnest was he from first to last. Mr. Murphy went earnestly to work, and a series of meetings were conducted in the Bethany Sunday-school building, corner of Twenty-second and Bainbridge streets. The crowds were so dense that the building could scarcely contain them. Prominent people, recognizing what great good might result from the cause, and realizing the feeling of the populace, took hold of it, and seeing the necessity of a larger hall, secured the gigantic Tabernacle building on North Broad street. On some occasions this building was likewise found to be of too limited a space to accommodate the eager crowds that rushed from all points to see and hear the temperance apostle.

It is impossible to paint the picture presented at each meeting, and whenever or wherever Francis Murphy was to speak. It was like an ovation. Ladies pushed forward with men in the general rush and struggle for a seat, and hundreds waited hours before the appointed time for the doors to be flung

open. To hear, to see him, seemed to be the only wish in the hearts of thousands.

When in his presence they sat, or stood, as was more frequently the case, spell-bound, and wondering. His manly language with the frequent glimpses of eloquence, his gentle kindness and his bright encouragement, appealed to their better nature ; and thousands after thousands of converts have been made to the cause of temperance. The happy ideas of giving Sunday morning breakfasts, and of finding clothing for those in want, and employment for those that could not procure work, did much to spread the cause, and bring people to the pledge-tables. Many poor wretches, friendless, homeless and moneyless were made glad by the fact that some one cared for them, and would help them if they would endeavor to be good. They were willing and anxious to take the pledge ; for it promised them so bright a future, and saved them from the dark, awful, yawning abyss that stretched at their tottering feet.

The statistics laid before us for inspection show the following goodly results : In fourteen days 1942 men were lodged, and 1920 fed. In three months over 50,000 persons signed the Murphy pledge. Naturally, among so vast a number of people, who pledged themselves to abstain from intoxicants, some fell, and some were out and out frauds. The former were too unstable to remain deaf to the alluring voice of the tempter, and fell, unable to bear up under the trying strain. These persons are more to be pitied than blamed. The "frauds" were, however, quickly detected, and received the deserts which they so richly deserved. One individual was sent to the penitentiary. Having obtained the position as usher at the Murphy meetings, he went for some time upon his nefarious way unsuspected. He was finally discovered to be a thief ; it was discovered that he was far gone in crime ; that he had stolen a gold watch from some one in the audience, and that he was an old and hardened criminal. He was convicted and sentenced.

There were also a class of persons who signed the pledge just for the purpose of bettering their condition, and making their lot in life somewhat easier. They came with a long, painful story of their want, their unhappy lives, and succeeded in getting in this way clothing, which was immediately taken off to some pawn-broker, and enough money obtained to secure a couple of glasses of drink. These characters have been detected ; but they form a very small part, indeed, of those that swell the temperance wave to such gigantic proportions. As a whole the movement has been what it was intended it should be—a pure, noble endeavor to reclaim men addicted to intoxicating liquors, and it has been singularly fortunate in being free of the manifold shams and frauds that crowd other movements, and eventually kill them by their baleful presence. Mr. Murphy himself claims that ninety per cent. of those persons who sign the pledge at his meetings, to use the lecturer's own expression, "stick." Some of the people who came to him during the great revival in temperance at Philadelphia were of the highest social standing in Pennsylvania, people of wealth, education, and intelligence of the most marked order. They had fallen into the common pitfall Satan has dug for his victims, and were going down step by step to a dishonored grave, regardless of their position in the world, where they were lights and examples to the thousands beneath them. By the blessed power of Francis Murphy they were plucked like the "brand from the burning"—saved to go forth like men, preaching to and saving others.

The greatest number of Mr. Murphy's converts, however, spring from the humble walks in life. Men who are hardened by a life-long battle with grim poverty ; who have scarcely known what it is to have a real holiday ; whose days seem but one continuous ditty of a monotonous character, without one redeeming or pleasing quality—these creatures were those that rallied around the temperance hero, and breathed new life, hope, faith, and joy under his genial smile. To these people

he is as one sent to them by the Most High—he is truly a hero in every acceptance of the term.

They have listened to him eagerly, and have followed out his wishes ; they have taken his pledge ; they have embraced religion ; they have turned over a fresh leaf, and have led new lives ; they have been imbued with hope and faith in the hereafter ; they have become men, every one of them—true gentlemen, despite their rough ways, their hard lives, and their uncultured minds. Of such excellent material has this temperance reform been made, that through its truth and sincerity it will live forever. It was hard for many to believe the wonderful remarks and reports flying here, there, and everywhere, about Mr. Murphy and the good he was doing. It was hard to believe one man had the power to do so much good ; and then, too, to accomplish it all in such short time. Was it really so, or was it but a lot of exaggerated rubbish ? The unbelievers went to hear him to judge for themselves, and were convinced, before they returned to their homes, that all that was said of Francis Murphy and his work was the truth. And they, too, become believers, and sign his pledge. As it has been most aptly remarked by a noted Philadelphia newspaper :

“The evils of intemperance are known to those whom he addresses. In almost every breast there lurks a deep desire to burst from the fetters with which it has bound them ; to lead new lives, and become honored and respected in society. They well know the many sorrows and trials that a career of intemperance has brought upon them ; and hence it is when Mr. Murphy, in a persuasive and affectionate manner, points out to them the way of relief, and shows the error of their ways, they are at once convinced of his truthfulness.

“He touches the latent desire for a reformation. By his eloquence he arouses a feeling of resolve ; and men are persuaded to exercise and put into execution a will to do better. He shows that if we have not the will so to do, we surely cannot avoid that temptation which brings contempt, disgrace and misery.”

“He deals in no invectives ; wounds not the sensibilities (for these are possessed by all, in a greater or less degree) of the fallen ; but persuades and leads them to make an effort—for having once obtained their signature to the pledge, he knows one great point has been gained. This accomplished, he encourages them to keep it ; and not by words alone, but by deeds.

“A Divine Providence has indeed blessed Mr. Murphy’s labors. He has been made the humble instrument of saving many souls and bringing them within the means of Grace.

“To him, it is a labor of love. Night and day he pursues his self-imposed task, and with no other desire of reward than that of accomplishing grand results. That his very heart and soul are wrapped up in his cause, is evident from the fervent appeals made by him, at each and every meeting, with all the energy and fire of a true orator.”

Throughout his labors he maintained one course in relation to those parties engaged in the sale of liquors. He would not spend his valuable time and efforts in abusing them, nor would he become their defender or apologist. He saw from the outset of his crusade that there was no possibility whatever of anathematizing them out of their business ; and that it was most unwise to waste his labor in that direction. In this particular he differed from the general temperance speakers and workers. All he asked was that all, drunkards, liquor-dealers, everybody in fact should come to him, and he would prove to them the right and the wrong of the thing.

In his work he was nerved with the sense of the justice of the noble cause. He was wrapped up body and soul in one absorbing object—temperance. His truths have lighted up the dark places, and have shone like celestial torches. People have been drawn to the movement by his warm affection for it, by the conviction that God’s hand was uppermost in the work done. Prejudices have been overthrown ; and he has gone forward, overcoming all hindrances of an unworthy nature by his truth, faith and earnestness, and making wonder-

ful success everywhere. His name alone is now enough to keep the movement alive ; for the thousands that have been saved by him rush to hear it, and send it up in prayer daily to the throne of God. He can never be forgotten, or regarded in a cold, indifferent manner by any who has heard him. He is loved by all ; and he will always be regarded as a grand crusader in the great cause of temperance.

One of the most interesting features of the movement in Philadelphia was the plan of giving Sunday breakfasts. This was Mr. Murphy's plan, and it met with wonderful success. The following account of a newspaper reporter will be perused with pleasure, as it gives so happy a description of this successful innovation in temperance reform :

"The success of what may seriously be termed the providential—it is certainly a 'happy idea' of Mr. Murphy, the new apostle of temperance, to appeal to the conscience of the inebriate under the influence of a full stomach—was plainly manifested yesterday morning at the free Sabbath breakfast given under the auspices of the National Christian Temperance Union, in the annex building of the Academy of Fine Arts.

"By actual count the breakfast was partaken of by five hundred and forty-three men, twenty or more women, several children, and a couple of babies ; the latter, although small in numbers and in their mothers' laps, being the most demonstrative in the expression of the gratitude which was pictured on each and every countenance, without regard to sex, nativity, color, 'or previous condition of servitude' to rum.

"The occasion yesterday was increased in interest from the fact that the man who, seven years ago, had rescued Mr. Murphy from prison and shame, and thus restored him to his manhood, was present on the platform, sitting beside the man he had restored to society, and subsequently briefly addressing the assemblage.

"'I tell you, I'd rather starve than go and be fed like a pauper,' was the remark that fell on the ear as he passed a

group of seedily-dressed men standing at the corner of Broad and Race streets shortly before eight o'clock yesterday morning. The clouds were gathering and a rain was threatening at every moment.

"I know how it will be ; we will all be gathered like dogs, or rather hogs, up to a narrow table, and a hundred or more more of us, blacks and whites, will be tusseling with each other after a plate of weak soup ; and then we'll have to halloo out psalms and get down on our marrow bones for an hour or two, and then listen till twelve o'clock all about how wicked we are and all that, as if we didn't know it already. No ; I say, boys, I think I can get that fellow over at the corner where we spent our money last night to 'hang us up' for a round of beer, and he'll have a bully lunch—a whole lot of sausage, fixings, and black bread, besides tiptop soup at ten o'clock, and we can sit down and enjoy it ; what do you say ? Let's go over and see whether the landlord is up yet.

"Just as a decisive vote was taken by an advance movement toward the beer shop, the spokesman who led the way was stopped suddenly by a young lady, plainly but neatly dressed, and wearing a countenance expressive of pure benevolence. The innate nature of the man made him gentle enough to accept a printed card which she had politely extended to him ; and the others followed his example with a 'Thank you, miss !'

" 'Why, it's not a tract,' exclaimed the spokesman, in astonishment, after the young lady had passed on. 'By Jove, if it ain't a polite invitation for us to go and take breakfast with Murphy.'

" 'Well, now, that's another kink. Murphy, I understood, says he was once as 'hard up' and as 'down in the heels' as we are. We are his peers ! and as Mr. Murphy is so polite as to extend us an invitation in his formal way, why we can't do anything else but to accept it, or send him a letter of regret.'

"And the speaker and his companions laughed a very hungry laugh, as he gave the order, 'Right about face, boys ! I

have known in my time what polite society requires. Murphy is a brick, and we mustn't go back on him.'

"And the reporter followed the party into the breakfast room. The aroma of coffee that met the nostrils as one entered the door made the appetite keen. A number of well-dressed young men were quietly but swiftly passing around among five hundred or more of shabbily-dressed men and women, politely filling the neat cups of queensware which each of the latter held in their hands.

"Then followed another company of young men with trays heaped with the most appetizing sandwiches—not the sawdust sandwiches the traveller has to put up with at the railroad stations, but sandwiches that 'melted in the mouth,' as it were, and made the eater an Oliver Twist, wanting 'more.'

"The reporter couldn't stand the temptation, and, although he had not received any formal invitation from Mr. Murphy, he went in and 'joined in the crowd,' and the thought of 'what a good provider Mr. Murphy must be' had hardly revolved itself in the minds of his guests, as they were laying aside their cups and wiping their mouths, when the coffee and sandwich companies of young men came among them again—this time not only filling the cups, but inviting each and every guest to take a couple of sandwiches this time, or more if he felt he could 'go it.'

"And all this time a choir of young ladies were singing the beautiful hymns, 'What a friend a we have in Jesus,' and the like. So that after all had eaten, and Rev. Dr. Saul, of the Episcopal Church, had read the 'lesson of the day' from St. Matthew, 'No man can serve two masters,' and Rev. Dr. Kynett had delivered an impressive prayer of thanks, the congregation got quite sociable and became like members of one family, saying, 'Ain't this jolly,' to each other.

"And then some of the men began to adjust their hair a little neatly, brushing down the stray locks, etc., and the women 'spruced up' their bonnets or head gearing and spread out their dresses in a way to hide any holes or patches.

"It was noticeable that the large majority of the men had clean faces, although their countenances in many cases may have been a little weather-beaten.

"The dropping of a pin might have been heard when Mrs. Lincoln sang the beautiful hymn, 'What shall the harvest be?' The entire congregation joined in the chorus in voices, which although coarse, gave evidence of devotion. In the meantime, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Westwood, Rev. Dr. Curry, and others went among the people, shaking hands, congratulating those who had already signed and kept the pledge, and cheering others who had not yet, but contemplated doing so ; while a kindly-looking, white-haired physician went among the mothers giving them advice as to the ailments of their children and babies. One little youngster felt so contented that he tried playing hide-and-seek under the reporters' tables, which are located directly in front of the platform.

"Everybody seemed to feel at home and happy ; and as Mr. Murphy walked down the aisle arm-in-arm with the well-known journalist familiarly called 'Deacon Jones'—his latest convert of prominence—the people began to applaud ; but this was speedily checked when Mr. Bailey reminded them of the day."

This movement was not generally considered a struggle in which, by kind words and gentle acts, men were carefully guided away from the abyss upon whose brink they stood, ready to topple over any minute. It was considered by a great many as a direct fight with King Alcohol ; that men who fell at this despot's feet in cringing homage had long been contemplating it ; and that they were only waiting for one to take the high place of leader at the head of their ranks.

The country was ready for the crusade, as drunkenness was frowned upon by society and considered disgraceful as well as criminal ; and the very ones addicted to this awful indulgence were only awaiting a good and fitting opportunity to fight their way back to honorable, sober and worthy lives.

Great movements are, as a rule, created and conducted by a master mind. God prepares the minds and hearts of the people for it ; the very air seems to breathe what is to take place. All that is required to start the movement, and to arouse the people, is an instrument of his power. Through the humblest means he works miracles. In this great moment Francis Murphy was chosen and saved, so that he might go and occupy the position selected for him, and for him alone. And, realizing some mysterious and all-powerful agency, he accepted what seemed the only thing for him to do, and nobly went forth to battle against intemperance. Wherever he went, and whenever he spoke the power of God seemed to be with him, crowning his every effort with wonderful success. Indeed he seemed inspired. His eloquence aroused his hearers into great and positive enthusiasm, and he swayed them at his will. What he did at one point would electrify and start another into a perfect blaze of earnest effort and warm enthusiasm.

In some places, and even small cities, one-half of the population have signed the pledge, and become Murphy men. In some the whole place has been captured, and not a drop of liquor has been sold there. In others, every tavern and every saloon were obliged to close their doors, and the alcoholic liquors have been, by the proprietors, emptied into the streets to mingle with the dirt, amidst the wildest excitement and delight of the people devoted to the noble cause of total abstinence. Where this movement will end it is utterly impossible to say ; and the results that spring from it cannot be estimated. The country has embraced the cause with a fervor that amazes all ; but amazement gives place to conviction when the unbelievers are brought within the influence of the hero of it, and his many zealous and powerful co-workers. Their earnestness, truth and steadfastness carries everything before them.

On the evening of May 25, 1877, a mass meeting of churches was held in the Tabernacle M. E. Church on Eleventh street, Philadelphia, to support the Mayor of Philadelphia in his efforts to close the drinking saloons on Sunday. There

was an immense audience present, for the subject had been discussed in every phase, and the demand of the people for some definite action in the matter was no longer to be left unheeded by those parties in public offices. Many distinguished gentlemen were present, and some remarkably fine addresses were delivered. In the earlier part of the evening Mr. Murphy was introduced, and received a thundering reception. For some seconds he was kept bowing to the very hearty applause, which he did in his affable fashion, so dear to the thousands who know him. His speech, which we give, was received with expressions, on all sides, of genuine delight and interest. He said :

“I am very glad to come here for a few moments before going to the Annex. I am glad to know that God’s people are going to take hold of this work. I believe that everything that will make men true and grand will be found in the Church of Christ. If political meetings were held in churches instead of in rum shops we would have a better government. My faith is in the means now being employed in emancipating all of us from the curse of drunkenness. The Sons of Temperance and Good Templars have done valiant work ; but the trouble is, there has not been enough. We hardly ever hear of a man being converted in a Good Templar lodge. The mistake is not with the young men ; it is with ourselves to-day. It is the duty of every man to so present the truth of God that they become interested in it. Before I leave the city I want to get the autograph of every one who has signed my pledge, and find out what church he would like to attend. It is a blessed thing we have a temperance movement now that is non-political. It must be kept from politics and sectarianism. I was not compelled to give up tobacco in consequence of any brow-beating ; but I made up my mind to leave it off. I would say to the young men who are not smoking men, don’t do it, as it is a dreadfully unpleasant habit to cultivate. A great many people believed that I would not keep my pledge not to drink, and would go to selling liquor again ; but they

did not know my heart. Instead of closing the saloons one day let us close them every day in the week, and keep them closed.

“Do not let us be discouraged. Let us put on the whole armor of God. Let us stand foot to foot until the last saloon is closed, and the fire put out of the last distillery. I hope the rum-shops will be hermetically sealed on Sunday and closed throughout the week.”

CHAPTER V.

HOW THE WORK PROCEEDED IN THE CITY OF BROTHERLY
LOVE.—CO-OPERATION OF THE LADIES AND THE CHURCHES.
—ANECDOTES, ADDRESSES, AND PERSONAL INCIDENTS.

A VERY interesting feature of the Philadelphia movement was the children's meetings. These were largely attended, and the brave little people succeeded in doing a great deal of good. They signed the pledge, and got a number to sign also. Here we see a charming illustration of future excellency and honor—little children going forward, and taking a pledge that is as binding as any other oath registered before God or man, promising to avoid all intoxicants as a beverage for the time being and to come. Here we kill the awful evil before it is born, and lay a foundation for glorious manhood. Mr. Murphy was always seen at his best at these meetings. A father himself, and passionately fond of children, he knew exactly how to address them, and make an impression. His addresses to them were master-pieces of simplicity and charming rhetoric ; and he enjoyed being with them as much as they did with him. On one occasion—Saturday afternoon, April 14th,—Concert Hall was jammed with the little people of all classes, from the fine miss from an Arch street mansion to the ragged bootblack. Mr. Murphy was unusually felicitous in his remarks, and three hundred children went up to the pledge tables. Those who were present will always remember the tender look of the famous orator, his affectionate greeting to each signer, as one by one they came up, and the way he kissed a happy little one now and then, in his delight and supreme satisfaction.

The cause was very much strengthened by the hearty co-operation of the ladies of Philadelphia. These noble women were active and zealous, and did more good than mere words can express. They were anxious and ready to extend to all in need and suffering a kind, helping hand ; and many a despairing one, close upon the gloomy region of the valley of death, was saved by them. They recognized that something else besides preaching and praying was required to fully establish temperance, and went quietly and steadily to carry out their plans in an orderly and systematic manner. The hungry required food, and those in rags needed decent raiment. These demands were quickly gratified. The ladies organized society after society in the various churches ; and soon they were engaged as busily and as steadfastly in the movement as any other body connected with it. At the close of the noonday prayer-meetings, when so very many had been saved from the delusive snares of intemperance, tables laden with good substantial food stood free and ready for the hungry. How glad it made the hearts of the poor, unfortunate beings ! And how eagerly they enjoyed the bounteous repast !

The ladies, at whose head was Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, a lady well known throughout the country as a true Christian, and a successful writer and publisher of several Christian journals, held meetings for several weeks in the lecture room of the Central Coffee House. This building could not accommodate the dense crowds that thronged to the meetings ; and consequently they moved to the Mission building of the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, the use of which was tendered them free of all expense. Here they labored, holding their prayer-meetings, and supplying the hungry with food and the ragged with clothes, with wonderful ability, and succeeded until, it also becoming of too limited a capacity for their visitors, they rented the hall and rooms at 1635 Market street. It would be utterly out of the question to give an accurate statistical account of the good these noble women did in the cause ; for there was no time for them to make reports, their

efforts and their work being absorbed by Francis Murphy's labor at the time. They cast in their labors, asking no recognition for their woman's work. They were willing to push the movement on without their names being brought before the public in any way ; and nobly did they push it, doing good in a thousand ways as only true, pure Christian women know how. A lodging-house for the homeless was provided by these ladies a few doors below No. 1635. This building was neatly and comfortably fitted up ; and was a perfect God-send to the poor wanderers of humanity. Here they could rest their weary limbs, and enjoy the quiet and sweet repose under a most hospitable roof, and be cared for by noble, loving women.

In pursuing the history of the salient facts of the Murphy movement, our readers will already have seen the difficulty of pursuing the consecutively narrative form, or being strictly faithful to chronological order. The facts repeated themselves under new phases at each place visited by Mr. Murphy, the meetings were conducted on the same principles, and of course there was a certain monotony in the general features of Murphy's efforts, though there was never-failing and intense interest, no matter how long the revival season might be. Still there were certain characteristics peculiar to each place, that were reproduced in the external embodiment of the cause and the efforts used to push it. After all no more vivid and truthful clues can be given to the real marrow and significance of the Murphy movement than in personal traits, incidents, and addresses. So before completing a general summary and weighing the aggregate results of the great temperance advocate's efforts at Philadelphia, our readers will be interested in a series of sketches and anecdotes, as well as extracts from speeches. These we shall offer without direct reference to the time of happening, as they are all interesting illustrations, which might have happened at any period of the Quaker City revival.

Francis Murphy and Mr. J. L. Bailey, were, on one occasion, walking to the hall where the meetings were held. They were

about passing the doors of a saloon when Mr. Murphy turned abruptly, and said quickly, "Let us go in here." They walked into the saloon, and up to the bar, in front of which stood three fine-looking young men each having a tumbler containing liquor before him. The entrance of the two strange gentlemen suspended the drinking just as it was about to begin. Mr. Murphy stepped up to the bar-tender and grasping his hand, said, "How are you, sir? God bless you!" He turned to the young men, and shook hands with each of them, giving each in turn his blessing, and then said, pointing to the glasses, "Brothers, I wouldn't drink that. I wish you would come with me to our meeting." He made himself known to the men, and, after some kindly remarks to the bar-tender, left the place followed by the three young men, who left the liquor they had paid for untouched on the bar.

W. R. Bucknell said in the Tabernacle that he had arrived at that despairing point in life when hope seemed a mere myth, and thought himself lost to all things honorable and correct, until God in his infinite mercy saw fit to bring him back. He felt certain that, if he could be saved, there was not a single person in the building that could not be. He earnestly besought moderate drinkers to abstain altogether from intoxicants, and to sign the pledge. They could at least do great good by praying for their friends; God was a true hearer and answerer of prayers.

Mr. Warden gave a most interesting account of an acquaintance of his, who had come from Pittsburg to Philadelphia during the proceedings of the temperance movement, and who had been urged again and again to sign the pledge. He positively refused to do so, saying that, although he did drink and sometimes drank more than he should, he could abstain when he pleased, and did not need the restraints of a pledge to keep him from going wrong. When, however, he had yielded to the urgency of his friends, and had attended one or two meetings he made up his mind to sign the pledge. Going back to Pittsburgh he was not satisfied to remain idle, so exerted

himself to save others, and was now doing a good work there.

Mr. Emory said felicitously, before an immense audience, that he had turned away from his former habits only fourteen days ago. He had sunk to a lamentable depth of degradation, after being a good member of the church and a Sunday-school teacher. He expected to encounter temptations; but with God's help, meant to steer clear of them. He entreated all present to pray for him.

A son from green Erin was, on one occasion, brought forward with some difficulty, and urged to tell his experience to the listening crowd. He was received with applause, and he quaintly said: "Ladies and gentlemen—I have been a very bad man, and have been in the habit of drinking for many years; but I signed the pledge yesterday, and I tell you all that I mean to keep it."

Professor Kelley, of Pittsburgh, was introduced at one of the meetings, and said that he felt a stronger and much better man than he was two weeks ago, and God helping and giving him strength, he was determined to stand by the noble cause of total abstinence. On his return to Pittsburgh, he would tell the good news from Philadelphia. He looked forward to the glorious time when the banner of temperance would wave from Maine to Georgia, and from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific.

Captain Saunders made the following neat little speech at one of the meetings: "I was induced to join the temperance society the other day, not because I was a drunkard, but because I was one of the moderate drinkers. Before another glass of beer or whiskey passes down my throat, it must be when I am dead; but never while I am alive. I have seen many a man fall from aloft and overboard from the effects of liquor. For the last three days I have not been suffering from dyspepsia, and I account for it by my abstaining. When Mr. Murphy goes from us I want this noble work to go on. I expect to live fifty years longer, God willing, and then I will

be only as old as my father was, who died at the good old age of one hundred and four.

John Myers said he was reformed, and that he felt stronger every day. The day after he took the pledge, a German asked him to take a drink with him, but he answered that he drank nothing now but Murphy punches. He said, in Philadelphia there were many men, and women too, who sent their children into beer saloons for drink, and that this eventually proved their ruin.

Samuel P. Godwin said in an address at one of the Murphy meetings, that while the Board of Managers of the Franklin Reformatory Home were in session, a young man, whom he knew ten or twelve years ago to be living in opulence, came to them saying he had no home, no friends, no money, and looking fully sixty years of age. Drunkenness had brought him to this condition. He signed the pledge; and was now working his way up in the world again.

Samuel McClary made a most telling speech, in which he said: "I am an ex-convict. I am not ashamed to confess it now that I have reformed. My love of liquor brought me to jail, and completely wrecked my life. I could not abstain; but now I have signed Mr. Murphy's pledge, and I shall keep it, God helping me!"

David Warburton, a middle-aged man, said he had been constantly intoxicated for the last twenty-five years, and had been reduced to so low a grade of society that he considered himself a shame and a disgrace. He informed the audience that he was a poet by nature, and proceeded to recite some verses, which he had composed the night previous, and which he had committed to memory.

Mr. McLean said: "I have been a drinking man since my fourteenth year, and I was a very hard case. I am only four weeks old to-day; but I feel a great deal better since I signed the pledge."

William G. McMullen, an attorney at law, said, before a large audience: "Mr. Murphy asked me yesterday, 'Can I

depend on your word, brother?" and I must say I have indeed kept my pledge. I hope that, with the help of God, having written my name to the pledge, I will remain true to it. I would say to others, come and do as I have done—come straight forward, and then you will have the eyes of the people upon you, and when they meet you afterward they will know if you have kept the pledge."

Charles Haigh, formerly a liquor dealer, said he had read the report of one of Francis Murphy's addresses in Concert Hall in the "Times," and feeling convinced, he concluded to quit the business. As long as God spared his life he would lift his voice in favor of temperance, and do all in his power to help others to sign the pledge, and further the cause.

George F. B. Collins, attorney at law, said he spoke to moderate drinkers when he begged persons to come forward and sign the pledge. He said his analysis of a glass of whisky consisted of crutches, scaffolds, law-suits, divorces, imitations of prisons, assaults, and general degradation. The only way to save yourself from these is to abstain now and forever. In a glass of whisky or any other intoxicating drink he could see no faith, hope or charity.

Brother Gore said he had been a man only two weeks. Previous to that time he had been worse than a brute; for a brute would not have drunk whisky as he had done. He was formerly a liquor-dealer. God had now given him a new heart, pure and manly, and he was exceedingly glad, and meant to try and retain it.

E. G. Evans said he was just thirteen days old. In his opinion open confession was good for the soul; and therefore he would confess everything. Fifteen months ago his wife gave birth to twins. He and she were perfectly delighted with them. When they were two weeks old he felt very happy. The devil put it into his head to take a walk one afternoon. He did so, got into a saloon, took a drink, and kept drinking until thirteen days ago. He had now signed

the pledge, and his wife and twins were very glad over it. He meant to keep it.

Thomas Falladay, a sea-faring man, spoke as follows at a Murphy meeting: "I joined the temperance society in 1864. I have seen the time when I used to lie down in the ditches of France and Italy, so drunk was I; and if there are any sailors here to-night, I hope they will come forward and sign the pledge. I mean to keep the pledge."

One of Mr. Murphy's converts, on being brought forward and introduced by the great temperance apostle, said: "I was sick all over, from top to bottom, from tooth to toe-nail, when I first "quit;" but now I am all right. I have been a bad man; a hard drinker. I signed the pledge only nine days ago. I intend to keep it as long as I live."

Joseph James addressed Mr. Murphy in the following manner before a large audience: "Francis Murphy, it is certainly embarrassing for me to get up before this vast audience; but I see by the fire in your eye, that you won't take "no" for an answer. Therefore, I wish to say, Francis Murphy, that two days ago, I would have sold my soul for a glass of beer; and I wish to say, Francis Murphy, that to-day I would rather die than touch it."

George W. Southworth confessed that he had been a moderate drinker. He had often resolved to cease drinking; but his appetite was far stronger than his mental promises. Finally he managed to sign the Murphy pledge, and was now a better and happier man.

J. C. Love, a gentleman who became identified with the Murphy work, and who is now working away with a will in it, said to a large meeting that his signature to the pledge looked like a Chinaman's mark, and Mr. Murphy had to hold him up when he spoke. Slowly but surely strength, both of body and mind, came back to him. He left his business for six weeks entirely to take care of itself, and commenced to work for the cause. He had been one of the worst drunkards on record, always full and always wanting more; but now he had con-

quered the terrible appetite, and would never be under its influence again as long as he lived. The pledge saved him.

John Andrews said he was three weeks old. He was born at the Central Coffee House, where he had given his heart to God, and had reformed. The desire for intoxicants had made him very miserable, and had ruined his prospects in life more than once. Through Mr. Murphy's cheering words of future happiness he had seen his errors, and had signed the pledge. Things looked clearer and brighter already.

Thomas Halliday, a sailor, blessed God that now he could put on a good pair of trousers and a decent coat, and have one dollar in his pocket. Signing the pledge and abstaining gave him these.

John Columby said he had stood at the bar fifteen years monopolizing drinking altogether. He was now on another track, a sure and straight road to happiness and prosperity—total abstinence. He had signed the pledge, and his boys would now have an example. If the fathers patronize the saloons is it to be much wondered at that the children come home drunk? Would to God all fathers would sign the pledge as he had done!

"I have heard," said a reformed man at one of the Murphy meetings, "chemists describe all that they could see in a drop of water. Shall I tell you what I see in a glass of whisky? I see a rip in the coat way up behind; I see pants a foot too short for a man; I see torn shoes that won't cover a man's toes; I see red eyes and black eyes, and I see shin plasters that won't pay for a man's dinner.

"There are some men with brass enough to make a preserving kettle, but when a fellow like some of these who've always needed an oyster knife to pry their mouths open will stand up and tell how they are saved by the grace of God, it makes a corner in the liquor trade, I can tell you.

"One reason why the devil tempts men to drink is because since he was kicked out of a better place he wants company where he is.

"I'm just forty-eight hours old and I am too nervous to stand up very straight, but that's my first speech."

Mr. Samuel McLain's testimony at the Philadelphia Tabernacle, before a large audience was this: "I am a reformed man, and I intend to remain that. I have known times when I would actually sell the clothes I wore for whisky. I have known what it is to be despised by Christian parents. I have known what it is to be homeless. I have known what it is to be in the penitentiary. I have signed the pledge. Before that I had nothing, and now see the change. I have respectable friends and comfortable clothes. God be praised for the change in me. The money brokers will no longer get my clothes; the liquor-dealers my money, my honor, my soul."

John Carrigan admitted with contrite heart at a gathering in the good old Quaker Town that he had been a mere professional pledge-taker. His pledges lasted a day, and he had taken enough to fill an immense trunk. He was all right now—the light of truth having lighted up the chambers of his heart and soul, completely scaring from thence the dark, grim shadows of sin.

The very first signers of the pledge at the Temperance Tabernacle, Philadelphia, were two men, rather the worse for liquor. While the inspiring exercises were being conducted they came up to the table, swaying somewhat wildly to and fro. "I'm drunk now," said one of them, managing in some way to write his name, "but it's the last time. I'm going to sign. Will ye sign too, Charley, me boy?" "Yes." "Thin shake hands," and they shook hands as well as they could in their present state, after which they urged the ushers at the table to shake hands also, and witness their good action.

Mr. J. A. Southwick, a merchant of some prominence in Philadelphia, said before an immense audience in the Tabernacle: "I signed the pledge on Easter Sunday night, and it was the gladdest day of the whole year to me, and will be that forever. I gave my soul then to Christ. I have been a drinking man for years. More than once I have been prostrated by

serious illness ; but recovered only to return to drinking. To save myself I joined a temperance society ; but I could not resist the tempter. I see now why I could not abstain—I did not pray to Him to be helped. I have signed the pledge, and mean to keep it, by praying to Jesus, and by His kind assistance.

Dr. J. S. Cram spoke as follows, at a Murphy meeting in Philadelphia : “ I am glad to be here. I am attracted hither in spite of myself. I heard Mr. Murphy speak in Pittsburgh six months ago, but I did not believe in him ; he seemed a fanatic to me. I was induced to append my name to the pledge in Concert Hall by my wife, who had done so. Six weeks ago I went to our beloved Savior, and now I am happier than I have ever been in my whole life. I thank Him for that undertow of temperance which bore me along until I was landed safely at His feet.”

Francis Murphy is a true lover of nature. He is very fond of flowers, and is partial to a sweet button-hole bouquet. In many instances these lovely children of mother earth have been the means of saving men. At the Philadelphia Tabernacle, one night in May, a man by the name of McMullan, who had just signed the pledge, confessed that a flower had brought him to do it. He had presented it to Mr. Murphy, who entreated him to visit the Tabernacle in the evening. He promised to come. He went, and saved himself from sin.

William J. Jones, better known as “ Deacon Jones,” had been for many years a very successful representative of the press. His position in the world of letters was honorable and high ; but a desire for strong drink hurled him from it. He became a drunkard. While reeling through the streets one day, Mr. Murphy came across him. The great temperance orator paused, took his fresh nosegay from his button-hole, and pinned it on the “ Deacon’s ” breast. When he recovered, the flowers aroused the sleeping conscience, and stirred his degenerate manhood. That evening he signed the pledge, and redeemed thereby his claim to the noble title of man.

Mr. Charles Wenzell, the reformed sporting man, related a curious incident that came to his knowledge. A man, on his return home, after a "jolly good time," generally, wanted something to eat. He discovered a bowl of milk, into which a ball of thread had dropped, and a bit of bread. He dispatched the milk, thread and bread. The thread caught in his teeth, and he began to pull it out. He became alarmed at seeing no end, and called his wife. "I'm unraveling!" he cried, anxiously. "Boys," said Mr. Wenzell, "we want you too to unravel—unravel the chain of sin."

John L. Linton was one of the noblest instances of faithfulness and devotion in the Murphy movement. He had a comfortable home on the banks of the Delaware, containing an extensive wine-cellar. "It was the wine-cellar that caused the loss of the entire home, and the temporary ruin of its builder and owner," Mr. Linton confessed. He embraced temperance, and did much good in the movement; and is now working for it in Philadelphia with considerable success.

John Tennyson delivered the following address at a Murphy meeting in the Tabernacle:

"If I were to take the time to tell you all the benefits I have received from signing the pledge, you would have to 'amen' me down like Brother Murphy. I am doing well, better than I ever did before. I have been lifted from the depths of a life of degradation into a better life. A few weeks ago I was discarded from a home of luxury and ease to that of woe and want. Nine weeks ago last Saturday night, I entered Concert Hall in a semi-intoxicated condition. I took a seat in the remotest corner of the hall where I might hide my tattered garments from the rude gaze of the people, and you may know how much interest I felt in the meeting when I tell you I fell asleep, and was not awakened until Mr. Murphy was making his closing speech. The next day at noon I signed the pledge, and have not since regretted that step.

"Soon after the war I became intimately acquainted with a young man, whose life in this world bade fair to lead him on

to fortune. His was a jovial disposition, frank and open-hearted, and it was his wont to meet with convivial friends on a set night and make a time of it. One cold winter morning in the year 1868, after indulging more than usual, that morning he proceeded to his work, which consisted in putting a tin roof upon a building. He had been there only a few hours, when making a mis-step he fell backward through the skylight, a distance of forty feet, and was picked up in a lifeless condition. An eminent physician was sent for, who said : 'I cannot add tortures to his miseries ; he cannot live.' He was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, his relatives were sent for, and the first at his bedside was his mother. As she bended her slender form over the bed of that oldest son, with an agonized eye she looked into the eyes of the physician, saying, 'Oh, sir ! can he live ? Can my boy live ?' She did not want him to be sent to a drunkard's grave. The physician replied : 'We cannot tell, his life is in a higher power than ours.' All through that dreary winter she carried him nourishment and consolation. He was removed to her home only to rise from that bed a cripple for life. It is unnecessary for me to tell you that that man and myself are the same person. I hate the vile groggery ; it has robbed me of the use of a good right arm, it has invaded our social and family circles and removed our best friends. Oh, men, arise and assert your liberty by enrolling your name on the roll of honor. Oh, men ! why bow ye down to images of stone ! Now, rise ! be free ! trust in the God above, for with him is mercy and goodness. Come forward, then, to-night, and sign the pledge. Take the advice of one who has known the miseries which result from the use of intoxicating drink, and who is now free from it and enjoying a life of temperance."

The following words were uttered by Mr. Frank Burns, of Pittsburgh, at the Murphy Tabernacle, in Philadelphia:

"I am amazed at the immense size of this building, which I expected so little to see. I came here to-day to see Mr. Murphy, because I have been so weary with the work in Pitts-

burg that I wished a little rest ; and, I thought I would get a little rest by coming to see him, as he has been a friend to me. As I was sitting here to-night my thoughts went back to a little over five years ago, when I was in your city, about to leave it for Pittsburgh, accompanying my father's body home. He died, while on a visit here, of pneumonia, after five days' illness. I was at that time attending Jefferson Medical College. When he died I became heir to a fortune of over \$80,000. As I was his only child, and as my mother had died four years previously, I did not have the right people to counsel me. I spent a portion of my time in this city. I then went into the liquor business in New York. I next went down to Pittsburgh and got married, and made a wedding tour to Europe, through Ireland and England. I assure you Irish whisky did not improve matters with me. I returned, and, to make a long story short, I gradually went on till I got from the top of the ladder to the foot almost. Thank God, to-night I am saved ; but I might have been saved sooner. About four months ago I had a drinking spree of about five days. I had not heard of Mr. Murphy being in Pittsburgh, but one morning I met brother David Hall, who asked me to come and hear Murphy. I said : ' All right.' I didn't know where Murphy was. I thought it was some new saloon. I said : ' Yes, I would as soon drink Murphy's whisky as anybody else's.' So he took me up to the University and we saw Murphy. It was not the Murphy I expected to see. I signed the pledge. I have been saved through the instrumentality of Mr. Murphy, by the grace of God, from a drunkard's grave. I did not come here to praise him. But I know the good he has done me, and I know what he has done for Pittsburgh."

Mr. John H. Love, of Philadelphia, said before a great Tabernacle meeting :

" At the age of sixteen I had an iron constitution. For twenty-five years I was a moderate drinker. I could start on five glasses and keep on drinking and still remain pretty sober. The habit was increasing upon me year after year, and my

appetite for drink got stronger and stronger, so that I could not do without it. The accursed stuff was dragging me down into the lowest depths, and poisoning me. I had power over everything but that. Whisky had the mastery over me. Now, thank God, since I have signed the pledge, I am master ; and, by the help of God, I will be master. It is something noble for you, young men, to throw the cursed shackles from off your feet. There is not a man living but can stop drinking and be a man. This country is large. There is not a man in the country, or city, but what there is employment for, if he will go about it in the right way. Some say : ‘ There is no use in my signing it, I cannot keep it.’ Whenever the temptation comes to you, even if you have the whisky poured out, get on your knees first, and I will guarantee that the whisky is thrown on the floor, and you will go off feeling a better man. I have had trials, but I can look back and say I am master now.”

The two following incidents were given by Mr. Murphy himself with great power and applause in his talks at the Tabernacle :

“ I was speaking upon the subject of temperance in New Brighton, Connecticut. After I got through, a lady came upon the platform, and taking me to one side, said : ‘ I wish you would please come to my home.’ Well, I was delighted to hear the sweet, musical voice of my countrywoman, and I went home with her and her beautiful daughter Mary. She said, before we reached home, ‘ I wish you could see James, my husband.’

“ He had bought property in New Brighton and it had since increased very rapidly in value ; it had cost only two thousand dollars and it was now worth forty thousand. He was a moulder by trade, and came into wealth, and, being possessed of true Irish hospitality, he was always ready with a drop of the creature. Having arrived at his house, his wife called to him, ‘ Come down, James O’Connor.’ James came down, and I said : ‘ How are you ?’ He looked kindly into my face and

said, 'I am all right.' I said, 'James, I am afraid you are all wrong.' 'Never mind,' said he, 'just take a drop.' So he went to the pantry and brought out his bottle in grand style, 'and now,' said he, 'give us a little boiling water and some sugar.' 'If you please,' said I, 'I cannot touch it.' 'Ah,' said he, 'you're the temperance man?' 'Yes,' said I. We then talked and reasoned together. During this time, I noticed a little mark over the forehead of the mother, and she had a welt of her hair brought down to cover it. I said: 'Mrs. O'Connor, what happened to your face?' She said, 'Don't say anything about that.' A countryman of mine sold her husband liquor; there he spent his nights; and that was the origin of the mark. I said to her: 'Will you tell me where this countryman lives?' She told me, and I spoke to him about it. He was a true Irishman, and he loved the family, and he said: 'If it has made James O'Connor put that mark on his wife, never shall I again sell a drop of intoxicating liquor.' And he never did, and he has made a respectable living since he quit selling it.

"A dear countryman came to America in search of a fortune. He had a beautiful family, and was a stone mason by trade. He had brothers in the city of Portland who represented a large amount of wealth, and he thought he would go into the liquor traffic.

"My brother engaged in the business. He had a beautiful son whom he took in the business with him; and he had two beautiful girls. He commenced in the liquor traffic and he made a large amount of money. When his son was twenty years of age he had twenty thousand dollars' worth of property. His son drank constantly and kept on drinking. Finally, at the age of twenty-one, this boy, this darling of his life, was taken with the delirium tremens and died; his father was at his side. His dear mother, who had been so proud of him, worried and walked up and down her home until she sickened and died from a broken heart. I was personally acquainted with the father. I knew him to be a genuine, noble-hearted

Christian man. But he commenced to drink, and to such an excess that his own two brothers had him arrested and carried to the county jail.

“While he was incarcerated I made it my duty to visit him. I wish I had the power of a Dickens to describe the man. He was in one of those little dark cells, and had nothing on him but his pantaloons, his hair was standing up on his head, his hands and fingers looked like the claws of an eagle, they were so spare and thin. When he saw me he came to the door, and in his sweet, loving way he said, ‘Ah, Mr. Murphy, that’s you.’ And the tears ran down his cheeks as he spoke of his darling boy. Poor Willie died, whipped into eternity with the scorpions chasing him, whilst his father held him.

“His sister was one of the finest girls in Portland, and she, poor Mary, took to drink, and died from the effects of intoxicating liquor. I have attended the funerals of the father, mother, son and daughter; and I saw them placed side by side in the grave-yard.

“There is no marble slab, to-day, to tell of the last resting place of this mother and her children, but if the truth could be written over their graves, it would be said, ‘Rum killed them.’”

The following clipping from the *Philadelphia Daily Express*, proving the unselfishness and extensiveness of Francis Murphy’s work, will be perused with interest:

“Midnight witnessed an impressive scene. Frank Murphy, escorted by Sergeant Pearson and a couple of police officers, and accompanied by a full delegation of newspaper men, was standing in the garret of the tenement house on Ramcat alley and St. Mary street. Lying on the floor (some in a nude condition) and standing around him were colored and white women. Some of the latter hid their faces in their hands, while others welcomed the visitors.

“‘I am married, and my name is Mrs. Annie Howard,’ said a fair-haired woman, with a soft voice. ‘I have seen better days, and I still trust in the Almighty. I love my husband, and he is good to me.’

"Some of the rooms were even wretched, and the inmates sullen and constrained, while in others Mr. Murphy was greeted with great cordiality.

"The 'bosses' of the rooms paid a rental of \$4.50 to \$7 per month. They sub-let them to several families. Some were occupied by eight or ten persons. The atmosphere was so close and foetid that several of the visitors were forced to seek the fresh air of the street.

" 'These properties are owned by a wealthy retired Market street merchant,' said the sergeant. 'He is now in Europe living on the proceeds. The agent is a Mr. Dunlap, and the rental of the buildings amounts to \$2,100 a year.'

"In one of the rooms Mr. Murphy was most cordially received by two fine-looking black men, both of whom had signed the pledge. One of them (John Folk) was a banjo player. He had lamed his foot in the army.

" 'Are you married to Ellen?' asked Mr. Murphy, pointing to a woman who was lying on the floor with her face closely covered up.

" 'Well, I'm married in a certain way ; I ain't in the regular way, because I ain't got the money to pay for a minister. It's all I can do to raise money enough to eat ; and I give folks I know a rest here in the room rather than let them stay on the streets. They can't pay, because they've got nothing.'

" 'Well, will you marry her if I pay the minister?'

" 'Oh, yes,' he cried, candidly. 'That is if she says so ; I love her well enough.'

" 'Will you consent, Ellen?'

" 'Yes, I'd like to very much,' she replied, as she threw the bed clothes off her face, and accepted Mr. Murphy's extended hand.

" 'Then, come up to the Annex building on next Sunday morning and we'll have a marriage ; I'll pay the minister,' said Mr. Murphy.

"John took down his banjo and played 'Down the Swanee River,' while Mr. Murphy's son, who accompanied him, passed around the hat and a dollar was collected for the player.

"This put John in great glee, and he sang 'Yaller Girl Picking Cotton.'

"It was almost too late an hour for the visit, but Mr. Murphy had been detained from starting out at half-past ten o'clock, as had been arranged. Many of the barrel houses were closed, but Mr. Murphy visited those that were open, and was everywhere received with respect. Many said they had heard him speak, and all appeared to have a cordial welcome for him.

"The reporter left them still climbing the rickety stairs at one o'clock this morning. It was surprising to see so few drunken persons.

" 'I guess they must have known Murphy was coming, and kept on their good behavior,' observed an officer.

" 'How can a man stand over a range all day without taking a drop of porter now and then?' asked one respectable colored man who had been a sailor.

" 'Take coffee instead,' replied Mr. Murphy. 'Its like a steamboat. If you pile on grease and oil you will kindle a hot fire, but it soon wants replenishing; but put in good coal and you have a solid fire. So it is with coffee and bread. It's substantial, while the porter and gin give nourishment for only a time.'

" 'Dat's de God's truf,' exclaimed John Green, the ex-sailor; 'I guess I'll have to try it. Anyhow I'll be up to your Sunday breakfast, Mr. Murphy.' "

A visit to some of the fire houses in Philadelphia led Mr. Murphy to a new idea. "Why does such a man as you drink?" he asked of a large, well-built man, whose face bore indications of dissipation.

"Well, you see," answered the man, "we must have some stimulant when we are soaking wet at a fire, after being up all night, and that keeps up the appetite."

"Wouldn't a good cup of coffee and a sandwich do as well, if not much better?"

"Yes," laughingly answered all the hands; "but how in the

world are we to get the coffee and sandwiches at midnight or daybreak, when buildings are threatened on all sides?"

"You should be served by the authorities. Come up to the meetings and sign the pledge in a body and I will endeavor to create an interest in the public mind so that you will be supplied with a good cup of coffee and plenty of sandwiches, as you are holding the pipe or passing on the water."

"Go ahead," was the hearty, unanimous reply, "We are with you."

The following testimonies by reformed men will be read with much interest :

"Three weeks ago, my friends, I had on my hands a hotel and a bar, and over my counter death and damnation was passing to my fellow creatures as fast as they could drink it or find the money to pay for it. I drank myself, I smoked, I chewed, I gambled. I was a servant of sin in every form. To-day I stand free in Christ, with my time, my money, and my life fully and forever given to God, and to God's work of saving men. I wouldn't give a day of this existence for a lifetime of the old life. I wouldn't change the joy of helping one poor soul out of the mire for all the world could offer."

"I had fallen so low that I hadn't left an unpawned chair to sit on, or a bed to lie on. I wouldn't wait in the morning to go for my early drink until I had my shoes on, but would rush out bare-footed ; and, of course, it did not take long to bring me to a place where I had no shoes to put on. I became so ragged and debased that I skulked sidewise into my own door. I had one only feeling that was not *utterly* degraded. I *did* love my child, a beautiful and loving little boy. With this child in my arms I was another creature, and often I held him tight, and whispered to him that I would be a better man. Yet when this boy sickened before my eyes, I got drunk ; when this boy died, I was drunk ; when my boy was buried, I was lying in the Tombs, drunk. I served the devil fifteen years, for I began when a youth of eighteen, and all that precious time is lost out of my life. Only God could have helped me ;

only God can keep one ; but he *does* keep me, and I have faith to believe He will."

"I do not know to this day what was said, but I was sufficiently impressed to desire, when the invitation was given, to go into the inquiry room. But I was ashamed to go before my companion, and I have since known that he wanted me to go, but was ashamed to go before me. I said to him, when the offer was repeated, 'Are you going?' and he said, 'No; are you?' and I said, 'No.' So we went out together, and he told me he was going home to his babies, and I thought I would go and get a drink. At this saloon something stopped me, and I did not drink: I only said, 'Give me a cigar,' and with this I strolled back in the direction of the meeting. I passed a church in which overflowing prayer-meetings were being held, and I peeped in. They were just asking those who wanted to be helped to rise for prayer. I meant to go in, and had started, when, whom should I see rising with the rest, but my friend who had told me he was going home to see his babies. When I saw him I wouldn't go in. When he saw me he wouldn't rise, but deliberately pulled off his overcoat and sat down as if he had found the place too hot for him. Ah! so he had, it *was* too hot for him, and too hot for me. I went home, but I drank no more that night. When the next evening came, I went again to the meeting, and this time I took care to go alone. This time, when invited to go into the inquiry room I went, and when there, found my help lay in Christ, and I gave my heart to Him. Then began my trial, for I was afraid of my companions and my fellow-workmen. There were several hundreds of them, and only about twenty-five Christians; but when they saw what a new and happy man religion made of me, many of them were persuaded, and now we have over a hundred men who have turned from their ways of drunkenness and sin, and are living noble Christian lives."

Samuel P. Godwin delivered the following telling remarks to an immense audience in the Tabernacle on April 6, 1877, amid great applause: "I could say a great many words when

I beheld a man on my left hand, who has been the subject of my prayers for the last twelve months, giving testimony in behalf of this great work. If Brother Murphy had accomplished no other good in the hands of the Lord but the turning of this one young man to Christ, he would have done more than you or I have done in a lifetime. It is nothing for you and I to stand up in behalf of total abstinence, but it is something for these dear souls that have dared to do right and to conquer. I feel like bowing down in reverence at the feet of men who have dared to come boldly and sign the pledge and keep it through the grace of God, and we ought to do all we can to advance the interest of such men. Let us do all we can to replace them in their position in society and the family circle, and lift them up to true manhood."

The success of the Murphy movement in Philadelphia was furthered by the cheap coffee-houses which had been established some years before. The cure of the drunkard is always attended with great difficulties, for every temptation must be removed, while he is as yet convalescing from the terrible disease. Liquor saloons to enhance their attractions have been in the habit of spreading a free lunch for the purchaser of their liquid poison, and the hungry man is thus tempted to do that which tends to his eternal ruin by all the subtle arts of appeal to his necessities. So much has this become the case throughout the land that thousands have been drawn into the coil, who otherwise might have remained honored and respectable citizens. When to this fact is added the equally dangerous one that every reputable restaurant, except such as are conducted on purely temperance principles, has a bar in connection with its other business, we commence to realize how insidious and well masked are the snares set for the careless and unwary. The system set on foot in Philadelphia gave the working man a good lunch, or a morning or evening meal for five or ten cents, as the case might be, and instead of the deadly dram of the so-called "free lunch," he got a large bowl of excellent coffee, with rich cream and sugar. The

remarkable success of this enterprise merits a few words descriptive of its inception and progress. We cannot do better than to quote the clear and compact account of a well known temperance writer, who was familiar with all the facts of the matter: "In the fall of 1874 Joshua L. Bailey, one of our most active, clear-headed merchants, who had been for many years an earnest temperance man, determined to give the cheap coffee-house experiment a fair trial, cost what it might; for he saw that if it could be made successful, it would be a powerful agency in the work of prevention. He began in a small way, taking a modest store at the corner of Market and Fifteenth streets., and fitting it up in a neat and attractive manner. With a few pounds of coffee and a few dozens of rolls, the place was opened, the single attendant, a woman, acting the double part of cook and waiter. For five cents a pint mug of the best Java coffee, with milk and sugar, and a good-sized roll, were furnished.

"From the very start 'The Workingmen's Central Coffee-House,' as Mr. Bailey called it, was successful. In the immediate neighborhood five hundred workmen were employed on the city buildings, and opposite stood the Pennsylvania Railroad freight depot, to which came daily about the same number of men—draymen, teamsters and others. It took but a few days to so crowd the new coffee-room at the usual lunching time as to require an additional assistant. From day to day the business went on increasing, until more help and larger accommodations became necessary. Soon a complete kitchen had to be built in the basement, and the adjoining store added, in order to meet the steadily-enlarging demands upon the new establishment. The fame of the good coffee, which was better than most people found at home, spread far and near, and larger and larger numbers of clerks, workingmen and others, turned their steps daily, at lunch time, towards the Central Coffee-House. It was so much better than the poor stuff served in most of the eating-houses; and, with the sweet roll added, so much better than the free lunch and glass of beer or

whisky with which too many had been accustomed to regale themselves.

“Steadily swelled the tide of custom. Within a year a third store adjoining was added. But the enlarged premises soon proved inadequate to the accommodation of the still-increasing crowd.

“At this writing ‘The Central’ is from six to seven times larger than when first opened ; and there lunch in its rooms, daily, nearly two thousand persons. One room has been fitted up for ladies exclusively, in which from forty to fifty can lunch at one time.

“But Mr. Bailey looked beyond the cheap coffee and rolls by which he was able to keep so many away from bar-rooms and restaurants where liquor was sold. He believed in other influences and safeguards. And to this end, and at his own cost, he fitted up the various rooms over the seven stores extending along Market street from Fifteenth to Broad, in which the coffee-rooms are located, and set them apart for various uses. Here is a lecture-hall, capable of seating four hundred persons ; a free reading-room, well warmed and lighted and supplied with the best daily newspapers, American and English illustrated publications, and the standard periodicals ; besides four other rooms that will hold from seventy to one hundred persons, which are used for various meeting purposes, all in connection with temperance. Five regular services are held in the lecture-room every week, viz. : ‘Bible Reading,’ on Sunday afternoon ; ‘Temperance Experience Meeting,’ on Monday evening ; ‘Prayer and Praise Meeting,’ Tuesday evening ; ‘Gospel Temperance Meeting,’ on Thursday evening ; and ‘Youths’ Temperance Meeting,’ Friday evening. These meetings are often crowded, and, like the coffee-rooms below, attract audiences made up from every rank in society. At many of these meetings, Mr. Bailey presides in person.

“Encouraged by the success of this first effort, Mr. Bailey opened another cheap coffee-house in the very centre of the wholesale trade of the city, where thousands of clerks, work-

ingmen and merchants were in the habit of resorting for lunch or dinner to the restaurants and bar-rooms in the neighborhood. This, located at No. 31 South Fourth street, he called 'The Model Coffee-House.'

"From the first it was crowded even to an uncomfortable extent. The demands of its patrons soon rendered larger quarters a necessity. A new building was erected specially adapted to the purpose, many novel features being introduced which a twelve months' experience had suggested.

"The *new* 'Model' opened June 1, 1876. Many persons thought it was too large, and that it would never be filled. But it was thronged on the day of opening, and on every day since the demands upon it have been fully up to its capacity. The number lunching here daily is about three thousand.

"In the establishment of the coffee-houses there were, of course, many mistakes, the results of inexperience. Many things had to be unlearned as well as many learned. But mistakes were promptly corrected. With the growth of the work, ability to provide for it seemed to keep pace, and modifications in the management were adopted as necessity dictated. Not much was anticipated at the commencement beyond furnishing a mug of coffee and a roll of bread, but it soon became apparent that something more than this was needed. To meet this necessity, the coffee-house bill of fare was greatly extended, and now quite a variety of nutritious and substantial dishes are provided, and each at the uniform price of *five cents*. The main feature—the coffee—is, however, preserved. A full pint mug of the best Java (equal to two ordinary cups) with pure, rich milk and white sugar, and two ounces of either wheat or brown bread, all for *five cents*, is the every-day lunch of many a man who, but for this provisions, would be found in the dram shop.

"No dish, as we have said, costs over five cents, which is the standard price the year round, whatever the fluctuations of markets may be. In addition to the bread and coffee already mentioned for five cents, the bill of fare comprises

puddings of rice, tapioca and corn starch, baked apples dressed with sugar and milk, all sorts of pies (half a pie being given for a portion), mushes of cracked wheat, corn and oatmeal, dumplings, eggs, potatoes, beans, ham, corned beef, liver, 'scrapple,' sausage, custards, soups, pickles, and in season, fresh fruits. Of bread, there are Boston and Philadelphia brown, wheat, Philadelphia and Vienna rolls. A pint glass of milk with a roll costs five cents; butter three cents, and extra rolls one cent each; so that for ten or fifteen cents a man gets a full luncheon, as every portion of food is equal to a large saucer heaped.

"These establishments require, of course, the most methodical, orderly and careful management, with capable matrons at the head of each, and a steward or superintendent to make intelligent purchases. At the 'Model Coffee-House,' there are nearly fifty employees, and, excepting three or four men, they are girls and women. The upper rooms of the building are for the lodgings, offices, laundry and drawing-room, for the use of the employees. The girls, who are mostly of country birth and training, are thus furnished with a good and safe home, where they have books and music, large and well-furnished chambers, a good table—they dine at one family table in their own dining-room—and have their washing and ironing done in the house. They are required to be neat and tidy in appearance, respectable and discreet in character and manner."

We have already alluded to the further extension of this cheap coffee-house system, under the special patronage of the ladies of Philadelphia, when the Murphy enthusiasm stirred society to its bottom depths. Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, and other good Samaritans among her noble-hearted sex, labored assiduously in this direction, and no one, outside of those who watched all the tides and currents of influence that were working under the promptings of God's spirit, can fully appreciate the immense help that Francis Murphy got through this agency. He, himself, has been free to acknowledge it in glowing terms, as indeed this man has ever, in the words of

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"In political times whisky used to flow in the streets. The side that could stand the largest number of drinks won the fight. 'The boys'—Col. Caldwell, Gen. Gregg, and others—used to go up from Elmira and hold meetings that generally ended in glorious drunks. Why, they laughed at the crusaders, and thought it good fun.

kind superintendent of the Boston North End Mission, and told their pitiful story. Mr. Y—'s pleasant-faced wife came into the room to see the little unfortunate, holding in her arms a crowing, laughing baby, who, smiling her sweetest upon Susie and Arthur, stretched out her chubby hands, as if to say, "Come—oh, you never saw so nice a place for small folk as our North End Mission, nor such kind people as my papa and mamma."
The children were eager to go where they would receive kind words instead of blows; good clothes in place of rags; and plenty of wholesome food instead of being starved.
Mr. Y—went immediately with them to see their father. He found it a most distressing case, and his sympathetic heart was anxious to relieve at once both children and parent.
"Would you be willing to have your little ones come to us?" was his inquiry, after relating somewhat of the Home, its rules, requirements, etc.
"Willing!" exclaimed the sick man, feebly. "I thank the Lord for opening such a door of deliverance. I want, above every thing, to have my children lead pure and upright lives. Thank God!" he again ejaculated fervently, while the happy tears forced through his closed eyelids.
Two weeks later, the boys and girls at Mt. Hope Home, forty in all, from Julia, the tallest, down to the baby just venturing onto her feet, are seated in their chairs before the Christmas turkey. The clatter of dishes and jingling of spoons mingle with the happy laughter and joyous words of the delighted children, and soon past turkey, sweet potatoes, and cranberry sauce are things of the Christmas tree which loving hands have decorated and made beautiful. Here recitations, singing, and other exercises appropriate to the day are held, and at the close each child is made happy with an orange and bag of candy, as well as some other more substantial gift.
Among the smiling faces we recognize our little friends Susan and Arthur Brown, the latter rejoicing in the possession of new clothes and a sled; Susie, comfortably clad, hugging a rosy-checked doll.
"Isn't it heaven here?" whispered Arthur, throwing his arms around his little sister's neck as he bade her good-night at the end of this glad day.
"If mother was here it would be," was Susie's answer as she returned the little fellow's embrace.
As the kind-faced and tender-hearted matron went from cot to cot before seeking her own rest, she came to the bed of little Arthur. Stooping over she patted the slender hand laying outside of the counterpane.
"Mamma," murmured the child, as in his sleep he felt the gentle pressure.
"Dear little lamb," exclaimed the matron, while the tea dropped from her eyes. "Thank God that these friendless child have such safe shelter in which to rest, and may His richest blessing fall upon the generous hearts who, by their bounty, have it possible for these forsaken little ones to have a Christmas."

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the frankest humility, been prompt to concede the fullest measure of praise to others.

The Murphy work in Philadelphia, including the meetings held under his name, and the ground swell of the storm of excitement itself, lasted for nearly two months. Many of his distinguished co-laborers of Pittsburgh fame worked with him, and conducted enthusiastic meetings after the great temperance reformer himself had departed for other fields of labor. The number of signers of the Murphy pledge in Pittsburgh was estimated at not less than 80,000; and as a result of the Philadelphia work, a two months precious and glorious harvest—there were about 120,000 (so stated). Of course, it is difficult to get exact figures, in estimating the results of a mighty wave of enthusiasm, but the foregoing approximate to the truth. When to these are added the large number of drunkards reclaimed in the various local movements, which may be called the overflow of the great central excitements at Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the aggregate of the fruits of the Murphy temperance reform in Pennsylvania may be set down as not far from 400,000.

It is curious how a little incident has sometimes started a Murphy movement in a town, without any warning or apparently sufficient reason for so powerful a sweep of feeling. Truly the harvest has always proven itself to be ready for the reapers. The following cases illustrate this very well, and show what great results may come from insignificant causes. Van Ettenville, N. Y., was probably one of the worst towns in the State, as probably more liquor was drunk there in a day than in any other town of its size; according to the verdict of a resident.

“In political times whisky used to flow in the streets. The side that could stand the largest number of drinks won the fight. ‘The boys’—Col. Caldwell, Gen. Gregg, and others—used to go up from Elmira and hold meetings that generally ended in glorious drunks. Why, they laughed at the crusaders, and thought it good fun.

"About six weeks ago one of the best fellows there was going along the street one morning, and met another. The first said: "You're looking better lately than I've seen you in a long time." "Well, I am better. Fact is, I haven't been drinking anything for about two weeks, and I've about made up my mind that I'll stop." "Just what I've been thinking of myself. Haven't we been making fools of ourselves long enough?"

"Out of such a conversation as this the movement in Van Ettenville was begun. These two, with a few others, sent to Elmira for speakers for a meeting. The men who arranged for the meeting, who did all the work, and who packed the house were, or had been drinking men. The place was carried completely.

"Another instance, in demonstration of the truth of our remarks, may, perhaps, satisfy the reader:

"The inauguration of the movement at Somerset, Ohio, was so peculiar as to warrant notice, and shows how slight an instrument may set this great machinery of reform in motion. Two carpenters, Taylor and Eagle, having squandered nearly all their pay for a certain work in drink, were finishing up in Stein's saloon. Taylor produced a Murphy pledge, which his brother, a reformed drinker at Lancaster, had sent him, and began to talk of the movement. Stein jeered at him, and offered him ten cents to sign. He regarded it as an immense joke when Taylor did sign; and Eagle, having no other pledge, signed the same card. A few days later, Dr. Rickey, one of Lancaster's noble workers, saw Taylor here, and gave him the eight pledges he happened to have with him. In less than an hour he was back for more. New pledges were ordered printed, and in a very short time the enthusiasm called for public meetings and the Murphy movement was begun.

"And thus we find it through Indiana, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and throughout most of the States. By insignificant beginnings a flame of enthusiasm has been kindled."

The Murphy movement is distinguished on the part of its followers by the wearing of a bit of blue ribbon worn in the button-hole of the coat. Other reform movements are designated by different colors, as for instance that of Dr. Reynolds, by red. In various parts of the West, it is common to notice on the part of almost everybody on the street, the bit of ribbon, which indicates adherence to one or the other of the different reform currents. Of course there is a slight difference in the organization of the various leagues. The white-ribbon is a sort of side degree, so to speak, of the red-ribbon league, as it is worn only by women and young men under eighteen. The difference between the red-ribbon pledge and that which has already been given may be seen in the following :

“We the undersigned, for our own good, and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine or cider included.”

The wearing of the ribbon has this grand advantage ; it saves the wearer from the danger of an invitation to drink. Of course this building up of barriers around the reformed drunkard is the great object of all organizations in the carrying on of the work, after the first swell of excitement has passed by. To save the results and utilize the fruits of the work is even a more important function than that of kindling the flame. The Murphy work at the outset did not sufficiently cover this important branch of the labor of saving the drunkard ; but with time and development the reformer himself, and the able and experienced men whom he has gathered around him have fully wrought out a system for perpetuating the influences, once planted, into a permanence.

CHAPTER VI.

MURPHY'S SPEECH AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.—THE WORK AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—INTERESTING SCENES IN THE NEW YORK REVIVAL.—FACTS, INCIDENTS AND FIGURES OF THE RESULTS OF THE MURPHY MOVEMENT IN THE SOUTHERN TIER OF COUNTIES, GROWING OUT OF THE ELMIRA WORK.—FRANCIS MURPHY'S SPEECH AT CHATAUQUA.

FRANCIS MURPHY'S labors are in such demand that to utilize the good to be accomplished in the highest possible degree, he has been obliged to scatter his personal efforts over different points, himself starting the conflagration, and trusting the feeding and extension of the work to the labors of local speakers under the leadership of his lieutenants. After starting the reform movement at Elmira, N. Y., Mr. Murphy departed, but the glorious tide of enthusiasm swelled and grew without ceasing till the end, and the whole tier of Southern counties felt the effects in a series of successive local excitements. This portion of the Murphy work, for such it is entitled to be called, no less than if he had been continually present, it will be the object of the present chapter to describe. But before recurring to the Elmira work proper, we shall take occasion to present to our readers an excellent specimen of Murphy's oratory in the speech he delivered at Columbus, Ohio, in June, 1877. It is of characteristic flavor, and will amply repay perusal. Of course, Mr. Murphy's speeches, like those of most powerful orators, are made to be heard rather than read, full of those strokes which get their value from the personal force of the man. The Columbus speech, however, is full of good things, and would do credit to a man of more

culture and experience than the great temperance reformer can lay claim to. The portions we give are as follows :

“Mr. Chairman ; My Friends :

“I am glad to be here to-night and listen to the testimony of these two Christian gentlemen who have been the means, under God, of bringing joy and peace to so many hearts. I am glad to be here, and to stand on this platform and have the honor of being introduced by this young gentleman, who has been redeemed through the kind ministrations of my brother David Hall, and who to-night, stands erect in all the dignity of his new-born life, and can stand up and say, ‘I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ And though this work should cease, and though nothing else should have been accomplished through the visit to your city but the redemption, the complete redemption, of this young man would be a sufficient remuneration for every cent that you have paid out, for every night that you have spent, and for every prayer that you have uttered. May God bless the movement, and may it continue to go on until the last wandering son has been redeemed and brought back to his father’s house, and received the best robe and the gold ring and pair of shoes. Thanks be to God for the triumphs of this moral reform that has nothing in it of malice, nothing in it of hatred, nothing in it of egotism, nothing in it of self-righteousness ; for we don’t stand off and pray and thank God that we are not like other people ; that we pay our taxes and tithes, and such things as that ; we prefer to stand by the foot of the cross and say, ‘Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner.’ That is our prayer ; and with it we shall go forth, not claiming any self-righteousness, not claiming that we are holier than others, and fear to come in contact with our fellow-men when we meet them, lest our garments become soiled ; but if you are men, by the grace of God ; if the golden links of the brotherhood of man have been, so to speak, clinched around our hearts, and by God’s invisible angel carried to the everlasting throne and

there securely fastened—if this has been done, we can go down into the wilderness, blessed be God ; we can go down into the wilderness and to the solitary places, and to the prisons of this country and proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of a better life to the oppressed of this country, to the weeping wives and starving children.

“I would like to pay a fitting tribute to the men who have been engaged in this work. I have no need of saying anything of these men to you ; a eulogy is not called for ; but I want to say that these two plain men you see on this platform—Brother David and Brother George—in the city of Pittsburgh, when they came to sign the pledge, astonished the natives, to use a homely expression ; and if this movement has been a success in the city of Pittsburgh, I wish to say to you that these men have contributed as much to that success as Frank Murphy. I have done very little for this movement in comparison with what other men have.

“The press of this country has done a great work for this movement, and I wish now to express my heartfelt thanks for the kind consideration I have received in your city, knowing well that I come to you making no profession of scholarship or oratory, for I was starved in the morning of my life ; school-houses were scarce where I was born, and it was considered best not to allow the boys to go over there beyond where he might receive a religious education, for fear his religious ideas might be proselyted to some extent, and hence I had to be caged up.

“And let me say to you I would not advise you not to go to school, no matter what the religious belief of the teacher is, because knowledge is power wherever you go, and it is knowledge that makes men strong and noble, and enables them to stand up so evenly-balanced with such a magnanimous spirit and heart that all who know them can stand up and say, ‘There, that is a man.’ And it is a pity for us who have been deprived of an education and are compelled to stand before the world feeling the necessity of it. It is a beautiful thing

for the American people that when an American comes up to sign the pledge, but very few of them will stand up and just make an excuse, with their finger on their forehead and say, 'Will you please sign my name?' You will see very few of them make their scratch. It is something you have reason to be proud of. The foundations of truth and justice are laid in intelligence in this country. I believe that is the power that moves the whole of this country.

"It is the grandest thought that can come to me to-night, that I am a man with a living, breathing soul within me, and that the world, grand and glorious as it is to-night, with its sloping hillsides decorated with God's precious flowers—lilies of the valley, attired in their wonderful splendor—as God has woven them into His carpet; they, too, speak to us; yes, and from babbling springs, and from flowing brooks, and from great streams that leap to the ocean, and from the grand mountains that break forth before you into singing, and the golden harvest-fields that wave before you, bringing God so near to you that, reverently, man should take off his hat while He speaks to us in everything. Standing before you in the limitless prairie, and heaven, with its bright constellations looking down upon us with so sweet, so pure, so holy a light, oh, how they touch the divinity that is within! how the longing soul seeks for that transparent beauty that speaks to us in these bright gems that are put there by the sacred power of God Himself, beyond the reach of sin, beyond the reach of wrong, the living, perpetual and eternal testimony of His own power; omnipotent in Himself, speaking to us to-night with a language too holy for utterance; and from the sea that He holds in the palm of His hand, and from the mountains that have been weighed in the balance; the seasons that come and go, touching everything about us, telling of their approach and their departure. When these things shall have passed away, the immortal soul, the divine power that is within us, by a power known only to itself, on the invisible wings of its own faith and own might, can soar beyond all

this and pass in the twinkling of an eye to the very constellations, and stand and gaze upon their beauty ; sweep beyond them through the milky way and stand at the pearly gates of God's eternal city and into the golden streets, and can stand on the banks of the river of life and can behold the water of life as it courses from the throne of God, can stand under the shadow of the tree of life, and by a faith beyond the power of darkness or distance to dim, can see the golden streets and purple fruit that is made for the healing of the nations. Oh, to be a sober man ! What a grand thought ! To be a sober man, redeemed, saved, and every chain broken ; a man restored to his sober, virtuous, Christian manhood. I thank God that I am a man ; I thank God that he made me so ; I am no material thing, but a living, breathing soul ; and the world, to-night, with all its beauty and grandeur, when it is swept out of existence, this soul shall live on forever, during the ceaseless ages of eternity ; blessed be God for this thought.

“Yes, it pays to be sober—it pays to be sober. This new life that comes to me to-night, I have no language to describe it to you. It is universally admitted among sensible and candid people, everywhere, that drunkenness is the great curse of our social national life. It is not characteristic of Americans, for the same may be said with greater emphasis of the social life of Great Britain ; but it is one of the things about which there can be no doubt, that cholera and typhoid fever, and all the rest of diseases that come to us, bring less of fatality and infinitely less of sorrow. There are wives, mothers and children to-night, within every circle that embraces the young lives, who are weeping over some victim of the seductive destroyer. East, West, North and South there are men and women who can not be trusted with liquor in their hands ; men and women who have ceased to fight the appetite that has power within itself to destroy everything that makes life desirable ; men and women who, when they see the labels of intoxication painted on the windows, as they pass by, feel the blood coursing faster in their veins ; so to

speaking, they can almost taste it in their mouths, because of this terrible appetite that they have cultivated and brought to such wonderful perfection. In passing along the street where liquor is they will inhale the fragrance, and are almost compelled to stop and wait around. There is a fascination about it ; they feel the want and necessity of it ; want of just this stimulant to lift them up ; they are dreary and weary and disconsolate, and just a little sick. Oh, how precious it would be to the longing appetite ! And, I think, to-night, in this great work of reform how much we need Christian charity and Christian sympathy to be able to measure the strength of appetite. Men are not brought there immediately, but after years of respectability and years of pleasant life, and of passing back and forth through respectable society, and being toasted as the acknowledged guests and brightest stars in your city, have cultivated this appetite until it became a mad passion, and they lose control of themselves, and then are, so to speak, kicked out on the street, and it is said, 'You are a miserable drunkard, and good for nothing.' And the case of these men has been looked upon as entirely hopeless, and no person cares for them. I think that this movement is a special dispensation from God Himself, to redeem the poor unfortunate drunkard ; and while the great temperance movements heretofore sought to keep men from becoming drunkards, while the poor men who have been wounded in the battle, whose arms have been broken and their reason dethroned, and they become maniacs on the street, are left with no person to take them to an inn and pay their bills, this movement seems to be a necessity of the present state of temperance, and must, and by the grace of God it will, quicken the Church and the hearts of humanity. I believe it will compel us to go out into the world and save these poor wanderers.

"In spite of what we see of men, socially, and the terrible appetite, the terrible temptation, and the power it has over some men, notwithstanding the fact that all this is known, yet there are gentlemen in society who give parties,

and ladies who issue their cards, and send them out to William and James and John, saying that 'Susan desires the pleasure of their company at her house on a certain evening.' All this is very nice, and Susan is a splendid girl, and James and William don their best suits and get their girls, and how they will go down there! Yes, sir, the arrangements have all been made. It is among the bon ton, the best people of the place. It is just the place for a fine time, and William is just the man to give it. His heart is as great as he is wealthy; what a queenly wife he has, too, and how she adorns things about the place! Yes, indeed.

"The young men look forward with anticipation, and the ladies have their suits made; the young men have theirs prepared for the occasion; the coachmen are dressed in their livery, don their high collars and silk hats and the horses are all aglow, if you please, for the occasion; they seem to catch the spirit of it. The drivers are more erect and graceful, and their whips have a silvery tongue to them that the horses seem to understand. Why, the whole air is pregnant with the spirit of the occasion; the carriages start off, and soon the house can be seen on the hillside. You can see the beautiful pine trees, and the beautiful blossoming trees, and the weeping willow gracefully bending almost to the earth to kiss it. Through the trees can be seen the strange intoxicating light of the Chinese lanterns, that tell you the whole palace is alive with joy. Soon the carriages roll up, one after another. The bell rings and there is a committee of gentlemen and ladies in waiting to receive you, with a 'How are you? Welcome, welcome; here, in this way; this way, if you please;' and their hats and coats are taken, and everything is arranged in the most classical style. Why, we become as young as we used to be, as we step into the spacious reception rooms filled with the fragrance and beautiful bouquets, and see the young and beautiful guests. It seems to be a new paradise that has opened up before Charles and William and James. There are folding doors that extend across, between the rooms, and

Susan has opened them. By-and-by the most exquisite lady in the room has been called to touch the musical box ; as she nicely adjusts the stool to its proper height, and, being seated, she manipulates the keys, pouring forth the sweetest strains of music, the boys step out and get their partners and walk around a little, at first very gracefully, you know, as they hear the music. By-and-by they get a little intoxicated with the music and the boys get to waltzing around a little. It is a splendid entertainment, yes, indeed. Soon beautiful ladies come with silver trays and cut glass filled with sparkling wine, with grace and glory, and with hands so plump and beautiful that they outrival the gems that flash upon them, and almost dazzle your eyes. I tell you it is no inferior class of society, but the queenly women who have been cultured to perfection and understand what the etiquette is that goes to make up a place of this kind. These ladies approach and say, 'Please take a glass of wine, if you please, James, with me.' James says, 'Well, I don't wish to.' 'Why, James, take a glass with me, if you please ; take a glass now with Susan ; just take a glass to-night.' It requires a great deal of courage for a young man to straighten back in his chair and say : 'No, miss, I don't indulge in the use of wine on any occasion.' It requires a great deal of courage to say that, although it may seem a small thing to do. But a man who can do that, and do it nobly, has won a greater victory than Grant ever won, even when he received the sword of Lee on the battle-ground of Appomattox. You say it is a small thing. It may seem a small thing to many of you, but there is, so to speak, a dignity of manhood and a courtesy that belongs to the young lady, and the courtesies that are to be extended to her from a young gentleman who claims to be gallant, and who holds his head erect, and who is expected to be looked upon with some degree of inferiority if he does not accept a little wine on such an occasion as this. They will say to him : 'Why, I am perfectly astonished at you.' Oh, yes ; but let me say to you, young man, be true to yourself ; yield obedience to the dictates of an

honest heart. Remember the baptism of your mother ; remember the counsels of your father ; remember the sacred duties that are devolving upon you ; remember the sacred trusts that rest upon you. You are, perhaps, placed in some position ; perhaps the most honorable in the city ; perhaps you are at the counting room of a banker, or counter of some merchant prince, and have control of his business and the direction of it ; and it will be one of the grandest events in your life to have the fact come to that man that William refused to take wine at that party. It will increase his confidence in you a hundred per cent., and though he may never mention it to you, you will see a change in the conduct of that man towards you, and at no distant day will he reward you in a way that will do you good and give you a stimulus that will aid you all your life.

“I am one of those that believe that if the wine cellars were cleared out we wouldn't have much trouble with saloons. I believe that wine cellars have a great deal to do in making saloon drinking. I believe if the wealthy men and women in this country would come down to assist those whom they consider the worthless and unfortunate, who are the victims of intemperance, the work would be done in less than three months. There are women in this city who have not yet signed the pledge, and there are men in this city who have not signed the pledge who should have done so ; and if they would do so, I tell you it would shake the city to its very foundations, and a greater and grander victory would come to you than we have ever had yet, if we would only do what we might in this blessed work.

“There are some men who will say they can drink or let it alone when they have a mind to. I grant you that some men can do so, but we know that liquor has a wonderful fascination for some men ; we know that it has a wonderful power over them ; young men occasionally drinking together become married to each other, and there is a friendship existing among them that does not exist among other persons. If Tom had

been in the habit of getting off a little, here is Bill that will step around and hunt him up, and when he finds him—ten chances to one if he finds him—he will prevail on his taking something. He will say, ‘Come Tom, let us take something.’ Tom says, ‘I ain’t a going to do it.’ ‘Don’t bother ; come along, Tom ; come up and take something ; just take one drink,’ and thus would their kind persuasion overcome their comrades. I think if Christian men were just as much in earnest as drinking men are we would have a wonderful revival. But, for instance, if you go into a church, and no person speaks to you, you will not attend much ; when you go in, there is a man dressed in black who points you to a seat, but never says ‘I am glad to see you,’ or makes any inquiry where you are from. When you go out the people crowd the aisles and do not speak to you ; do you suppose that drinking men are going back to hear you preach ? Not much ; they don’t want any such entertainment. It would be better for you to pass by the men you are in the habit of speaking to every day, and speak to the strangers. If you meet a young man, ask him where he boards, and what his circumstances are ; if he has come to your city, who his employer is, and where he is boarding. Perhaps you will find he is in an attic chamber, and in needy circumstances ; he is some mother’s son ; invite him down to take dinner with you ; be a father to him ; perhaps some one may be a father to your boy. Don’t be so self-righteous that you will allow people to go out of the church without making their acquaintance. Be sociable and friendly, and they will come back to you, but not till then. Think of these men that chase each other around the street, trying to find each other. I remember the time when I was in the habit of taking a little something for my stomach’s sake ; I was one of the boys who stuck at it ; when I got hold of a customer I didn’t let him go away without taking something to drink, and having some fun. ‘Just take one drink,’ and that one drink, in all probability, leads to a spree.”

Mr. Murphy here illustrated the strong attachment shown by

companions in drink for one another by relating the story that is told of two Irishmen, upon their recent arrival here from their mother country, describing the tenacity with which the musquitoes hung to them in a swamp. The speaker rendered the story with great effect by telling it in the genuine brogue of his countrymen, and as he concluded his picture of the scene, with the remark of one of those traveling companions, who, upon peeping from under his blanket, beheld a fire-fly, thinking it one of their tormentors still in search of them, 'Fergus, we might as well be afther getting out now, for here is one of the crathurs, with his lantern, looking for us,' the laughter and applause were tremendous.

"So," continued the speaker, "I have been in about the same position of my countrymen; I have had to run away from my friends with whom I have been associated; I have had to run away to escape intoxication; there is no getting away from them; they will hold on to you asking you to take something, 'just one drink,' but that 'just one drink' would perhaps end in a spree of three days, and the wind-up be a sorrowful one, I assure you.

"Let me say to you to-night, young man, you who are free from this terrible evil; let me say to you, husband, to-night, if you are expecting to drink or let it alone whenever you have a mind to, remember there is a wonderful hidden power in this dreadful habit; remember that it is a silken thread you can hardly see, but that it will wind itself around and around you until it will have you enchained beneath its power, and when you undertake to break away, will cost you all the strength you have got, and, perhaps, like many of us, you will not be able of yourself to break the chain that has held you bound down to a habit that will rob you of all your property; rob you of your reason; destroy your sense of honor, and steal from you your good name. 'He that steals my purse steals trash, but he, sir, who steals from me my good name, takes that which doth not enrich him, but makes me poor in leed.'

"Thou fiend of rum, Oh, thou invisible spirit ! if we had no name to know thee by, why not call thee devil !

"From this platform, in this hall of yours, where the eloquent tongues of your statesmen have inspired you with confidence in the right, with confidence in justice, with confidence in truth, that our forefathers placed upon the altar of our country, though it was dimmed by the infernal shadow of bloody slavery ; though, so to speak, its like had almost gone out beneath the iron hand of oppression, from this platform have come the voices, have come the manhood, have come the virtues that have touched your manly hearts, and have made each man and each woman stand erect again—stand erect clothed with a power beyond the reach of slavery, clothed you with a strength equal to Hercules, making you almost omnipotent, and you have marched from this capital with a heart filled with the love of truth, with a patriotism that encompassed our beloved country, done your duty and have won a victory for all time for the cause of justice, and for republicanism. But to-night there is a grander cause pleading for you, and a grander silence that speaks to you. I hear to-night the wail of the oppressed mothers of this country ; I hear five hundred thousand victims that are chained to-night in the living tombs of this country, who have been poisoned by the malaria of the upas tree of death. This upas tree has got its roots in the sacred soil of this country. Is it possible that God's sunlight has ever touched it ? that God's rain has ever watered it ? Never, never, never. It has been watered by the blood of mothers' hearts. Yes, on its branches to-night hang the death-warrants of more than twenty millions of the bravest men and the queenliest women that God ever gave to the world. Let us cut it down, Jimmy ; let us cut it down, David ; let us cut it down, men. With pledges in your hands, come to the rescue. Let us strike a blow into its infernal trunk. Let us hate it, men, let us hate it. See it stagger. Clear the way, and give it a place to fall. Let us trim its branches ; let us log its dead, infernal trunk ; let us set fire to it. Let us have a bon-

fire in Columbus, and burn it to ashes, and bury the ashes so deep down in the bowels of the earth, that by the blessing of God, by the blessing of heaven, it shall never, *never*, NEVER, NEVER have a resurrection. May God bless you."

The Murphy movement in Elmira, N. Y., was put into motion by the Rev. W. E. Knox, a gentleman whose name has become a "household word" in every house in that city. Reading the glowing and almost incredible accounts in the different journals of the great and wonderful temperance wave that had struck the city of Pittsburgh, and swept over it, carrying all things before and with it, he felt what a blessed thing it would be if such a "tidal wave" as that could sweep over Elmira in the same fashion, and with the same glorious results. This feeling entered him, and took such firm possession of his being that he could not pass a single day without being haunted by it. Finally it became a determination. He resolved that Elmira should have a shock—a grand sweep of the temperance reform, which indeed it most sorely needed. The Elmirans had become apparently indifferent to drunkenness and drunkards in their midst; and went their way, seemingly caring very little whether the awful evil was killed forever, or whether the drunkard was brought to the correct estimation of his degraded condition, and helped to a blessed reformation. The place was full of drinking saloons, and a man reeling through the streets had become a familiar object, exciting very little if any surprise or sorrow. The youth of the city resorted to the numerous "corners," and there acquired a desire for intoxicating liquors. What was to be done to put a stop to all this evil? The reverend gentleman went to the different pastors of the churches and broached the subject to them, picturing the state of Elmira affairs as they really were, and besought them to co-operate with him in bringing the matter home to the people.

He was received with much interest and attention, and his plan fully discussed. They were perfectly willing and ready to join him in his work; they fully agreed with him as to the

erying necessity for reform in this direction in their town ; but they could not see how the means were to be obtained to conduct a temperance movement. Each pastor had his own work to carry out, and each seemed doubtful and uncertain as to the ultimate result of a temperance revival. Nothing daunted, the Rev. Mr. Knox went to the leading gentlemen of the place, and laid the matter before them for their consideration, pointing out plainly and emphatically how much this thing was needed, and how much good would certainly be the result. These gentlemen regarded the matter in a very favorable light, and were positive that if such a movement were started in Elmira the public would receive it cordially, respond to it, and its success would be sure and signal. They were not willing to embark in it ; but after more talk they agreed to give it all the assistance they possibly could, if the people received the idea favorably, and the movement met with favor.

Mr. Knox then went cheerily to work, and opened a correspondence with the temperance advocates in Pittsburgh, inquiring their mode of conducting movements; if they had any special theories what kind of men they would send to conduct Murphy meetings in Elmira, and what the expenses would be. The answers were all satisfactory, and the arrangements made. Mr. Eccles Robinson, in company with another gentleman, were to be sent from Pittsburgh to conduct the movement. The former gentleman was a very recent convert of Murphy's, and was commended in so high a manner that Mr. Knox and the other parties who had interested themselves in the cause were glad he was the one appointed for the Elmira work.

All the arrangements were made for the reception of the reformers, every one in the city and vicinity was duly notified through the medium of frequent and extensive newspaper notices and pulpit announcements ; and considerable interest and enthusiasm were felt and manifested. At last information was received from Pittsburgh that Mr. Robinson and his companion would arrive in Elmira in due season to open the

meetings early in the spring time. They were informed that the strangers would be in Elmira on March 22. Forthwith preparations were made to give them a reception, and to have a gathering of the different members of the laity, the prominent persons of the place, and in fact all those interested in the glorious cause, in the First Presbyterian Church. The night came, and with it an immense concourse of people to the church, crowding every nook of that commodious edifice, filling the aisles and corners until it was a perfect "jam." Such a crowd was cheering, and it was plainly evident that the Elmirans were anxious, nay eager, to welcome the Pittsburgh reformers. In the ante-room was displayed a scene worthy to be made the subject of a cartoon by the genius of Thomas Nast. The reverend gentlemen were gathered together and gesticulating in quite an excited manner, their faces drawn down to serious length and expressive of the utmost consternation, perplexity and dismay. The time appointed for the commencement of the meeting had arrived, but no Eccles Robinson nor companion, nobody from Pittsburgh. No information had been received of their arrival in the city; it had been expressly given out that they would assuredly be present, and the people had come to welcome them. What was to be done? Mr. Knox in the great emergency hit upon the only right way out of the dilemma. He called his colleagues to him and said: "We must go out to the audience now; we cannot stay here a moment longer. We'll go out and commence the meeting and render it as interesting as we possibly can, making no mention whatever of Eccles Robinson and his co-laborer." They then filed out of the ante-room, and ascended the platform. Mr. Knox opened in a very happy address, thanking the people for coming so largely forward to the call made to them, and asking for gospel songs of the most spirited and pleasing order. The people entered into the work with great interest and enthusiasm; the several ministers called upon spoke in their most felicitous style—indeed they never spoke better than they did

that night—and time slipped by without any special attention being taken of the non-introduction of the reformers. The audience evidently were under the supposition that the latter were seated with them, and that not being ordained ministers of the gospel they did not occupy seats on the platform. Finally, when the disappointment could not possibly be kept back any longer, the Rev. Mr. Knox rose, and made some telling remarks relative to temperance, and closed by saying : “But there is one thing that I do not like about it, and it is something very disappointing—Eccles Robinson and his fellow-worker are not here. We were told they would be here surely ; but they have not arrived. However, you must all come again, and the next time we meet the Pittsburgh reformers will have the floor all to themselves, and the work will commence. In the meantime, we will have Brother Clarke’s speech. He has one prepared especially for this occasion, and he is glum enough now because he has not been called upon. I think we will now have the address of our Brother Clarke.” Thus the immense audience was put into a fine humor ; and, on the whole, the meeting was one of the most interesting and enthusiastic Elmira had ever known.

After the crowd had dispersed the Rev. Mr. Knox proposed to his friends that they should go to the station, and see the ten o’clock train come in. Perhaps Eccles Robinson and his companion would arrive on that. As they watched the persons alight from the train they signalled out a young man, and went up to him.

“Are you Mr. Eccles Robinson ?” asked the Rev. Knox.

“Yes ; I am Eccles Robinson. I have just got here. I expected to be here by eight o’clock, and it is now past ten. I am all alone. My friends sent me by myself. I do not know why they sent me here, I am no orator ; I do not know how to conduct meetings. I feel I ought to take the next train back home.”

He spoke very despondently, seemed embarrassed, doubtful of himself and what he was to do in Elmira, and hesitated

about staying. The reverend gentlemen reasoned with him, and cheered him as best they could. They finally succeeded in persuading him to remain, and make at least one effort to carry out a Murphy movement. They despatched a boy with him to show him the way to his boarding-place.

"I wonder what the Pittsburgh people mean by sending us such a man," said the Rev. Clarke, as he and his friend were walking homeward. "For such a work too. Why, he will never be able to do any good, or stir the people in the cause."

"I am sure there is something in him," rejoined Mr. Knox. "The Pittsburgh people would not lie, and they would not have written so favorably of him if he were no good. Just take this letter from them home with you, and read what they say of him. We will give Eccles Robinson a chance anyway. I pray he will make great success."

On Monday evening, March 27, the First Presbyterian Church was crowded once more. It had been announced that the Murphy converts would appear, and then and there open the Murphy temperance meetings. There was not a vacant seat in the building, nor was there a nook empty where a chair might be placed to advantage. All the clergymen of the town were present on the platform, and the prominent people were there in close proximity with those that walked in the lower ways of life. The excitement was general, when, after a most earnest prayer, and a beautiful gospel song, Mr. Knox introduced Eccles Robinson to the audience: the man who had come to help them, to save them from the cursed influence of King Alcohol. Heads were intently, eagerly inclined to forward, and more than a thousand eyes were fixed on one object, while many hands clapped a rousing, cheery greeting. They beheld a young man, not over thirty years of age, of a very modest and unpretending appearance; of a slight, delicate frame, and on the whole of rather a boyish carriage.

He bowed his acknowledgments to the hearty and prolonged applause in the stiffest, most awkward fashion imagin-

able, and appeared to be exceedingly embarrassed and ill at ease.

The church suddenly became as quite as a tomb. Every one in it was on the *qui vive*, and waited, while they curiously scanned his person, to hear him speak. Every one wondered how he would commence, and what he would say.

Blushing, hanging his head down on his chest, rivetting his eyes on the platform, putting his hands in the pockets of his trousers, and protruding his arms out in a very awkward way, he opened his mouth, and spoke. Never was so large and so select an audience called forth to hear the efforts of so embarrassed or shame-faced looking an individual before. The people did not know how to take it, they were so very much surprised.

He spoke so timidly and so softly scarcely fifty persons could distinctly hear what he said. The place became quieter and quieter, so anxious was every one to catch his words.

"I am no orator," he said, without lifting his eyes. "I do not even know how to make a speech of any kind. I do not know why they sent me here. There were other men that could have done far better than I. I never spoke in public before."

He paused, and then he raised his head, and looked the crowd full in the face, while his face fairly beamed with a look that amazed every one before him. "But," he cried in a ringing voice, so clear and distinct that the audience seemed spell-bound under it; "I can ask you to do something. I can ask you to come up here and take the pledge. I can tell you that it is the only way to be saved from drunkenness, the only way to restore you to your lost manhood. I can ask every one of you, men and women and children, old and young—every one of you to come here and sign the blessed pledge. There are some of you here who are addicted to drink, some who drink secretly thinking no one knows it, and some who never touch intoxicants. All of you come, and take the pledge. First, let all of the ministers come and do so, for example's sake. We want them first. Will you come?" And he continued in

this strain until the audience lost control of itself, and rushed forward to the pledge tables. His talk went through the people like an electric shock. He seemed to be moved by some higher power. He lost his embarrassment and his awkwardness. He greeted each person that took the pledge in the most genial way ; and surprised all by his affectionate and affable manner. The nervous, frightened man who had stood before them but a while since was lost sight of altogether ; and Eccles Robinson, genial, strong and lovable, one of the staunchest of temperance advocates, took possession of the hearts of the Elmirans completely and unreservedly. From that memorable night he was, to the day he left, the favorite of Elmira. No stranger had ever made so favorable an impression, or succeeded in enlisting every one in his favor as he. And he did this unconsciously. His work was from the very outset surprisingly successful.

The people took the matter up with more zeal and enthusiasm than even those deeply interested in the noble cause dreamed of or expected from them. It swept over the place like an immense wave, carrying all things before and with it. It was the theme of conversation in every part of the town, no matter where one went. No one had anything to discuss but the subject of total abstinence ; and that was discussed at all times and in all places. The churches entered largely into the excitement, and did nobly. Meetings were held three and four times a day. In a short space of time it was found absolutely necessary that a local committee should be organized to conduct the work. It was utterly impossible to go on with it unless there was some such organization ; so the temperance advocates met, and formed a local committee, of which the Rev. W. E. Knox was unanimously elected president.

Here was the right man in the right place. Their choice of a president could not have been more wise ; and most nobly and successfully did he occupy and fulfill his very important position.

The temperance wave swept over the whole town, and extended to the neighboring places. The churches were soon found perfectly incapable of containing the great crowds that rushed to hear the telling words that fell like so many sparkling drops of healing water from the lips of Eccles Robinson. Some building large enough to accommodate all who came to hear him must be engaged ; so the Opera House, the largest auditorium in Elmira, was called into use, and answered the purpose admirably. The crowds that filled this edifice were vast. Hours before the meetings commenced the street was thronged, blockaded, in fact, by excited people, who willingly stood their ground until the doors were flung open to them. It was hardly safe to be in the rush when the doors were opened ; and if you escaped with only a sore feeling and rather dishevelled appearance, it was a piece of good fortune.

In this building scenes were enacted that might fill a large duodecimo volume with highly interesting matter of every phase, from the pathetic to the humorous, and from the grave to the inspired. The people were carried entirely away with the movement as they had been in other places, and responded to the call to free themselves from the evil of intoxicating drink in a manner that was more than surprising, arousing the most callous and indifferent into positive enthusiasm, and compelling them to do likewise. Little children would hurry to the pledge tables and sign the pledge ; women and men pressed forward eagerly to annex their signatures. Men tottering near the grave, with hair and beard white as the driven snow with Time's touch, would rise, and confess to listening multitudes that they had had an intimate association with King Alcohol for upwards of thirty or forty years ; and rejoiced greatly now at being able to say they saw the right and only way to happiness and prosperity, and were able to testify to the manifold pains and trials a strong appetite for liquor had brought home to them. Men flushed with youth and glowing manhood would take the pledge and promise to keep it, their eyes, unaccustomed to tears, wet and downcast, and go to their happy

mothers or wives with fast throbbing heart and joyful mien.

Such scenes were never witnessed in the city of Elmira before; and it is little wonder that the whole place was so affected, roused to the wildest enthusiasm and excitement. In one week there were 1,886 signers of the Murphy pledge. Thus, it will be readily comprehended what a great movement it was, and how heartily the people embraced it. Undoubtedly the presence of God was with it from first to last.

One evening the list of signers was unrolled before an immense audience in the Opera House. It was sixty feet long, and reached more than half way across the stage; and some portion of the paper was written on both sides. What a burst of applause was sent up at the sight.

The interest and enthusiasm in the temperance wave was not wholly confined to Elmira; but extended to all the neighboring towns, creating the same results as in other places. In the town of Corning the enthusiasm was intense. Four hundred and twenty persons signed the pledge one evening at this place; and in a few weeks there were seven hundred on the list. At Jamestown the total number was 5,066; and two weeks only in the town of Havana secured 390 signers. Hornellsville in two evenings had 1,000 names appended to the pledge. The population of Tioga County is 40,000; there were 30,000 persons who took the pledge. In Elmira there were over 7,000 signers. These statistics show what a remarkable work it was. Never had such an universal excitement been known in that region of New York State; and it has not ceased yet to be a wonder to all who calmly consider the matter in all its phases. It was as if God had sent the movement there, and caused all to recognize it in its true character. It was esteemed an honor to be a pledge-taker, and a privilege to attend the meetings. The different clergymen did great work, and pushed the movement on extensively. The local reformed men were able co-laborers.

The two prominent local figures in the crowd that gathered

round Eccles Robinson, and assisted him in his grand and good work, were W. H. Maxwell, better known as "Billy," and Colonel Luther Caldwell, the former proprietor of the Rathbun House. The former gentleman is connected with the *Elmira Advertiser*. He springs from one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of southern New York, a family noted at home and abroad for their ability, wealth and high social position. His father had been an honorable representative at Washington, and was a man esteemed for the noble qualities of both his mind and person. "Billy's" home was one of the most beautiful and comfortable in the whole section. He received all the educational advantages wealth could procure ; and every wish he expressed was gratified. Early in life, when he was but a child, he contracted a strong taste for intoxicating liquors, which eventually proved his ruin. Notwithstanding the position his family occupied and the honorable name he bore, he commenced a life of recklessness, and led it for certainly twenty-five years or more. There was not a person in Elmira or vicinity as low or as degraded as he was. From his high position he sank to such a low depth that society could not notice him in any way. It was almost an hourly occurrence to see him reeling through the streets under the influence of liquor. His devoted wife's prayers and tears seemed to be of no avail ; but she never gave way to despair. She would follow him from place to place, and scarcely ever let him out of her sight. Finally, after many years of patient waiting, she received her reward—he came to realize the awful results of the course he was pursuing, and promised her to try and abstain. That was about a year and a half before Eccles Robinson came to Elmira and started the Murphy movement.

When, however, the movement was started, he entered into it with all his heart and soul, and gave up everything so that he might work zealously in the cause, and further its success.

No one was so prominent, after Eccles Robinson, in the Elmira movement as he ; and no one was more successful. His speeches were forcible, attractive, and telling ; and the an-

nouncement of his name was sufficient inducement to attract an immense crowd to hear him. The good he has done in Elmira and the neighboring towns cannot be possibly estimated; but the name of "Billy" Maxwell will live forever in the minds of hundreds who were led by him into the only true path.

"I was drunk thirty years," says Maxwell, in one of his temperance lectures. "I have had the delirium tremens six times, and been in a county jail in every State in the Union but six, for drunkenness." It was through his efforts that not a drunken man was seen in Hornellsville, at the time of the Erie strike.

Col. Luther Caldwell became deeply interested in the temperance movement in Elmira, and worked steadily in it side by side with Eccles Robinson and W. E. Maxwell. He gave up the Rathbun House, so that his time could be only devoted to the cause of temperance; and he is now going from place to place to address people on the subject. On one occasion he read the following letter from his daughter, to one of the largest audiences that ever filled the Opera House, and received a perfect storm of applause:

WASHINGTON CITY, *April 3, 1877.*

My dear, dear Father:

Oh! I am so glad to hear of your signing the pledge. It was a blessed good thing to do, and a good day to do it on. Pa, there is one thing else that I want you to do, that is to join the church. You can do so. You do believe Jesus died for you. You know he did, and all that you or any one else can do is just to believe that, and strive with all their might and God's help to do right, and not to do anything wrong. I just hope that the next time I hear from you that shall be the good news I shall hear. I have been praying for it for almost a year now, and I know I shall get an answer some time to that prayer. God will bless you for what you did on Sunday. I am so glad. I hope and believe Cush and the boys will follow your good example.

With lots of love,

Your daughter, LINA CUSHING.

The colonel said in one of his temperance addresses that he was willing to tell what had prompted him to come out for total abstinence. He had made up his mind that it was about time for him to stop drinking. He had felt that it was in the very air, for some time, a kind of strange influence. He had not been one to stand back when invited up to the bar—on the contrary, he had been rather inclined to “keep up his end of the log.” He had with others practiced drinking, the while feeling sorry to see the intemperance. He presumed the rest of his friends were thinking about the same way. He spoke of the continued resolutions he had made to stop drinking, but he could not keep a promise made to himself, wife and friends. The days on which he struggled hardest to refrain, he drank the most. But when he went up, marching down before a whole audience in Elmira, to sign the pledge, he knew he could keep it. That was the open avowal. Moderate drinkers become immoderate, and the immoderate become drunkards. There was no argument about it ; it was simply a matter of will. He knew he was on the road to drunkenness, and so he signed his name to the Murphy pledge. “With Malice towards none, and Charity for all,” and “clothed in his right mind,” he went into the movement and took up the banner of temperance, and began to walk in the way made so straight, clear and shining by the noble host of men who had gone before.

Colonel Caldwell has turned his hand to song writing. The following fairly illustrates his literary style, and also the conspicuousness of the blue-ribbon insignia in the movement :

“God helping me,” the drinker said,
And trembling signed the Murphy pledge.
Poor Peter cried, “Oh! Jesus, save,
Or else I sink beneath the wave!”
Oh! blessed pledge, oh, holy word!
It has in sorrow oft been heard.

The Saviour lifts poor Peter up
And saves the drinker from his cup.
"God helping me," by faith I cry,
And the dear Saviour cometh nigh;
So the blue-ribbon which we wear
Shall be a signal and a prayer.

The loving hand, dear Jesus, give,
And bid the fallen brother live.
Oh! gracious Lord, come near each day,
To lead us in the better way;
And the blue-ribbon e'er shall be
A signal that "God is helping me."

Another earnest worker in the cause was Mr. Pattison. Reformed through the influence of Eccles Robinson he entered the lists and did untold good. His name has become known to all. The employees of the Erie railroad signed the pledge, as well as those of the post-office, in the earlier days of the movement, and were greeted with deafening applause and cheers.

The "76" Social Club, composed of the leading young men of the place, followed the good examples, and signed the pledge in a body. Thirty members of the Hook and Ladder, and one hundred and twelve Odd Fellows were not to be beaten, and did likewise.

The following telling speech was made by an Elmiran in the Opera House :

"Two weeks ago I was drinking myself drunk in a saloon in Elmira. I called for still another glass and the saloon keeper said, 'Young man, you have had enough, you had better go and sign the Murphy pledge.' I took him at his word, and walked out with his warning ringing in his ears. I signed the pledge, and such joy as I have known for two weeks ! But I feel that I need something that is still higher and better. Pray for me that I may become a true Christian."

One of the most interesting features of the movement was

the Sunday service Messrs. Kenfield and Farwell conducted, a temperance meeting in the jail for the benefit of the prisoners. Out of the twenty-five confined men seventeen signed the pledge. There was no blue ribbon to give the poor fellows ; so the ladies who were present kindly cut enough of the color from what they wore. In this way there was found sufficient of that "true" color to adorn the ugly prison apparel.

Before many weeks had passed it was found to be an imperative matter that a permanent place should be rented where temperance could have a home. All the leading gentlemen and ladies entered into the spirit of the thing ; and the result of the several meetings was that the hall, corner of Lake and Carroll streets, was secured for the much desired purpose. The ladies decorated the hall neatly and tastefully with appropriate mottoes. On one side of the room the eye was drawn to "Malice towards none and Charity for all," worked in evergreens ; and on another side "Blessed are the Poor in Spirit." Above the platform was hung a most faithful and excellent portrait, handsomely framed, of Eccles Robinson, the father of the Elmira movement. An elegant water-cooler of britania ware, and a silver vase of unique design standing on a walnut bracket under the portrait, added to the place a certain nameless grace and charm very suggestive of woman's beautifying presence. Here was the home and the headquarters of temperance, and the scene of the labors of its earnest and valiant advocates. Meetings were here held four and sometimes six times a day, meetings ripe in promise and fruition, and which will always form an important part of the Elmira annals.

The interest and enthusiasm became of so intense a character, as the movement progressed, that demands had to be made on the "Smoky City" for more reformers. The call was heartily responded to, and men were sent who did a vast deal of good. There was, however, a longing desire to see and hear the great man who had originated this wave. There

was an universal cry for Francis Murphy. In almost every speech made to the people, his name was mentioned with the most loving and reverend of tones ; and Eccles Robinson would say, continually : " You all should see the man who reformed me. He is so good, so grand." At last arrangements were completed to bring him in their midst. The Young Men's Christian Association engaged him to deliver a lecture at the Opera House. Early in the month of May the following characteristic letter was received from the great temperance apostle :

" My dear Brother :—Your favor is at hand. It is all right for Elmira, Tuesday, May 22. God help you. Will let you know to-morrow by what train I shall arrive in your city on Monday night. Love to all the people.

" P. S. The work goes bravely on in Philadelphia.

" FRANCIS MURPHY."

This announcement was made to the people, and caused general excitement. Every one was on the alert to see the man who had made so great a stir in society, and was spoken of wherever one went, and whose name was a constant theme for newspaper gossip.

He came, and completely conquered. The Opera House was crowded ; and the lecturer was received with great fervor. He told in his usual, and so well known way, the story of his life, eliciting tears and sobs in one breath, and roars of laughter in another. A most touching incident of the evening was the reply he made to a gentleman in the audience who asked him if his mother lived to witness his reformation. When the great reformer said no, but told sadly of his mother's death shortly after her arrival in this country, whither she had come to see her dear boy, there was many a tear escaped from the control of its possessor, and hard were the efforts made to keep back the flowing tide of sympathy. He stormed the town ; and the demand was so great to hear him that he was obliged to visit Elmira again, which he did Tuesday, June 20. • On both occasions he made a most favorable and

marked impression. He, however, was not the father of the Elmira movement ; he only delivered a few addresses to the thousands who went to hear him. All honor and praise must be credited to Eccles Robinson. It was purely and wholly his work from first to last. The people accepted him as their reformer ; and he proved himself that. It will be interesting to here tell the kind reader how Eccles Robinson was converted. We will quote his own graphic words :

“There were four young men just beginning the study of law in Pittsburg. They were all of them members of families of respectability and property, with fair talents and good prospects. One evening one of them said, ‘Let us have a bottle of wine together.’ Another said, ‘Boys, who knows, if we should, how it will interfere with our studies. May be will not get as far as the practice of the law?’ They laughed and sent for the wine. While drinking and beginning to feel good, an old beggar put his head within the door and asked them for some money. They rallied him for his appearance and interruption of their festivities, but tossed him a small piece of coin, and as he turned away, he said : ‘Young man, the time may come when you will be around begging for a dime, as I am to-night.’

“And as sure as one bottle after another came to their rooms did that time come to those young men. Three of them lie to-night in drunkards’ graves ; one of them still reels about the streets of Pittsburgh. I only am escaped out of the depths of drunkenness to tell you this true story. Young men, come up here and sign the pledge. It is better to sign the Murphy pledge than to wallow in the ditch or lie down on saw-dust floors.”

Eccles Robinson was a member of one of the oldest and most influential Pennsylvania families. He entered the college at Princeton, and after being there a short while was expelled on account of his wild spirits.

He commenced to drink when quite young, and soon got entirely under the influence of liquor. He became well known in the “Smoky City” as one of the worst, if not the worst,

drunkards in the whole place. While he was drinking in a saloon one day, a gentleman entered, and looking around the room, saw him. He approached him, and asked politely :

“Are you Mr. Eccles Robinson?”

Mr. Robinson felt as if some one had shaken him. It was the first time in many a long day that he had been kindly spoken to ; the first time in years he was addressed as “Mr.”

“Yes ; I am Eccles Robinson,” he said shortly, more to hide his feelings than anything else.

“I want you to come to my meetings,” the gentleman said kindly ; “I am Francis Murphy. Will you come?”

“No.”

“But I want you to come. It will do you good, and you will like it. Wouldn’t you like to be as you were before you commenced drinking?”

“Yes ; I would.” And something rose up in the breast of Eccles Robinson, and dimmed his eyes. His conscience awoke. A few kind words had done the work. Ah, a gentle word is a powerful thing when used to those who have been strangers to it ! It was seldom that Eccles Robinson was spoken to thus. “You will be restored to your manhood,” said Mr. Murphy earnestly ; “and all will be well with you if you only sign my pledge. Come to me to-night?”

The promise was given. That evening Mr. Murphy looked for his friend in the hall, and found him. Never had he flung so much fervor in his work as he did that night. Eccles Robinson was aroused, amazed ; and realized his present position. He plainly saw what frightful risks he ran, and what an awful end awaited him. He signed the pledge. As he did so Mr. Murphy stooped down, held out his hand, and said :

“I want you to come up here beside me.” The new convert went on the stage. “I want you to tell the people your experience,” he said. The convert looked at the sea of faces, and shrank back frightened and embarrassed. He could not do it. “Then kneel down, and pray to God to help you keep your pledge.” “I can’t.” “Don’t

you want to keep it?" "Yes." "Well, then, pray." Eccles Robinson had not said a prayer for a number of years. The time when he used to kneel and pray to God seemed as some strange dream. He knelt down; and with wildly throbbing heart, before that immense crowd of people, begged the Heavenly assistance and protection. It was a simple little prayer. The audience was so hushed you could almost count your heart-beats. From that never-to-be-forgotten night the desire for intoxicating drink left him; and Eccles Robinson was a saved man—snatched from the road of sin to walk along the way of right and truth, to save and redeem others from a dreadful end. He entered so completely into the warm affection of the Elmirans that before he left them for other fields of usefulness they agreed to tender him a benefit. He had not been paid for his work among them; it had been purely a matter of duty and love.

The occasion was a most interesting one. A great crowd greeted him; many felicitous speeches were made; and it was altogether a most joyous and delightful evening. He was presented, among other "good" things, with a very elegant gold cross—an appropriate gift, as he had taken it up and was walking under its gracious load straight towards the golden gates of heaven. "May the richest blessings of God rest upon Eccles Robinson," is the prayer to-day of the people of Elmira.

The temperance wave reached Utica, N. Y., and swept over it with grand results, as the following article graphically shows:

"The temperance tidal wave has reached Utica. This is evident to every one who has noticed the crowd attending the temperance lectures at Mechanics' Hall nightly, and the blue ribbons worn upon the street. Saturday evening another large meeting was held at Mechanics' Hall. Prof. Evans spoke to workingmen especially, his subject being "Saturday Night." He dwelt particularly on the folly shown by many in working hard all the week, and spending the fruit of their labor in drink in a few short hours on Saturday night. The good results of signing the pledge and turning the week's earnings

into their proper channel were also shown. After the address about one hundred signatures to the temperance pledge were obtained.

“The temperance meeting at the Opera House, yesterday afternoon, was a source of surprise to everybody. It had been announced to begin at 3:30 P. M., but at that time every seat in the house was filled, all standing room in the aisles and around the side of the room, both on the lower floor and gallery, was occupied, while a large number found seats on the stage. From 3:30 to 4 P. M., hundreds of people came to the hall, only to be turned away for want of room. Over two thousand persons were present. Revs. L. D. White, R. G. Jones, Rev. Dr. P. H. Fowler and Captain L. Moore, of Utica, and Rev. J. H. Lamb, of Madison, occupied seats on the stage. The meeting was opened with singing and brief remarks by Rev. L. D. White. Prof. Evans read the parable of the prodigal son, putting an earnestness seldom heard into his words. He then proceeded to speak on the subject, dwelling especially on the sin of drunkenness. His mission, he said, was to try and arouse a sentiment that shall bring prodigals to themselves and home. He explained the parable of the prodigal son, in simple yet earnest, and often beautiful language, applying the lesson at different points to those who act the same part to-day. The base ingratitude of the prodigal was shown by a picture of a young man leaving home, depicted in well-chosen words, showing the depth of filial affection. The downfall of a young man living a fast life was also vividly portrayed. The prodigal of old, after his fall, would fain fill himself with the husks the swine did eat. The prodigal to-day having spent his money in riotous living, his friends cut him, and he waits around on the outside of the crowd to be asked to drink. He is also after husks. When his money is gone he is told he may sweep out the saloon for his drink; he has become a swineherd. The prodigal of old was too noble to steal, too manly to beg, and had sense enough to realize his position and resolve to go back to his father's house and make the best of it. The

father's anxiety over his absence and joy at his return were forcibly presented in words and gestures. Like the brother who was angered at the reception given to the prodigal, there are many to-day, who, if they cannot be at the head of a project when invited to participate, turn and say, 'I won't.' Oh, for a time when we can forget sectional differences! 'We ask you all, irrespective of creed or belief, to join this movement. We desire the co-operation of the churches to bring those who are without into the fold. It is a glorious work for humanity. Every man who is saved begins to live aright. He pays his debts and his money goes into proper channels. Every man who is reformed, is saved for the community and church as well as for himself. Give us your hand, your heart and your voice to aid in this movement. The work will have to be taken up and carried forward in a systematic manner. It is my prayer that the work may go forward until every man in the city shall stand on a higher plane than he did before.'

"James G. Clark sang one of his songs, and in response to an encore sang 'Ninety and Nine.'

"Rev. L. D. White then spoke in relation to the continuance of the meetings. He said that in obedience to public sentiment, meetings would be held in the Opera House every evening this week, with the exception of Wednesday, when the house will be otherwise occupied. The meetings have been inaugurated on the conviction that there is a sentiment, will and money in the community to carry them on.

"Mr. Clark sang a temperance song, 'Dare to Say No,' which was enthusiastically applauded.

"Those desiring to do so were invited to come and sign the pledge, and 250 responded to the invitation, making 350 signatures obtained in two days.

"There will be a temperance prayer-meeting at the Opera House, between 12 and 1 P. M., to-day. Entrance, for this session only, will be through the Washington street stairway. The movement is increasing in popularity from day to day."

William M. Evans was the main worker of the Utica tem

perance movement. Sent here from the headquarters he worked nobly ; but we will let the gentleman himself give the kind reader an idea of his success in a letter of his to the *Pittsburgh Temperance Ensign* :

“UTICA, N. Y.

“*Editor Ensign* :—I have been here now six weeks to-night, and have secured over 6,000 signers. The enthusiasm is intense. Some nights I have been compelled to attend three meetings, being driven from one to another, and people following. I expect to organize a central union and four or five auxiliaries during the coming week, and intend to keep the fires burning over the holidays, when I shall have to leave the unions to take care of themselves. I have engagements to lecture in Dunkirk, Titusville, and many places in New York. I may be with you for one night. I had a grand benefit on Wednesday night, over 1,100 people being present. I had splendid floral offerings. I am getting invitations for next winter’s lecture course. John B. Gough voluntarily indorsed me here and at Rome, and the lecture committee have told me I must take his place next season, as he will be in Europe. I have my lectures under preparation. I am writing this after having spoken one hour and secured over 200 signers. To-morrow evening I shall have an audience of over 2,000 in the Opera House, and I shall present the claims of the Union. I am pleased to read your paper’s goodly news of temperance, and hope the good cause will steadily go on until our land shall be free from the curse of alcohol. WM. MASON EVANS.”

We take pleasure in placing the following very interesting account before our readers as it graphically tells of the glorious work in the city of Utica, and gives a faithful idea of the reception the people gave the cause. We print these fresh and living photographs of the grand effects of the Murphy reform, because, written on the spot, they are instinct with the feeling and atmosphere, which transfigured society into something brighter and better, and paint with more glowing color, than could any *resume* of ours, the strength and depth of the

impulse that shook all classes to the center. The *Utica Herald* contained a sketch of a "Thanksgiving," as sweet and touching, almost, in its simple realism, as one of Charles Dickens' exquisite Christmas stories :

"Yesterday was a Thanksgiving to be long remembered by many in Utica. It was cold, rainy, snowy and cheerless without, but within door innumerable happy events occurred. The attendance at the churches was much larger than usual and the sermons were quite interesting.

"Thanks to the happy thought of Prof. Evans, the indefatigable efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and the Utica Reform Club, and aided by the generosity of citizens generally, nearly two thousand poor men, women and children enjoyed as hearty a Thanksgiving dinner as they could possibly desire. The Blue-ribbon Brigade, smiling and happy, with their young lady friends, joined hearts and hands with the members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at an early hour, yesterday morning. Soon after the vast assembly room in the Carton Block was besieged with big-hearted men, women and children bearing baskets full of everything good to eat ; from turkeys and tarts down to pies, pickles and pippins. They came from the homes of the wealthy and the cottages of the mechanics and laborers ; and out of the scanty stores of many a poor wife, widow and sewing girl, were carried humble gifts that would outweigh the product dollars of the rich in the scale of genuine charity. They were heart tributes of gratitude to the glorious cause of temperance reform, which has lifted great burdens of sorrow and grief from their homes by the reformation of heretofore unfortunate husbands, sons or brothers ; men who were down in the mire last Thanksgiving, with no certainty of getting a dinner for themselves and careless whether their families ate or starved, joined the throng and added their gifts to the bountiful feast prepared for others less fortunate. The amount and variety of the delicacies and substantials that were piled up in the east end of Carton Hall was really surprising. Three

tables were set nearly the whole length of the hall, and in the east end were stationed a corps of skillful amateur carvers and busy ladies, who labored only as kind-hearted men and women can labor in a good cause. It is impossible and useless to give the bill of fare—suffice to say that no first-class hotel in Utica or elsewhere gave its guests a better or more palatable dinner.

“A reporter of the *Herald* dropped into the hall at 1 o'clock P. M., one hour before the time announced for the feast, but—dinner was ready. Such a sight has never before been seen in Utica. It was one that would warm the heart of a miser, and compel even the rumseller to throw up his hat and bid God speed to the temperance reform workers. It was a practical demonstration of the fact that temperance reform means good to all—warm clothing over light hearts and good dinners to take the wrinkles out of lean and hungry stomachs.

“The grown people, white and black, old men and women, residents and strangers, red-nosed bottle tipplers and pale poverty-stricken people, ate only as hungry people can eat when they have plenty, but the fun came in where the boys and girls were. Boot-blacks, newsboys, peanut peddlers, street Arabs of every nationality, color and creed had a harvest. Shivering, half clad, bare-footed, sorrel-topped, wan, pale, thin, cadaverous, pinched, sunken-cheeked, half-starved boys and girls reveled in turkey, goose, duck, cranberry sauce, mince pies, cake, doughnuts, puddings, apples, oranges, coffee, tea, milk, and water till they nearly burst. The kind matrons, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed young ladies, and jovial members of the Reform Club followed Bob Ingersoll's rule—just for once—and let the gamins commence their dinner with pie, or finish it with turkey or chicken, just as they pleased. They were not restricted in any way, and to their credit be it said, they behaved one hundred per cent. better than the average attendants at ‘opening nights,’ or lunch fiends in a bar-room. How they did eat! And how it pleased the smiling spectators to see the urchins cram. One Arab with a patch on his nose and radiant in a summer duster, half a shirt and two-

thirds of a pair of pantaloons, covered a piece of mince pie with one dirty hand, and a lump of pound cake with the other, while he was grinding the brown meat on the drum of a turkey with his teeth. A busier or more interested lad was never seen. Then when he began to wrestle with the pie there was fun. After making two goodly-sized half-moon indications in the side, his appetite gave out. He picked up four big fat raisins, the left hand bearing the pie dropped involuntarily to the table, the lad leaned back in the chair and a deathly pallor spread over his face. That boy had evidently eaten too much, or as they say down South, he had 'bitten off more than he could chew!' Prof. Evans and his good wife, Mrs. Northrup, President of the Woman's Union, President Latimore of the Reform Club, and their coadjutors were ubiquitous. The work went on from noon until dark. At least 2,000 were fed, and hundreds of baskets full of good provisions were sent out to worthy people, the sick poor, who could not come. What is left will be distributed from the Court street Home around the city by the ladies to-day.

"Expert writers were kept busy filling up pledges and nimble fingers pinned blue ribbons on to 400 persons yesterday. Don't ask—'How many of them will keep it?' but follow suit and do what you can to help the weak to stand by their pledges and be true to their manhood.

"'Did you have a good dinner?' inquired a *Herald* reporter of three wee Arabs who sat on a pile of lumber by the new station-house. 'Have a good dinner?' they replied. 'Guess we did have a bully dinner, but we're so sick!' They need not have told this, for their pale faces showed it, and their unbuttoned jackets proved that the pitcher had gone to the well too often. In spite of being sick, they were eager in their chase for the stump of a discarded cigar. It didn't hurt them to get sick as long as they had one good square Thanksgiving dinner. They may go hungry to-day, but they had a 'bully dinner' (inelegant but full of meaning to the boys) yesterday.

That is what about everybody said who enjoyed yesterday's

good work. Not one-tenth of our practical Christians enjoyed the experiment of yesterday. Some thought there wouldn't be anything to eat, and others that there would be no one to eat what they did have. Now that Prof. Evans and the temperance ladies have opened the ball, let it be kept rolling and end up with another old-fashioned Christmas dinner for the poor. Some who were not poor ate at Carton Hall yesterday, but many of the hardest workers among the men and women were so anxious to help others that they forgot to eat their own dinners, and that equalized things. 'Let scallawags eat, if they wish,' said Professor Evans, 'as long as the worthy and hungry have enough.'"

The Hornellsville *Times* said :

"The blue-ribbon cure is better than blue glass. It removes pain from the heart, dizziness from the head, splinters from the eyes and straightens the hair. Not only this, but it is a specific for melancholy and brooding diseases of the mind, afflicting whole families.

"At Olean, the daughter of a man who signed the pledge and put on the blue ribbon, went dancing along the street saying to every one she met, 'Oh, I'm so glad, so glad, I don't know what to do. My father has signed the pledge, and mother's glad, and I am so glad ! Now we are just as good as anybody, and so is my father, too. Oh, goody, goody !' and she danced along the street telling the good news to every schoolmate that her sick father had been cured of a loathsome disease. And here in Hornellsville last Saturday night a husband and father clothed in his right mind for the first time in many years, went to one of our stores with money in his pocket, and bought stockings for his children and other articles for himself and wife. It was the blue ribbon that did it. It was the blue-ribbon cure."

This touching epistle appeared in the *Oneida Dispatch*, N. Y. :

"Dear Friends :—I have thought as I sat and listened to the various statements and appeals which have been made at

these meetings, that too little has been said in regard to that kind of dissipation styled 'moderate drinking.'

"I have often heard men say, 'Oh! I am not a drunkard; I take a glass now and then, but I don't get drunk.' It seems to me that there lies a peculiar danger. It is as if one should venture in a frail boat among the rapids, just above the mighty cataract of Niagara, and shutting their eyes and ears to the grand spectacle and the deafening roar should say as the little boat neared the fearful precipice 'I am not in danger! I am only taking a row on the river! I shall not go over!'

"Oh! my friends! not more surely will that little boat with its living freight go down to a dreadful death than will the moderate drinker become eventually a drunkard, blight his home, break the hearts of his friends and wreck the promise of his early manhood.

"Among all the accounts related here, I have heard but little of the sorrows of the wives of moderate drinkers; and since it has been my unfortunate lot to be one of these, I have felt it my duty to give you a brief sketch of my life.

"I have always kept my trouble to myself, confiding in none but God.

"When I was married, there was no happier and prouder bride, and there never was a better and kinder husband than mine until he began to drink; and now I have nothing to complain of when he is not under the influence of liquor.

"But how can I tell you the sorrow and agony I have felt to see my dear husband trail his manhood in the dust, come home to me in the small hours of the morning—drunk!

"How many such vigils as mine are kept? How many weeping wives have 'watched the stars out,' waiting in an agony of fear, to hear the unsteady step, and senseless speech, of the man who she vowed to love and honor. Ah, me! were women not as true and faithful as they are, how would love and honor pale and die as the wife—heart-broken and ashamed—looks for the first time on her beloved husband—drunk!

"Oh, moderate drinker! taking 'only a glass now and then,'

pause now—set down the glass untasted—go and get a blue ribbon and go home to your wife and children a manly man—one from which they shall not shrink in fear and disgust.

“Every week the papers are filled with the heartrending details of wives and children beaten cruelly, or murdered in a drunken fury, by men who, doubtless, once took ‘only a glass now and then.’

“The first glass ! to what does it not lead ? Another, and another ! and the hard earned dollars melt like the snowflake ! Then in his desperation, seeing his family’s distress and suffering, the unhappy man resorts to the gaming table ! He loses ! and drinks to drown his disappointment, and the paling morning star sees him rolling home to find perhaps a child, a wife dying or dead !

“I am sure my husband did not mean to drink again when he knelt one night, with sobs and tears, beside our dying child, but the tempter was too powerful, and again he fell, and the night watches have been repeated while my aching heart was well nigh broken.

“But now—thanks to those noble men, Messrs. McCurry and McMaster, who have striven so earnestly and well to rescue and raise the fallen ; and thanks to God for putting it in their hearts to come to Oneida—my dear husband wears the ‘blue ribbon,’ and I ask the prayers of all in our behalf, that he may be steadfast, and not yield again to the accursed tempter.

“I have always worked hard, and am neither afraid nor ashamed. My husband would tell you I have been a good wife and a helper, and now my one wish and desire is to keep our happy home unsullied, and to go down the hill of life hand-in-hand together, and when death comes, trusting in God’s mercy, we may go together to meet our darling child.

“I pray God to give my husband, and all like him (and there have been only too many of these in Oneida), to give him strength to keep the pledge for the rest of his life.

“And if this brief sketch shall open the eyes of anyone

who takes 'only a glass now and then,' to the insidious danger lurking in that, and lead him to stop *now*, and don the 'blue ribbon' *to-night*, I shall have my reward.

"May God grant it, is the heartfelt prayer of

"ONE OF THE WIVES."

So the good work went on without any abatement through Southern New York, each town of any importance feeling in some degree the force of the movement which was sweeping through the country. It is stated in rough estimate that at least a hundred thousand people throughout these southern counties of the Empire State became reformed. The charge so often made that only a small number of the Murphy converts "stick" is false and malignant. On excellent authority it is claimed that a fair proportion of two-thirds remain true to the solemn pledges taken. Before following Francis Murphy to other sections of the field, we give our readers a speech made by the great reformer before a religious convention in Western New York.

Saturday, August 4, 1877, was the opening day of the fourth annual session of the Chatauqua Assembly. The beautiful groves were thronged with delighted visitors, all of whom were very curious and anxious to attend the lecture by Francis Murphy, the great apostle of temperance. In the afternoon Eccles Robinson, who had so suddenly done such great work in Elmira, was introduced, and delivered an interesting account of his life.

The Rev. Mr. Mead, of Hornellsville, N. Y., followed him with a graphic narrative of the movement in the southern tier of counties in his State.

Francis Murphy was then introduced by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, and received a grand welcome. After the deafening applause had died away, he advanced and said :

"Mr. President and Friends : I hope and trust that, as I shall try to speak to you this afternoon, I shall have your prayers and sympathy, that God's blessing may rest upon us, and that all I shall say this afternoon may be directed to God's

holy spirit. For if God be with us, who can be against us? It has been a good day for me, and I am glad that I came here and have had the pleasure of hearing of the world's Redeemer. That One, of whom we heard to-day, by the sweet influence of His holy spirit came to me and took the scales from my eyes and opened the prison-house of bondage; and through the name of Christ I am permitted to stand before you, saved by His grace, and I trust not only reformed, but transformed by the renewing of the mind, and that by-and-by I may be able to prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God concerning me. You have heard from the lips of this young man to-day how he was rescued. Brother Eccles Robinson and you will excuse me whilst I say a word respecting him. I have had the good fortune of meeting him, and I wish to say in the presence of this vast multitude that the boy seems to have been a greater blessing to me than I have been to him. I wish to say to you, that if any of you are getting great wealth on account of a sober life, on account of some kind act some person may have done you, I believe to-day I am getting the greatest joy of any of you, in the fact that I saw this young man standing up and saved by the grace of God; and he has a happy wife and family in the city of Elmira, and another happy family in Pittsburgh, where he has a loyal and Christian mother who has hoped for the reformation of her boy. She has other boys who are not yet saved, and I will ask your prayers for them to-day, that God may reach them, and that her heart may be made happy in the complete salvation of all her children. He squandered a fortune of some seventy thousand dollars, and paid particular attention to getting rid of it, as lots of young men do who never knew how they get money, only their fathers gave it to them, and they do not know the value of it, and consequently they go to work and spend it. And I think sometimes when God's people need some money to carry on their work that you people who are buying United States bonds, and extending your broad acres, if you please, and constantly spending your

money in that way, instead of giving it to God's people, to build a fence around your boys to keep them from going to destruction—that you will be sorry by-and-by that you didn't do it. Remember that all you have got to-day belongs to Him, and by-and-by you will have to give it all up, and I hope and trust you will feel when God calls you that you have been a faithful steward and have done your duty. Excuse me for this reference, because the work we are engaged in is the temperance reform. But it almost breaks my heart when I see some of God's ministers—noble men—who have become almost superannuated, so to speak; who have worked all the days of their lives for their people, giving themselves away, and almost starving themselves, and right under the eaves of his house is the palatial residence of a man who says he is a brother, but simply in name, not in practice. May God help us to open our hearts to God's poor. This is not temperance, but I am not to be trusted on this subject. I did not tell you I was an Irishman, and you know that an Irishman is always permitted to speak until he is understood.

“I will talk to you this afternoon a little while on the subject of gospel temperance. My good brother who introduced me, Dr. Vincent, whose name is familiar to all the good people in this country, bringing us into closer relations with God and each other, has announced it as the new temperance movement. I say to you that I will call it a leaf from real life, and if there are men who drink or sell intoxicating liquors here I have no quarrel with you, not a word. I came here to-day with that blessed motto of Abraham Lincoln, ‘With Malice towards none, with Charity for all,’ and hence it is, I believe, safe for us to leave our hearts in the hands of God and permit Him to do something for us, so that if words offensive shall pass from my lips, on my part they are not intended. Real life always furnishes stranger stories than romance ever dreamed of, and the truth is always more startling than fiction. On April 24, 1836, I was born in the village of Turgot, county Wexford, in the eastern part of Ireland, three thousand miles across the

Atlantic ocean, in a humble little thatched cottage, situated upon a beautiful mound of land overlooking the sea ; and although separated from that humble home for more than twenty years, by a distance of thousands of miles, yet in imagination I can see it as it was, and sometimes memory will take wings and fly to the humble cottage home and with rapturous delight feed upon boyhood's days. Well do I remember, when a youth, kneeling with my mother in silent prayer and asking God to watch over my helpless infancy, and keep my riper years in the way of peace. The front garden was filled with choicest flowers, planted by my own hands, making the air fragrant with their richest perfume ; the sloping hills kissed by the rays of the morning sun, whilst the grand old ocean rolled at the foot of the hill singing its ceaseless hymn of praise to Him who bids a thousand fleets sweep over it and write no furrow on its ever youthful brow. I have stood in the little cottage door and looked out on its bright, green, throbbing bosom, over which the vessels passed and repassed with their white, silken sails, bearing their precious freight to the land of the free and the home of the brave. I had read of this new world, its golden mines and silver lakes, and longed for the time to come when I, too, could sail for this free land. But it seemed to me like hoping against fate. We were poor and had to struggle against poverty and drive it out of the house the best we could. I do not know that you are afflicted with the disease in this charming locality, but we were particularly afflicted with poverty in the little house 'beyond the say.' I remember at the time of the golden harvest, of coming in at night and lying down with the grain we had gathered, and at noontime we pushed away the little furniture and threshed out the barley, and in this way your speaker first commenced to make a living. If there is a besetting sin in this country to-day, one that is undermining the soul of honor, it is because young men have become ashamed of honest labor ; and allow me to say to you, young man, who have taken your stand upon the world's broad field of

battle, never be ashamed of honest labor, and whatever thy hand findeth to do, that is honorable, do it with all thy might, and the blessing of him who hath made us in the express image of himself will crown your efforts with success. Then if there is a man in this congregation to-day who is in the darkness of despair and who is walking in the valley of humiliation, that the iron hand of poverty has got a close hold upon—ah, there is hope for you, my brother. You can buy your release from this tyrant if you are willing, by the grace of God assisting you, to take the hand of honest labor and let it lead you. It is the golden highway of honor to-day that is cast up for the ransom of his people. I care not whether it is the tinker, the tailor, the mechanic or the man who studies in the office, the only way to honor, to true manhood, is by the golden way of honest toil. Then, my dear brother, take heart, do not be discouraged, let us go up and possess the land. But, you say, there are difficulties in the way, there are boulders to be removed, yes, and mountains to be cast into the sea ; but what of it ? blessed be God, this divine, this kingly, this immortal spirit that beats and longs for freedom and noble life, shall give them power to remove the boulders. Excelsior ! thou kingly spirit ! Come on, men ! let's go up into this land, where it is crowned with the eternal sun, and stand with the best and truest, with our life of deathless honor won from honest labor.

“After years of persevering toil, wealth came, and after wealth came, fashion was introduced. I trust you are not afflicted with this yourselves, but I have no time to talk to you about fashions ; but let me say just a word, and I say it to my children, have the manly courage to live within your means. This is the secret of virtuous manhood. Don't barter away your honor ; don't do it for a suit of clothes ; don't pawn your word. Be free. Be a man and breathe God's pure air. Carry a heart true and loyal within your breast ; that if it is turned inside out there is no stain upon it, and you are a man as noble as walks the earth. Public opinion mother would

eater to ; and for weeks previous to the arrival of company, she would be in the pantry preparing her pies and cakes ; and the table might be ever so well laden, unless the liquor be placed upon it it would not be acceptable. In my country, when a boy, I was not admitted to the social circle. But I notice in this country that Bobbin's chair is brought to the head of the table, and all the company are introduced to Bobbin : but in my country all the youngsters are huddled together out in the kitchen, and this part of the entertainment I didn't like very well, for I was one of the boys who subsisted largely on what I ate, and was passionately fond of hearing what was going on, and I was pleased to see what pains mother took. And it was in this little tidy kitchen our food was prepared, and the little white Irish linen cloth, whiter than snow, was put on the table ; and white China tea dishes, with gold edges around them, kept in the closet but for these special occasions, and if you touched them they would sing like a bird. I could see the frosted cake where the knife had cut through it, and see the great nice raisins, and it was not on account of any goodness in me that I didn't pick them out. Mother would call me into the other room and say : 'Come here, my boy, be a good boy, and keep perfectly still out in the kitchen.' 'Ho, dear, oh, dear.' 'Stop your noise and go into the kitchen.' 'Oh, dear, oh, dear.' There was no alternative but into the kitchen, with the tears running down my cheeks. I longed for the time to be a man and eat with the rest of the people. I was peeping through the door when one of the company beckoned to me and I crept in, and he put his arms around me as I stood by him, little codger as I was. They had got through eating and had commenced to drink their toddy. My friend had a glass in his hand, put sugar in it and diluted the liquor and passed it into my little hand ; and I remember standing by his side and sipping it, and I remember the first flash of intoxication that passed through my system. It was at home, in the social circle, in the little house I have described, that your speaker first learned to drink intoxicating

liquor, and where the seeds of intemperance were first sown, and I believe my mother loved me as well as any of you parents love your children. Let me beseech you, for your children's sake, to remove this evil from your house and give them the benefit of a life of total abstinence. It is one of the grandest gifts you can give to your children to-day.

"I wish I had the power to tell you how I longed to see this blessed country, where all men stand free and equal. When I told mother I meant to come I remember how the big tears stood in her eyes. And well I remember, too, her packing up my little trunk, and the tears would drop on the articles as she placed them there."

Mr. Murphy affectingly described his parting, the voyage to America, and his experience until his conversion in the jail at Portland. He concluded his address with one of his wonderful bursts of eloquence, amidst the loud and continued applause of the large audience.

CHAPTER VII.

FRANCIS MURPHY AMONG THE TROJANS.—ANOTHER GRAND SEASON OF TEMPERANCE REFORM AND REVIVAL.—FORTY THOUSAND PLEDGE-TAKERS IN TWO MONTHS.—STRIKING PHASES OF THE CAMPAIGN AT TROY.

THE next remarkable campaign of the temperance reformer was at Troy, N. Y., one of the largest manufacturing centers of the Empire State. His advent was looked forward to for weeks in advance with the greatest curiosity; and a fever of interest and expectation excited over the man, who will probably be known as the greatest temperance revivalist since the death of Father Matthew. Preparations were made for the coming event, and every step taken by the influential and reputable citizens to make the season rich in faithfulness. The newspapers, especially, interested themselves deeply in the matter, and when Murphy arrived, he found the field splendidly prepared for the sowing of the seed. So strong was the public feeling that the Common Council proffered the reformer the use of the large audience room in the City Hall for the inaugural meeting. His novel methods and peculiarly original and effective plan of attacking the sodden heart and conscience of the drunkard were the themes of general discussion, and as several interviews with Murphy by the newspaper reporters had been published, the public mind was well enlightened as to the plan of battle, which the great temperance general was to inaugurate. In one of these interviews Mr. Murphy said:

“This cause, I wish you to distinctly understand, is neither political nor sectarian. It is for the Roman Catholic as well

as the Protestant, and we can all shake hands together over the success of the movement.

“My motto is ‘with Malice toward none, with Charity for all,’ and I distinctly adhere to it upon all occasions. I make no tirade against liquor sellers; there are some good men in the business, but they cannot be driven out by abuse. I am convinced that the only true method of total abstinence is to prevail upon men to stop drinking, and then the other men will cease selling, as there will be no demand for their whisky. There can be no reduction in the sale of intoxicating drink so long as men continue to use it. Therefore, my idea is to persuade men to abstain, for you can have no stronger sentiment in the community than that in the real life of the people.

“You may legislate to any extent concerning the closing of saloons, but you do not reach the hearts of the people. You must prevail upon a man to stop drinking and turn his attention to his home, and instead of spending his money in a grog-shop, induce him to carry it home to his wife and children.”

Mr. Murphy expresses his doubt of the efficacy of legislation in securing the reform of men addicted to spirituous drink and confirmed inebriates. Kind words, gentleness and warm-hearted sympathy he thinks will accomplish a great deal more. He said in conversation, “I believe that kindness will go a great way in saving these men. They are too much neglected now and passed by as though outcasts from society. And yet these very men, if they could only receive a kind word and some little attention, if they received treatment of that kind, I believe in my heart that nearly all could be saved. My experience in this movement has convinced me of that fact, for in my own life it was kindness that saved me.”

The two men selected by Murphy, in accordance with his method of work, to assist him, were Eccles Robinson, who had carried on the Elmira work, and Col. Luther Caldwell, one of the notable converts of that work. Of the former, the reader has already had a sketch. The latter-named gentleman, who had been quite prominent, both in social and public life, in his

region, is worthy of some special description, before we proceed further with the Murphy crusade in Troy, as he was a most powerful and enthusiastic assistant in the work accomplished.

The striking fact is that Col. Caldwell, formerly proprietor of the Rathbun House, Elmira, signed the pledge through the instrumentality of the young man, Eccles Robinson, sold the hotel, and has become one of Mr. Murphy's most devoted assistants. Col. Caldwell was a man of no little prominence in central and western New York; 'was proprietor of the *Elmira Advertiser*; for two consecutive sessions clerk of the assembly, secretary of the State constitutional convention, and some four years ago was elected mayor of the city of Elmira, proving to be a very popular chief magistrate. He is a fervent, earnest man, and possessed of a strong, clear voice, which has always given him a famous reputation as a reader.

He ascribed his conversion to the fact that his wife interested herself in the movement, and in that way his thought and attention were attracted. One Sunday afternoon he attended a meeting in the Opera House in Elmira, in company with his wife, and before he left the building, he became an enthusiastic convert to the cause of temperance.

On Monday, the following day, he received an invitation to deliver an address in the village of Corning. He hesitated, doubting his ability to speak upon the subject of temperance, but finally accepted the offer, and in his *début* is said to have made a great impression upon all of his hearers, and accomplished much good. His time after that was occupied to such an extent with the work he had entered upon, that he finally sold out his interest in the hotel, and has since devoted himself exclusively to the movement he joined. Mr. Murphy pronounces him an able and eloquent orator.

Col. Caldwell declared that previous to his conversion he had been bitterly opposed to the cause of temperance, on account of the severe denunciations and terrific tirades all reformers had indulged in towards those who had connection

in any way whatever with the liquor business. Out of curiosity to hear what the young man, Mr. Robinson, had to say upon the then much agitated subject in Elmira, and whose motto he learned was "Malice towards none, Charity for all," in appealing to audiences, Col. Caldwell decided to attend the meeting, with the above-mentioned result.

The impulse which led to Mr. Murphy's being called to Troy was purely of a religious character. The ministerial association appointed a committee, of which Rev. Dr. Baldwin was chairman, for the purpose of negotiating with Mr. Murphy, and preparing the way for his labors, with what results we have already indicated. The heartiness with which the city government and the general public co-operated, left no doubt as to the success of the plan. Mr. Murphy arrived at Troy on Saturday night, Nov. 10, 1877. Before commencing his labors, he took a couple of days for rest, of which he stood in great need. On Sunday night, Dr. Baldwin introduced him to the congregation of the Third Street Baptist Church, whom he addressed in a few earnest and telling remarks, concluding with a fervent prayer to the Almighty, that his labors might be blessed in their city. Before giving a connected account of the Troy work, Mr. Murphy's views and feelings, as expressed in a conversation with a local journalist, will be of decided interest, and we quote the more important parts of the interview :

"I tell you, my friend," he remarked, "I have gone into this blessed field body and soul, and I am going to stick to it, sink or swim. You may not be sanguine of the success of the great movement here, but I am morally certain that unexpected results will crown our labors in this city."

"What are your impressions of Troy, Mr. Murphy?"

"I am favorably impressed with your city, and feel satisfied in my own mind that an opportunity is offered here for me to do great good, and that too many of your citizens are slaves to the habit of drink. I do not believe in having the love of God as a respecter of persons, but consider one man is no

better than another any further than his conduct justifies. It is utterly impossible to separate the poor from the rich, or the ignorant from the intelligent. Our interests are mutually bound up together ; therefore it is the duty of all to do what they can, consistently with their convictions of right, to emancipate mankind from the slavery of spirituous liquors."

"How do you propose to inaugurate your movement here?"

"By a public address, in which I shall appeal to the honor, intelligence, integrity and love of truth and justice. The pledge will be offered upon that occasion, but it is not my wish to have anybody subscribe his name to the obligation unless he feels it his duty to do so. Afterwards noonday prayer-meetings will be held for the purpose of asking the blessing of God upon our united efforts to reclaim men from the power of intoxicating drink, and then I can have a personal interview with these individuals, take them by the hand, look into their faces and give such counsel as I think they stand in need of. The work is truly one of love and kindness, and our motto is, 'Malice toward none, and Charity for all.' There is no denunciation of liquor dealers ; if men will stop buying, the sale will cease. Drinking is a voluntary act ; if men drink they certainly have the right to cease doing so. But to accomplish this end and overcome the pernicious appetite, divine help is needed."

"How do you propose, Mr. Murphy, to carry out your work and make it permanent after it is once fairly established?"

"I firmly believe that every man has religious convictions ; that he is friendly to some religious society in the city in which he lives ; that it is a duty which he owes to himself and his family to become connected with a religious body in order to encircle himself, after he has resolved upon a reform, with restraints and influences which will tend to assist him in maintaining his word of honor. I think we should establish reading-rooms in different sections of the city, and supply them with the daily papers, scientific and mechanical journals, the leading monthlies and periodicals, where the workingmen can

assemble, read the current news and spend an evening profitably to themselves and to their vocations. I would connect with each of these reading-rooms a post-office where young mechanics and others may have their letters and postal matter mailed to them, in that way inducing an attendance and popularizing the 'walks of temperance.'"

"I should like to ask you a question, Mr. Murphy, which would naturally interest the readers of the *Times*. Will the movement be connected with any church organization in the city?"

"Decidedly, none whatever. It is thoroughly Christian in its spirit, and all may co-operate with us as our platform is broad. It is neither sectarian nor political, but Christian and humanitarian, and a purely temperance movement conducted on Christian principles."

"Still, do you think a religious movement inseparable from temperance reform?"

"I do, because the moment a man becomes sober he commences living better by providing for his family, beautifying his home, educating his children, and experiences a more sincere love for truth. Religion, to my mind, really consists in living well. Our temperance movement will have in it all the elements that enrich and ennoble human life."

"How long do you propose to remain in Troy?"

"I have no definite knowledge of the length of time, but will probably remain here as long as I feel I can accomplish good."

"What remuneration are you to receive for your services in Troy?"

"There is no stated sum; it is left with a committee of citizens to pay me what they may see fit after I have completed my labors here, and however small the amount, I assure you I shall not grumble."

"Do you expect to enlist Christian women of our city in your enterprise, Mr. Murphy?"

"Certainly I do."

"How do you desire them to assist you?"

"I trust they will form a commission with their headquarters at some point in close proximity to the hall where the meetings are held, and that they will provide sandwiches for the hungry and furnish such clothing as the unfortunate poor are in great need of."

"Do you expect immediate abstinence from the confirmed inebriate?"

"No, sir. That man needs to be nursed, to be treated medically, and receive good food in order to prepare him for the great change which he must necessarily undergo before he can be fairly established in the paths of temperance."

"Is there any foundation, Mr. Murphy, in the statement that has been widely circulated by the press throughout the country, to the effect that you have insisted upon the payment of \$200 for each night you have lectured?"

"The assertion is conspicuously false in every respect. I have never asked or demanded pay for services I have rendered. Very flattering inducements have been frequently offered me to travel through the country as a lecturer, but my sense of right would not permit me to accept such offers. You will admit yourself that the moment I enlist my labors in a movement for which I receive a certain fixed price, my work as a reformer ceases. With the view of assisting me in my straitened circumstances, the executive committee of the National Christian Temperance Association made a series of engagements for me in western cities, with the understanding that I was to be paid \$200 a night, but they were all canceled by me, contrary to the wishes of the committee, for fear that it would hurt the cause to which I was so devoted."

"What has been your success in large cities?"

"In Pittsburgh and Alleghany City we succeeded in three months in obtaining 95,000 signatures to the pledge, and I am informed that during the past year not one per cent. has fallen off. In Philadelphia 110,000 people signed the pledge during my stay there. Do not be discouraged, bright times are coming for Troy, and I am convinced they are not far off."

“What do you think of Father Mathew as a reformer?”

“I think he was the greatest benefactor that God ever gave to Ireland. I have met with many of my countrymen who signed the pledge with Father Mathew, and who have faithfully kept it, and as a result, they have paid for their homes, educated their children, and are now honored and respected citizens.”

“What are your impressions of John B. Gough?”

“He is second to none as a reformer. He is one who has always yielded obedience to the subject as God has given him to see it. He is not jealous or envious—he is too great in himself to be jealous of any man.”

Francis Murphy's initial meeting in Troy was a most remarkable one. The audience room of the City Hall was crowded to an uncomfortable degree; and it was estimated fully 1,000 persons were utterly unable to get even within hearing of the great speaker, and consequently were obliged to go away.

The reception given to Mr. Murphy was hearty in the extreme, and plainly indicated what feelings he aroused wherever he went. His heart must have felt very glad at the success of the opening day of his work here. His address consisted chiefly of a rapid sketch of his life; and was replete with passionate and eloquent appeals to his hearers. Many of his descriptions were so pathetic that persons wept unreservedly. Now and then he would lapse into a full, rich brogue, and tell some humorous story that would set the audience into peals of hearty laughter.

The opening part of Mr. Murphy's inaugural address to the people of Troy, we give as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen:

“My dear friends, I thank you again and again for this royal reception to the city of Troy, and I assure you all I have a heart that feels and a memory that does not forget. The welcome I have received from your clergy will be a benediction for all time to come. I have met your mayor, and a

more agreeable reception I have never experienced. I am proud that he is the chief magistrate of the city ; that he is an Irishman, and that his name is Murphy. I love my country and my countrymen—I don't go behind the bush to conceal it—and it is always a source of great satisfaction to see their names high up on the roll of honor.

“For the past week I have been in your city resting, and I am delighted with its general appearance. Looking at the long rows of trees on either side of the streets, I thought how beautiful they must have looked as the green clasped the green across them. Troy is certainly a grand place to live in, situate as it is close to the noble Hudson and overshadowed by mountains like Jerusalem. It is worth a lifetime to be introduced to such an interested audience upon an occasion similar to this, and the grand exhibition at Philadelphia did not present as glorious a spectacle. It was with great satisfaction that I had an interview with my dear friend, Father Havermans, and received his blessing and God-speed in the movement I came here to inaugurate. It is my purpose, in coming here, to do good, if possible.

“I have no unkind word for liquor dealers. If men stop drinking whisky, its sale will cease. With peace on earth and good will towards all men, we are here, believing that we can only accomplish good by introducing God's love and mercy. I have a request to make—that you will pray for me, and that all I do and say will be prompted by God's spirit.

“My theme this afternoon is real life, in which I myself am chiefly concerned. Life has always furnished stranger stories than romance, and truth is stranger than fiction. On April 24, 1836, I was born in the southern part of Ireland in the county of Wexford. My home was an humble little thatched cottage sitting upon a grassy mound overlooking the sea. Although separated from that humble place for more than twenty years, and to-night by thousands of miles, I look back to the sacred spot and in imagination see it as it was. Well do I remember my sainted mother kneeling by my side in prayer and asking

God to watch over and protect me. Well do I remember how often I stood in the little cottage door, looked out on the bright bosom of the sea and watched the vessels pass and repass with their snowy white sails, toward the land of the brave and the home of the free. I had heard of this wonderful country with its templed hills, its golden mines, until my young heart thirsted and longed for the time to come when I might sail for the land of liberty.

“But this seemed to me like hoping against fate, for we were poor and had to struggle with poverty—to fight against it and drive it out of the house as best we could. I trust you who are before me this afternoon are not afflicted with that disease, but we were peculiarly troubled with it in the little cottage ‘beyant the say.’ In an humble way—following reapers in the fields and gathering the sheaves—I began to earn my living, but right here I want to say, young men, do not be ashamed of honest labor. Whatever thy hand findeth to do that is honorable, do it with thy might, with all thy strength, and the blessing of Him who made us in the express image of Himself will crown your efforts with success.

“Don’t stand with folded hands calling upon Hercules for assistance, but take the help of honest labor and let it lead you, whether it is in the workshop, the office, or in the furrowed field. Shame upon you who are waiting for an uncle to die to leave you money, but with a brave heart stand out and earn your bread by the sweat of your brow. The secret of a successful life and honest manhood is to live within your income.

“The feeling of being obliged to turn around and walk in an opposite direction when you see a creditor coming towards you, is not an agreeable one. Whatever you pledge your word of honor to do, do it like a man, but be careful what you pledge. It is the man who has the will, the courage, the kingly nobility within him to take part manfully in the battle of life that will work out his own salvation successfully. It is the man who will stand up like a man amongst men and earn his own bread.”

The remainder of the oration was devoted to a sketch of his own career, the details of which have already been given in this book. After the address Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sang "Hold the Fort" in a stirring fashion, all joining in the chorus. The evening session of the same day was signalized by brief speeches by Col. Caldwell and Eccles Robinson. The former said :

"Thomas De Quincy, in one of his essays, remarked that 'When eagles soared to heaven, bats and owls should retire to their dens ;' and after you have listened to the grand efforts of Francis Murphy this afternoon, it seems almost sacrilegious that I should say a single word to this audience. But Mr. Murphy is not a flowing well, and cannot talk all the time, so I am here to speak upon the subject of temperance. I must preface my remarks by saying that I am only a young convert to the cause. For fifty-five years I lived without signing a total abstinence pledge, and I confess I didn't believe in it ; and to a certain extent I made use of spirituous liquors. I held with indifference those who gave their support to the temperance cause, and looked upon it as a movement in which pious Christian women might with propriety interest themselves. It always seemed to me that the temperance adherents or followers commenced by denouncing liquor sellers and declaring that those who drank intoxicating beverages should be kept at arm's length, while the sellers themselves were lost beyond all prayers. I was informed by these partisans that all drinkers, together with the dealers, were scoundrels and ruffians, and outside of the pale of redemption. Now, as I myself was engaged in the business, I did not, as you may imagine, particularly appreciate these tirades. About a year ago I heard of an Irishman in Pittsburgh, named Francis Murphy, who preached there in behalf of the 'cold water' cause under the motto 'Malice toward none, Charity for all,' and I was somewhat struck with the difference between his platform and that of other reformers. The good temperance people of Elmira prosecuted the poor, insignificant rum-sellers who were

running their small shops in violation of the license law. This action, of course, pleased us large dealers, and we approved of this course because it naturally added to our business considerably. Hearing of Murphy's motto, with the mantle of charity thrown around it, I determined to listen to this man if he ever visited my city.

"My wife expressed the wish that I should attend a temperance meeting given in Elmira last winter, and presided over by a young man named Eccles Robinson, who is here and will address you to-night. If you can show me a wife who does not want her husband a total abstinence man I will show you a curiosity! I will not recite the particulars of my signing the pledge, and the earnest solicitations of my wife urging me to take the step. I had always been previous to that time what is generally termed a moderate drinker; but there are many who go down to their graves, killed by drink, *believing* they, too, are only 'moderate' drinkers. The *only* safety is in total abstinence.

"It is a most singular fact that the two men who have accomplished the most good for the cause of temperance are both Irishmen, Father Mathew and this gentlemen on my left, Francis Murphy.

"Father Mathew administered the total abstinence pledge with the solemnity of a saint, and gave to the ceremony all the sanction of the church, the oldest Christian church of the world. He went through all Ireland with the pledge, and gave it as a benediction to thousands upon thousands of people. Not satisfied with this, he crossed the Atlantic and reared a monument to his goodness and love here that will last while countless ages shall roll by. Father Mathew not only preached temperance, but he persuaded men in words of love and charity to sign the pledge and become better men. The hundreds of 'Father Mathew total abstinence societies' all over our land attest that though dead he yet speaketh.

"Francis Murphy, like this famed Irish priest, goes with the pledge in one hand and the religion of the Bible in the other,

and preaches that, with 'Malice toward none, with Charity to all,' men engaged in the traffic of intoxicating liquors and those who drink the same are all to be saved by preaching words of love and kindness. And so these two Irishmen, Father Mathew and Francis Murphy, will stand in history as the two greatest temperance reformers of this age.

"They have done more for the cause than all of the lecturers combined. While John B. Gough is a great orator his actual results among the people cannot be compared with those of the other two. Both of the latter join with their work the religious spirit. Mr. Murphy, the advocate of gospel temperance, comes to this city, feeling that he is commissioned by heaven to undertake and carry out this good work. He does not come for the purpose of advancing or injuring the interests of any political party, nor is he here under the auspices of any religious sect or denomination ; but he comes here to preach from the platform of Christ—to induce men to come forward and sign the pledge. God forbid that I should say anything to injure the feelings of other temperance reformers or workers who have labored so hard for the cause, but I feel they have all been too long in the same rut, and should get out of it. You well remember the parable of the fishermen who cast their nets upon one side of their boat and were unsuccessful, and following the counsel of Jesus they tried the other side and were rewarded by an immense haul. It is the same with other temperance reformers, they have been fishing on the wrong side, while Father Mathew and Francis Murphy have been casting their nets upon the right side with success.

"I believe there are men here to-night who want to break off intemperate habits and all they require is a friendly hand to assist them. We have not come here to save confirmed inebriates alone, but we want to rescue the young men who labor under the impression that it is something manly to drink liquor. We have come here, too, in the name of Christ, to save the hard working mechanics who spend their money for rum instead of carrying it home to their wives ; to save the moder-

ate drinkers, and in fact to save all who are addicted to intemperate habits. We ask the co-operation of you all—the clergy, laymen and the public press, which spreads in the community the results of the good work as they occur. Give us, my dear friends, your prayers and efforts in this good work. Good-night.”

The remarks of Eccles Robinson at the same meeting were these :

“*Friends*: It is with great trepidation that I speak to you to-night, but I am willing to do anything in my feeble power to save young men from doing as I have done. To this class I particularly address myself and desire their attention. The old Connecticut ‘blue’ law, which prohibited a husband kissing his wife on Sunday, was evaded by husbands kissing other people’s wives upon that day, and in the same way all legislation in the matter of the sale of intoxicating liquors may be dodged. The drinking men I do not consider the worst in your community, though they are marked by society, while rich men committing greater crimes are upheld and tolerated. Let us with the spirit of charity do all we can for the drinking men, and exert our utmost to save fallen victims.

“Parents should not set temptations before their children. When I was young I had the best of resolutions and never expected to fall as low as I subsequently did. I remember being called before President McCosh after a spree and told by him that I must leave college. I tried to induce him to give me another chance to reform, pledging myself that I would be a man among men, but he said ‘No.’ After leaving college I returned to my home in Pittsburgh, and though I made many good resolves I could not withstand the temptation to drink. I even went out West upon the plains in order to overcome, if possible, the fearful appetite, but without success. At last I became friendless and penniless in the streets. The only friend true to me through all my misery was my wife. For three weeks I kept a saloon in Pittsburgh, but the following circumstance induced me to give up the business.

One night I played cards and drank liquor with a young mechanic until four o'clock in the morning, and he left me under the influence of the drug. The next morning I heard that he had been killed while coupling cars at the depot, and I felt that I was partly responsible for his death.

"Last Christmas my physician said 'Your constitution is gone, you must soon die, and I would advise you to make your preparations for that event.' It was at that time I met Mr. Murphy, who told me by the exercise of my will and God's grace I could become a sober man and do some good in the community. By the grace of the Lord, I am now a free man and will die one, and the shackles are not forged that can bind me down again to the curse of intemperance."

The result of the morning meeting was a perfect headlong rush to the stage, of people who wished to sign the pledge, Mr. Murphy encouraging them with kindly and inspiring words. Over three hundred then and there subscribed and quitted the hall, decorated with the bit of blue ribbon, which is the emblem of open adherence to the temperance cause, as organized in the Murphy leagues.

In the evening, the crowd was fully as great and clamorous for seats as that of the afternoon, and far more enthusiastic.

After the sweet hymn, "I Will Sing of My Redeemer," was rendered, Mr. Murphy stepped forward and said, in a most touching way: "I thank God for this sweet music, and the man who penned those beautiful lines. My friends, the lady who just sang was the sister of the late Mr. Bliss, the composer of the song." Mrs. Wilson was affected to tears.

Col. Luther Caldwell was introduced to the audience in a most friendly fashion by Mr. Murphy as a "Christian gentleman, an ex-officer in the rebellion, and late mayor of the city of Elmira, who possesses one of the greatest hearts I have encountered."

The remarks made by the gallant colonel, which we have already given, were listened to with deep interest, and were so

full of common sense and sound logic, and withal so genial, that he was much applauded.

As he is a prominent figure in the cause, our digression will be pardoned and appreciated by the kind reader, before whom we place the following faithful description of the colonel's *tout ensemble*, quoted from an excellent authority: "He is about fifty-four years of age, and of medium height; of full proportions, and rather inclines to stoutness; with an open, genial face, clearly showing the kindly spirit possessed by its owner; with a strong, powerful voice, which could be heard in every part of the hall; with a clear, bright eye, and a pleasant smile, that seemed to exert a magnetic influence upon his listeners, and an earnestness in delivery which rivited the attention of all."

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson sang that beautiful song, entitled, "I am on the Lord's side, Bless the Lord;" after which Mr. Murphy said he "took great pleasure in introducing to the audience a young man who had a fortune left him of \$70,000, which he threw away in three years in dissipation. He became tired and weary of life, but he was induced to reform, and is now a most conscientious worker for the cause of temperance; and through his instrumentality thousands had signed the pledge."

This young man was Eccles Robinson, who had conducted so very successfully a Murphy movement in the city of Elmira. He received a warm reception. He is a man of about twenty-seven years of age, and possesses an impressive manner and very earnest delivery. The audience betrayed an almost breathless attention as it listened to his telling recital of his experiences, and fruitless efforts to break off from the habit of intemperance.

After a jathetic song from the Wilsons, Mr. Murphy spoke for twenty minutes in a most stirring and effective manner, carrying the immense concourse of people with him from his first words to his last.

The people sat spell-bound under his wonderful magnetic

influence. His naturally fine dramatic powers were fully developed in the descriptions of intemperance as a venomous serpent; and when in closing he asked all present to step forward and take the pledge, certainly, hundreds upon hundreds did so. One thousand persons signed the pledge that memorable day in Troy.

The meeting on Wednesday was greater in attendance, and even more successful than any of the previous ones. The City Hall was perfectly jammed, containing fully one thousand four hundred persons.

Mr. Murphy's address was very effective. In speaking of liquor sellers, he said, "You cannot induce these men to close their saloons by vituperation or abuse. They must be dealt with in an entirely different way. They will not stop selling liquors until men cease drinking them, and there is no demand. Social companionship induces many to become intoxicated, brought about by the system observed when there is a large party together, of 'setting 'em up, and down they go.' It is only on account of the demand that saloons exist.

"I tell you, my friends," said Mr. Murphy, "you can tell of the strength, culture and refinement of a people by the appearance the city in which they live presents. If you go to saloon keepers and vent abuse directly at them, the probabilities are you will be forcibly ejected from their establishments, and the saying that 'more flies can be caught by molasses than by vinegar,' is true in regard to liquor sellers.

"The world is to be saved by kindness, and in no other way. How many are saved who are turned out of jails and State prisons? But men who believe in and practice mercy towards the fallen, have saved many by affectionate words and looks."

After Mr. Murphy had resumed his seat and the sweet singers, the Wilsons, had sung, Col. Caldwell introduced Edward Murphy, the son of the temperance apostle, to the audience. The young man was greeted with a hearty burst of applause.

He delivered a pithy and able address of fifteen minutes'

duration, which showed him to be the fortunate possessor of the natural oratorical abilities and fluency so prominent in his father.

An overflow meeting was held in Dr. Baldwin's church adjoining the City Hall, which was an ovation in its way. The sacred edifice was crowded, and the people were very demonstrative.

Mr. Murphy, Col. Caldwell, and Eccles Robinson addressed the people, and were received with marked favor and a great deal of genuine enthusiasm.

The Saturday night meeting was made doubly interesting by the brief and telling speeches of the reformed men. No one could doubt the good Mr. Murphy had already done when one saw the hardest drinkers in the city standing before an immense audience, and confessing their desire for reformation.

Gilbert McMasters, an attorney at law, of Pittsburgh, and a most zealous laborer in the noble cause, was introduced by Mr. Murphy, who said he was a recent convert, and told what good he had done. Mr. McMasters' remarks were to the point, and delivered in an earnest manner, enlisted the attention and interest of the audience in his behalf.

Angelo Packard, of Troy, and a recent convert, was brought forward by the apostle, and spoke in the following feeling manner :

"Ladies and Gentlemen :

"I have never before addressed an audience, and it is with no small degree of trepidation that I take my position upon this platform to-night. If I can say anything which will be productive of good, I shall consider myself amply repaid. I was a drinking man, and used intoxicating liquor steadily for three or four years. I nearly broke the hearts of my mother and my wife, and my friends all lost their respect for me. My appetite became so strong that I drank each day from thirty to forty glasses, and robbed my family of means for support. A gentleman yesterday said to me, 'Why, Packard, you are a fool to give yourself away, nobody knew that you were a drinking man.' But I tell you, somebody did know I drank.

My parents knew I drank, and so did my wife. Some of you may say I am going to break my pledge, but I think there is no power that could induce me to do so ; and I earnestly appeal to all young men to come forward and do as I have done."

Mr. Murphy next introduced Andrew J. Felter, a well-known mechanic, whose appearance upon the platform created great surprise among the audience, and caused loud and prolonged applause. "Though his remarks were short," says an excellent authority, "they were delivered in a straightforward, honest way, and were doubtless more effective than a long, scholarly effort from Gough would have proved under the circumstances." He said : "I never made a speech before in my life, unless it was in a bar-room. When Mr. Murphy came here, I attended the first meeting, took the pledge, and by the help of God, I mean to keep it."

Henry C. Ellis was well known in Troy as a man over-fond of his cup. Not unfrequently did he figure in the police courts. When he, after Mr. Murphy's introduction, advanced on the platform, the audience was very much amazed. He received a burst of deafening applause. He said : "I was induced to sign the pledge last night through remarks made by this gentleman (pointing to Mr. Murphy), which touched my heart. Some people say, 'You cannot keep it.' Why, here I have kept it already *twenty-four hours*. Thank God I am here, and I propose to keep the pledge in spite of whatever may be said to me."

One of the most interesting features of this meeting was the conversion of a mute, who held quite an animated and long conversation with Mr. Murphy, through the aid of an interpreter. The crowds were so large that a plan had to be devised to accommodate them ; so it was agreed to have separate meetings for children. The first matinee was held on Saturday afternoon, and was very largely attended by the Troy youth, accompanied by their mothers. Considerable juvenile enthusiasm among the audience was manifested dur-

ing the cheery and pleasant "talks," delivered by Thomas Cooper, of Pittsburgh, Mrs. Wilson, the vocalist, and Col. Luther Caldwell.

On Wednesday night, November 30, the City Hall was uncomfortably crowded, and the people demonstrated that the interest Francis Murphy had aroused in Troy was not of a transitory character. Thomas E. Murphy, son of the temperance advocate, conducted the overflow meeting at the Third Street Baptist Church, with considerable success. It was very largely attended, and the speeches made by Col. Caldwell, Capt. Lyons, of Elmira, and others were greeted with frequent and marked expressions of hearty approval.

Francis Murphy made one of his forcible and characteristic speeches in which he said he thoroughly believed in a republic; that it was possible for one to heal and correct all the wrongs that affect society. The recent slavery in the South and its abolition was cited as an example; but the slavery which whisky brings upon people entails more suffering and sorrow than was the oppression of the colored race. The laws of human life denounced the institution of slavery, and that noble patriot, John Brown, suffered death for the position he assumed and maintained upon the subject. It was this man who first raised his voice in favor of emancipation of the colored man and while on his way to the gallows, the morning he was executed, he met a little colored child, whom he kissed, saying; "I die for you, my boy!" This talk relative to the emancipation of the negro was received with great applause.

Mr. Murphy, after his address, introduced a Pittsburgh convert by the name of McCurry, who said he was thankful he could bring good news to them. He had been laboring for some time past at Little Falls, in the temperance cause; the battle had been hard, but by prayer and earnest work, the walls had been scaled and the struggle had resulted successfully. Seventeen hundred signers to the pledge had been secured, hundreds were continuing to take their places in the

ranks of gospel temperance, and in a few more days the village would be rescued entirely from intemperance.

Mr. Myers, a gentleman from Pittsburgh, followed, who said he supposed he could control his appetite, but found out his mistake by an experience which induced him to sign the total abstinence pledge. While on a visit South, he was invited to dinner with a friend, and partook so freely of apple brandy—the effects of which he did not understand—that he discovered his inability to leave his chair. He thought he was drunk; in fact he knew he was drunk. In a similar way, said the speaker, you will be tripped up in your good morals unless you put your name to the pledge.

Henry C. Ellis, who has contributed not a little to the interest of the meetings by the entertaining and very characteristic way in which he recited some of the thrilling experiences of his eventful life, was next called upon, and made a short address. At the conclusion of his remarks there was great applause, and Mr. Murphy called for three cheers from the audience, which were given in a style which certainly must have pleased the ex-drunkard, Henry C. Ellis.

Col. Caldwell perused an epistle he had just received from the proprietor of the *Elmira Advertiser*, informing him that James Gilson, his bar-tender when he owned the Rathbun House, had signed the pledge, and given up the business.

Capt. Lyons next addressed the audience in a telling manner describing his degraded condition previous to his conversion to the cause of total abstinence, and in a very demonstrative way advised all young men to sign the pledge, and avoid the manifold perils of rum.

The services on Thanksgiving night were unusually interesting. The weather was exceedingly inclement, and it was feared few would brave the storm to listen to temperance talk; but the hall was as full as ever, and even standing room was considered desirable.

“Real merit,” Francis Murphy said, “was the test of discipleship.” Every upright person in this country could climb

up the rugged way to success, step by step, and though very weary at times, the blessed thought that he was a *man* would steadily urge him on, and at last permit him to stand on the summit of prosperity "crowned with eternal sun." Our country was the grandest in the world, continued the speaker, and it did not take him long after reaching New York to learn the energy and activity of the Yankee temperament together with the busy struggle everywhere to amass wealth. In fact, this country could be compared to the rest of the world as a watch-spring to the mechanism of a time-keeper. He referred in a forcible way to our ancestors who, though numbering but three and a half millions, were determined to free themselves from the old world, which they did nobly. Are we to become free men, to obtain a freedom greater than that of our forefathers? Nearly, if not quite, said Mr. Murphy, 5,000,000 people in this country had already signed the pledge of total abstinence. It was the duty of all to do what they could towards bringing about this temperance reform. No one should falter in their faith or trust in the One who protected their fathers in the beautiful land given them. This country is ours, and like the army in blue that marched down South with the cry, "we are coming 500,000 more," our shout will be, "we are coming 45,000,000 strong" to drive rum from the land saved by the hand of God.

The Hon. Robert Love, ex-mayor of Steubenville, Ohio, followed in a clever and impressive speech, substantially as follows :

He said he was a sinner saved by grace, and there was no man in Troy who had suffered more from the effects of intemperance than himself ; that the past year of total abstinence had been the happiest of his life. Look at the effects of rum upon this country, and take warning. He pitied from the depths of his heart confirmed drunkards and liquor-sellers, but he thought the only way to win them to the side of temperance was by kindness, for law by its penalties and the vituperation of hate had alike proved unavailing. Let us raise the banner

of "Malice towards none and Charity for all," and we shall finally stand by the grave of the curse intemperance and sing, "Hallelujah, 'tis done."

George Hall, formerly a gambler and saloon-keeper at Pittsburgh, next addressed the audience. He thanked God he was able to stand upon that platform a sober man and in his right mind. He had sold liquor and kept gambling-houses, but he was glad to say he was out of the business entirely. He did not make this remark with any wish to injure the feelings of those present in the audience who sold whisky or were accustomed to sitting behind green covered tables. Many true-hearted and noble men were occupied in that way who would gladly pursue another business if one was opened to them. The speaker said he did not think the habit would fasten itself upon him when he first began drinking, but he discovered he was mistaken. He was forty years old, and he was certain one-fourth of his life had been passed in prison. He referred in a touching way to the sufferings of his wife when he was incarcerated in jail; that he loved his wife dearly, and upon gaining his liberty always made good resolutions to reform, but his appetite for rum was too strong for him to resist, until he met and received words of encouragement from Mr. Murphy. He warned young married men to beware of the ruinous effects of drink, which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." "Be men and do not touch the accursed stuff to your lips," eloquently pleaded the speaker. If he had not been saved by Mr. Murphy, he knew he would have been on the wrong side during the recent riots, and perhaps met with death.

He was followed by Martin Peelor, who made an impressive address, which was very well received by the audience. He said while sitting there memory had been busy and his thoughts had carried him back a year ago when he was confined in the Albany penitentiary. He was thankful that Murphy's life-boat had drifted near him and thanked God he was now on the right side. It was by first taking the "occasional"

glass that he had by successive stages reached his present degraded position. We may foster the delusion that we can quaff the social glass with impunity, but there is danger in the experiment and it was not safe to attempt it, for no social position or wealth can save you. It was only by the means of this (showing a Murphy pledge) that your preservation is assured and you find yourself a free man. Mr. Peelor was followed by Dr. Searle, who made a short and characteristic speech. He spoke of the fact that many husbands had eaten their Thanksgiving dinners that day at home with their families who had not done so for years on account of having been drunk. He thought this city was going to be redeemed because men were pledging by God's help to abstain from intoxicating liquors. "Would it be a pleasing episode in the life of a father who took an occasional glass to see his son a drunkard and hear him say, 'You are the cause of my degradation, father'?"

The work of gospel temperance was commenced at Lansingburgh by Francis Murphy, on Wednesday, November 28, at 8:30 o'clock, P. M. The large audience room of the Methodist Church was packed with people, not even standing room being left. Mr. Murphy appeared promptly at the appointed hour, accompanied by Col. Caldwell, the sweet singers, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and they were greeted by the audience in a most emphatic and enthusiastic manner. Col. Caldwell was first introduced, and for half an hour spoke to the people in words of burning eloquence and exquisite pathos. Then came the man, whose name is now known throughout all America, who stands before the whole civilized world as a hero in the interests of moral reform. Every one present cheered as he stood before them; and gazed intently at that handsome muscular form now so familiar and loved by thousands upon thousands.

For fully one hour he spoke in his happiest vein, and carried every one with him, from tears and sobs, to shouts of laughter, as he chose. Certainly no man has ever made so powerful

and wonderful an impression on the Lansingburghers as Francis Murphy. They recognized him as specially sent to arouse the people of this country to the awful results of intemperance, and the glorious and blessed cause of total abstinence. At the close of his stirring address he most cordially invited all to come and sign the pledge, and hundreds availed themselves of the kind privilege. Many leading citizens who never had before taken an active part in temperance, came forward, and signed, among whom may be mentioned the postmaster, ex-Sheriff Cornell. Nearly eight hundred signed the Murphy pledge. George Hall and Robert Lane were among the workers, and had entire charge of the meetings. Meetings were held in this place every afternoon and evening, and the excitement spread like wild-fire all over this section of the country.

The temperance wave reached Hart's Falls, and swept over it with astounding results. Baker's Hall was crowded nightly, and the enthusiasm was very intense. In a short space of time five hundred and sixty persons in this place signed their names to the pledge. A like result was felt at Glenn's Falls. The large auditorium, galleries and aisles of the Opera House were excessively crowded every night; and in one week only there were over four hundred names appended to the Murphy pledge. C. C. Frost, the eminent lecturer, awakened an interest in temperance matters that greatly exceeded anything heretofore known at Glenn's Falls. Five young men, habitual sots, belonging to the wealthiest and most influential families in the place, were induced to take the pledge.

In West Troy the excitement was similar. The people seemed to have but one wish, and that was to be Murphy men. Here, in only one evening, there were three hundred signers to the pledge. Francis Murphy's advent was a perfect ovation, and productive of untold good.

On Friday night, the last day in that most memorable month of November, the audience in the City Hall was as crowded as on former occasions. Mr. Murphy made a brief speech, in

which he most aptly said, "that fathers made a a mistake in not associating more with their sons, and making companions of them. If more care was taken in their training, they would become better and more useful men." Addressing himself to the young ladies present in the audience, the speaker said, "If they would endeavor to make it pleasant for their brothers as they did for other girls' brothers, their own would stay at home more, and not seek amusement elsewhere. If young men before him, like the prodigal son, who had deserted their homes, could only become aware of the love and longing felt for them by their parents and friends, and the pleasure in store for them upon their return, he was confident there would be no hesitancy on their part to reform and lead in the future strictly temperance lives."

He then introduced, in his usual happy way, Mr. Fulsom, of Binghamton, who said, "It was needless for him to say it was a pleasure to be there and address such an audience upon the theme of temperance. God, through His infinite mercy, had saved him by this gospel temperance, and he felt it his duty to do what he could for the cause. He said he was stopped at the brink of a drunkard's grave by Francis Murphy; that he attended a temperance meeting at Binghamton, and went reeling down one of the aisles of the hall, and signed the pledge, for the purpose of casting a slur upon the movement. The next day he resolved, upon consideration, to adhere to the pledge, and God had given him strength to preserve it. Thanksgiving day," he added, "a sober man, surrounded by his wife and children, he was happy, and certainly had something for which to be thankful. Appealing to the men, he implored them to take the pledge; though people might say they were signing away their liberty, they were, on the contrary, by so doing, assuming their liberty." "Come," he added, "cast off the chains which keep you in bondage, and become free men."

Angelo Packard made a very effective speech, and was much applauded. The Rev. Mr. Daniels, of Chicago, made a

short address. The latter said he was born in the theological seminary of which Francis Murphy was president. Though the studies taught were somewhat different in this than any other theological institution, still, the doctrines were sound and logical, and he thanked the professor (turning to Mr. Murphy) for his instruction. The scattering and diffusion of the doctrines of this gospel temperance reform in neighboring towns and villages, he compared with illuminating a hall with electricity. He said that speakers generally addressed people in rear part of the hall, while the worst sinners not infrequently occupied the front seats. His remarks were received with applause by the audience. Rev. Mr. Sawyer said he was very much interested in the success of the temperance movement here, as he thought the influence of the good work would be felt in Albany. In regard to this reform, he said he had been very much impressed with two things—first, the power of kindness; and secondly, the power of God and the ability of men experiencing it to do right. He felt that Mr. Murphy was destined to accomplish the greatest temperance reform ever known to the world. The Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Albany, followed with a few remarks. He was unable to say anything in the way of experience, because he had never tasted intoxicating drink. He said when Bell and Everett ran in the political field several years ago, the former was eulogized at a meeting by the speaker, for his scholastic attainments; but declared, upon one occasion, when he was sitting in a dentist's chair, the operator made a mistake, and instead of extracting a tooth, pulled out his backbone. He closed by warning young men who had taken the pledge not to allow their backbones to be pulled out, but to remain true to the obligations they had assumed, through encouragements and discouragements. S. W. Brown, of Galesburg, Ill., followed with a short, pointed speech, and closed by saying God would bless those who went to prison cells, and taking criminals by the hand, said there was still hope for them. Martin Peelor was the next speaker. He said he was unable to give the

audience any idea how happy he had been since signing the pledge. Many had seen him stumbling through the streets, drunk, but it would never happen again, for he believed he was free from the curse of intemperance.

Monday, December 3, was the commencement of the third week of the Murphy movement in Troy. Mr. Murphy and his zealous co-laborers had every reason to feel very gratified with the results they had so far accomplished. As the *Troy Times* said at that time: "When the temperance apostle first came here, many persons doubtingly shook their heads and declared the impossibility of his obtaining or awakening an interest in his work among the so-called 'bummer' class. But the falsity of their predictions has already been conclusively proved, and, in addition, the assertion made by Mr. Murphy when he first arrived here that the movement, with Troy as its centre, would radiate in all directions, and be felt alike in the neighboring towns and villages, has been verified. The friends of the cause are sanguine of still greater success during the coming week."

On Saturday night Francis Murphy, before a very large and attentive audience, opened his remarks by referring to the beautiful in life which abounded in love of the purest quality. Reminiscences were like life-preservers; when the memory recalled those of early boyhood they were often instrumental in rescuing men from fallen, degraded positions. The precept always observed by a mother was "overcome not good with evil, but overcome evil with good," and the speaker aptly illustrated this by several incidents in real life. If all do their duty they will succeed in their work, in which an opportunity is offered each and every one to accomplish something. The man selling liquor should be treated charitably, for he was doing so against the convictions of his own heart, and so long as the demand existed for alcoholic drink the sale would continue. It was a crime against humanity and God to sell liquor, but those who bought it were partners with the dealers. He said he did not want men to sign the pledge unless they be-

lieved in it, and he told the Catholics that he himself would go with them to their priest and take it. He thanked God that the movement was above sectarianism. All he wanted was a man to cease drinking intoxicating liquor and adhere to his determination.

The five minutes speakers then had the platform to themselves and did some very good talking. One of these men, by name Daniel Ellis, caused no little merriment among the audience by his peculiar expressions and illustrative antics. He said he had heard bad news that morning—that he had been drunk, and the rum-sellers were only going to give him a vacation of a month. It was all false, however, and he never intended to violate the pledge he had taken, but proposed to remain true to the cause he had espoused, and as he returned to his seat he swung a large blue handkerchief over his head amid the vociferous laughter and applause of the audience.

Mr. Murphy, with beaming face and sparkling eyes, advanced on the stage and said he had received a bit of very good news indeed ; and said his heart felt exceedingly glad. He produced a piece of paper, and read out in a tone of voice that rang through the hall like a blast of the hunting horn :

LANSINGBURGH, Dec. 1—8 P. M.

Francis Murphy, City Hall, Troy :

Blessed be God ! The throne of alcohol is tottering and must fall. Lansingburgh hails Troy with 1,000 signatures.

LOVE & HALL.

What cheers went forth at that ! The building fairly shook with the ringing sounds. After the excitement had grown a little less warm, Mr. Murphy introduced the Rev. James H. Ross, who made a most impressive speech, in which he feelingly referred to Eccles Robinson, with whom he had an acquaintance at Princeton College in his freshman year. That gentleman was habitually intoxicated while there, and he was greatly surprised to learn of the change that had since come over him. He added it was the popular impression when a man had become low and degraded that it was impossible to raise him

up. People should do away with this idea, for the evidence presented upon that platform during the past two weeks indicates that any man can be saved and become a respectable and honored member of society ; that Mr. Murphy himself was an example in question. A change of personal appearance always followed the reform of an inebriate, and, in his mind, this was a test of the sincerity of the man in reform. He had learned that a saloon-keeper reported his receipts for a given day to have been only eighty cents ["Thank the Lord," said Mr. Murphy], and expressed a wish that Mr. Murphy would leave town as soon as possible ["God bless him," interrupted Mr. Murphy]. He had been informed by the proprietor of a drug store that the sale of temperance beverages had greatly increased since the organization of the Murphy movement in this city. The speaker closed by saying he would do all in his power to advance the interests of the temperance apostle and his associates in this city.

The Sunday night meeting was not so large as that of Saturday, nor was it expected to be, as an admission fee of twenty-five cents was charged. This was done every sabbath evening simply for the purpose of defraying incidental expenses that occurred in using the City Hall, which were not very light.

Col. Caldwell was the first speaker. He said it had always been a great pleasure for him to address audiences upon political questions during exciting campaigns, but in all his experience he never heard of his making a single convert by his efforts, nor had he ever learned of any other political speaker accomplishing such a result. When he commenced speaking upon gospel temperance, it was entirely different. At the very first meeting he addressed, over three hundred people signed the pledge, including the editor of a newspaper that had always been inimical to the movement. It was the source of great satisfaction to feel that he could accomplish something and was able to witness the results of his labors. It was a pleasure to receive the thanks of individuals for being instrumental in saving their friends and relatives from the

intoxicating cup. In Elmira, his native city, 9,000 were induced to sign the pledge, and in Tioga county, Pennsylvania—having a population of 35,000—21,000 had taken the total abstinence obligation. Wonderful work had been accomplished among the miners in that locality, and revivals were still going on. In this State one hundred men were preaching temperance in the different sections in an earnest and sincere manner. In the blue grass region of Kentucky ["Pull 'em out!" shouted Mr. Murphy] the good work was being pushed rapidly forward, and great results would be effected. "The banner of temperance," said the speaker, "shall float high over the heads of all, and the movement will spread like fire through the northern districts, up the Mohawk valley and along the Hudson river to New York." They had every reason to feel proud of the results that had been accomplished during the past two weeks. In that time 17,000 pledges had been distributed from their headquarters to Lansingburgh, Hart's Falls, Schuylerville and West Troy, but a large proportion of that number had been scattered over Troy. Urgent invitations had been received by Mr. Murphy to visit other cities before he came here, but he invariably replied that he proposed to inaugurate the work in this city first. If one man had been saved from a drunkard's grave they considered themselves amply repaid for all efforts and expense. They did not desire, however, to stir up animosities, nor would they ask anybody to abandon any particular religious sect or political party. They came here with only one work before them, that of temperance gospel. The interest developed in the movement here has been remarkable, and they desired to thank the Christian men and women for their earnest support. The press was also thanked for the cordial aid and encouragement it had given the temperance movement. People were naturally interested in the proceedings of the great and good work now going on in this vicinity. Mr. Murphy had announced his determination to "fight it out on this line if it takes all winter," and the siege of Troy would not be given up until

unexpected reformatory results took place. God would help the cause of justice and truth and the gospel temperance light would beam brighter and brighter every day.

The Wilsons then sang a song, after which Francis Murphy made one of his excellent speeches. He said, very eloquently, he was grateful to Him who does all things well, and grateful for the fair hearing he had been given during his stay in this city by all classes of citizens. He had the unshaken faith in God and man that the liquor-sellers would in a measure co-operate with him in this temperance movement. Argument, he thought, could accomplish everything. Charles Sumner, in his arraignment of slavery, employed only that means. Physical violence, instead of peaceable argument, in matters of controversy, shows ignorance and barbarism. Intelligence and reasoning succeeded in freeing the slaves of this country. The next legislature may be petitioned to grant \$500,000 for the purpose of building a new prison, when if the people would generally take the temperance pledge there would be no necessity of such a measure. Four-fifths of all the criminals were made so through the means of liquor.

The days of impossibilities are past. People laughed and scoffed at Cyrus Field and the Atlantic cable. But its "click, click," was in his heart, and he could not dispossess himself of it, even if he desired to do so, for he knew he was destined to remove skepticism and doubt. "But," added Mr. Murphy, "a greater victory is in store for us, and do not close the windows of your soul to the movement." In closing his remarks the speaker depicted the scene at the death-bed of his wife in such a touching manner there were few people in the audience who were not affected to tears.

On Monday night, December 3, Col. Caldwell addressed the largest audience of the entire season in a powerful manner, saying: There were some things in temperance that could not be computed—the gains and losses arising thereby. Connected with the soul, heart and human happiness were many matters which would not permit of ordinary treatment. But

mathematics would in a certain degree elucidate some of the problems. He had been informed that temperance was a money-making business, and the lecturers became wealthy through their efforts. This was not so, but in his experience he found it less expensive to contribute for the movement than it had been to pay his former liquor bills. The month previous to his taking the pledge he had expended \$52 for liquor, and the month after joining the temperance movement he had only expended \$25 toward that cause—his actual gain being therefore \$27.

The following figures, taken from the reports of E. S. Young, chief of the United States statistical bureau, and from Commissioner Wells' report to Congress in 1869, are certainly undeniable and conclusive. The amount of sales by the retail liquor dealers in the United States was \$1,483,491,865. This was six tenths of the entire amount of the national debt at the time, *i. e.*, 1869. In the State of New York, with a population of 4,000,000, the total amount of sales was \$246,617,520, or the sum of \$62.50 was paid by each man, woman and child *pro rata*. The yearly deaths from intemperance in this country amount to 75,000; of these 71,000 are males and 4,000 females. It is estimated there are at present in the United States 300,000 hard drinkers and 1,500,000 moderate drinkers, while the occasional "smilers" aggregate to 2,000,000. Calculation shows that in one ton of silver there is \$31,200. In \$1,483,491,865 (the amount of retail liquor sales in the United States) there would therefore be 47,740 tons of silver. Allowing 10 tons of silver to each car, 4,774 freight cars would consequently be loaded. These in a continuous line would extend 143,220 feet, or 25 1-5 miles. If one-half of the money expended annually for liquor could be applied to charitable purposes there would be no want at all felt among the poor in this country. The army of 75,000 hard drinkers must be recruited annually. The recruiting officers were in all sections of the country, and in force in this city offering flattering inducements to those who were open to temptation. People stood

idly by and did not attempt to remove the evil which was raging to such an extent under the church spires. "In the name of all that is holy and pure," added the speaker in closing, "I beseech you to join the army under the banner of blue. You need not be ashamed to do this, for it will render you physically strong, replenish your purse and make you acceptable in the sight of the Lord. May God induce you to put yourself on the right side."

After the choir had rendered, "Just as I Am," Col. Caldwell advanced to the front of the platform and said he would introduce one who occasionally talked on temperance, Francis Murphy. That gentleman said he had been very much impressed with the power of rum, and none but those who had suffered from the accursed appetite could know its strength. The speaker graphically pictured the alluring attractions of what he termed "infant inebriety," and the unconscious, inexorable power of the craving for strong drink after the habit had become firmly fastened upon one, which neither money, children nor happy homes could satisfy. "Let us not falter," said Mr. Murphy, "but decide to-night to neither touch nor handle the accursed beverage in the future. Don the blue and let us do what we can to dry up this fountain of sorrow that is degrading manhood and breaking so many hearts. I thank God that he gave me a heart and a strong arm to be one of the laborers to build up this structure of temperance. Let all, by adding a stone here and there, do what they can towards its completion."

Since the inauguration of the movement in Troy upon no occasion was there so much enthusiasm displayed as at the meeting of Tuesday, December 4th. There were also more signatures to the pledge than at any other previous time. Mr. Murphy advanced to the front of the platform and addressed a few remarks to the audience. He said intemperance visited the palace of the rich and the humble cottage of the poor alike, but introduced misery, hunger, and pinching want into the latter. In a few appropriate words the temperance re-

former cordially thanked the press of this city for the support it had given him in this movement, and for the favorable criticism which all of his efforts had received, adding that it was necessary to have the public sentiment with them in order to accomplish the desired reform. The living testimony of that which a man knew himself by experience was the most effective, and those in the audience who had suffered from the curse of intemperance he asked to speak truly and from the bottom of their hearts for the benefit of the cause. Mr. Murphy then introduced to the audience Mr. Babcock, who made a short, telling address. He said it had taken him two weeks to make up his mind to sign the pledge. Three-fourths of the audience were doubtless acquainted with him, and well aware what his habits had been for the last ten years, and it was therefore unnecessary for him to detail the particulars of his life. He first began drinking by taking one or two glasses of ale a day, but in two years it required a dozen to produce a similar effect. He then discovered that ale was injurious to his health, and a friend advised him to change his beverage to whisky. The advice was taken, and he "switched off" in earnest. The people present knew what the accursed stimulant accomplished in his case, and he did not propose to make a confession there of its effects upon him. He recognized in the audience at least fifty of the "boys"—friends of his who had often drank with him ["Come up, boys, and sign the pledge," said Mr. Murphy], and he hoped they would do as he had done the night before by subscribing their names to the total abstinence pledge. During the late war thousands had gathered around the glorious emblem of our country and fought and bled for it. The same would be true in the cause of temperance under the noble color bearer (pointing to Mr. Murphy). The speaker closed by asking the audience to support the great reformer in his efforts.

While the choir was rendering that stirring song "Hold the Fort," and the people were hurrying up to the pledge-tables, Mr. Murphy called for recent converts to speak to the audi-

ence. James Morehead announced that he had taken the pledge and proposed to keep it. Mr. Bane said that he had accepted Francis Murphy's advice, and was determined to join the total abstinence ranks; that he was a working man and instead of spending his money for drink in the future he would carry it to his wife and children. Mr. Dixon declared the speeches he had heard delivered by Mr. Murphy and Col. Caldwell had (to use his own expression) "knocked the drink all out of him." He had been an occasional drinker or "smiler," but he was glad to say he had taken his last drink yesterday. He had "signed the pledge and was done drinking."

Judge W. J. Groo, of Orange county, was introduced by Francis Murphy, and made a fine speech, in which he said he was deeply interested in the cause of temperance, and that it was near and dear to his heart. The evil growing out of the sale of intoxicating drink could not be computed, and it was one which penetrated into every hamlet and village throughout the country. At the breaking out of the rebellion the people, considering it a war against their common country, united; the flag was honored and the land saved. The same might be said in a certain sense of the temperance cause, which included people of every religious sect and nationality. There was more danger threatening the prosperity and welfare of the country to-day from intemperance than has ever menaced it from war. This was clearly proved by the statistics so cleverly presented by Col. Caldwell Monday night. It was simply impossible for language to express the new danger of this evil, and the speaker declared it as his opinion that the damage resulting annually, if reduced to dollars and cents, would be more than sufficient to liquidate the national debt—this, of course, including the maintenance of criminals and the loss and injury of property through the indirect effects of liquor. By computation it had been discovered that in this country 165 drunkards die daily. If all these facts were soberly considered the people would rise up and declare this

evil must cease to exist. Upon the day of judgment each one must answer for the personal responsibility resting upon his shoulders.

A forcible illustration of this point was drawn by the supposition that a man walking along a railroad track, near a bridge, and perceiving a small stone upon the rails does not remove it, considering it unimportant; but a train coming along is thrown off the track thereby and into the river. Then, after the accident had occurred, the man would have given everything if the past could have been recalled and the obstruction taken off the track before the train arrived. Fathers and mothers should remove temptations from their sons and save them before it was too late. Several years ago, at Philadelphia, a large number of barrels of kerosene were on fire in front of a building. A police officer rushed through the flames to rescue a woman, and, as he reached an apparent place of safety and the assembled crowd were applauding the brave action, the wind changed, and both, enveloped by the fire, perished. A costly monument was erected by the citizens and the heroic officer's name inscribed upon it, not because he saved, but because he tried to do so. In an eloquent manner the speaker closed by appealing to the audience to do what they could towards saving the fallen and rescuing the perishing. Though their names might not be inscribed upon marble monuments they would be written in the "Lamb's book of life and remain forever in eternity."

The "weather clerk" ushered in Wednesday night, December 6, with frowns; but despite the inclement condition a very large audience filled the City Hall to listen to the eloquent words of Francis Murphy.

It will not be amiss here to remark that the most pleasing, and one of the most interesting features of the temperance movement in Troy was the vocalization of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. Possessors of really excellent voices, well cultivated, and imbued with a deep sense of religion, they were the right persons in the right place. They knew exactly in what manner

to render the simple, yet dear and beautiful gospel songs ; and were instrumental in doing much good. These same old tunes worked magically on many a hardened heart, and aroused many a conscience that had slumbered for years. Francis Murphy believed in the efficacy of music. On one occasion he said with fine effect, and in a thrilling voice, that "song was to moral reform what a band of music was to us in our national difficulty."

J. E. Hoag, of Troy, was introduced on Wednesday evening, and made a manly and stirring speech. He prefaced his remarks by quoting the motto of gospel temperance, "With Malice toward none and Charity for all." There was a time within his own recollection when the spirit of the above motto was never employed by temperance reformers, but instead open war was waged against both saloon-keepers and drinkers, and only vituperation and gross abuse used. Love and charity were never extended the fallen and degraded. But in the march of human progress we are to be thankful that day has passed. The principle advocated by Francis Murphy was the only true one, in his estimation, yet we could not be whipped or forced to observe it and do what was right. Many of those who were engaged in the liquor traffic possessed noble qualities, and were always ready to extend a helping hand to the poverty-stricken and unfortunate. Rum-sellers seldom became affected by intoxicating drink, and for that reason would compare favorably with the men who drank at their bars, though the latter might hold higher positions in society. Thus it was evident that they were men like ourselves, and could only be affected by those means which would produce an effect upon us. Love and charity can alone win them from their vocation. Nevertheless, while these men were generous and possessed many noble characteristics, a warfare must be waged against them. You paid them your money and in return received poverty ; you paid them your silver and in return received shame ; you paid them your gold and in return received broken hearts and a disabled body ; you paid them all, and received in

return a condemned soul. The speaker declared the liquor he had used in his own experience had been doubled with each successive year. This he knew to be a fact. Though he believed he had as much courage as the generality of men, he was obliged to confess he was afraid of rum. He did not have stability of character enough to use intoxicating beverages with moderation, and for that reason he resolved to break off the habit entirely. This he believed the only safe policy to pursue and the only way in which to lead a successful life.

“Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be ;
In the dewdrops, in the sunshine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.”

“A solemn day,” said the speaker, “sleeps not only for me but for you all, and when that day comes I hope to leave this world without a drop of liquor in my system, and be clothed in my right sober mind. Sobriety will certainly injure no man, and you are all well aware of the terrible effects of rum.”

The Rev. H. C. Farrar then followed in an effective address, in which he said he had never touched intoxicating liquor—hardly knew its different names—nor had it ever affected any member of his family in any way, yet he hated it with all his heart. God had given him a nervous disposition, and he knew his feelings too well to dare to taste liquor, for he was confident if he did so, in five years people would point him out as he passed along in the streets, and say, “There goes the poor, drunken preacher.” Yes, indeed, he confessed it was an enemy he did not have the courage to meet, and that by taking the pledge he felt stronger in his good resolutions. He related a story of a mother who stood on a river bank, and saw her son drown in the stream, and was never able afterwards to look at the spot. In the same way mothers in this city shuddered, and could not look at “gehennas” (rum shops) in passing, where they knew their boys had been lost.

The speaker said, several years ago, while attending the university in this city, he made acquaintance of the members of a social club. He was absent ten years, and on returning to Troy, made inquiries concerning the young men, and learned that they were all either dead, or leading low, degraded lives.

Daniel Ellis spoke, and elicited great applause, and not a little laughter. He said he had kept his pledge, and was never going to get drunk any more. ["Louder," shouted somebody in the audience.] "*I tell you I have kept my pledge!*" shrieked Daniel, at the top of his voice, which elicited laughter from all present. He said he had something in his soul now to help him in keeping his pledge, which he never before possessed, and that was the help of God. He thanked God he no longer craved for whisky. He declared the following lines should be placed, as an epitaph, on the tombstones of many of the drunkards in this city :

"He became a perfect bum,
By his drinking 'two for one.'"

Thursday evening, December 6, Mr. Murphy made the interesting statement that during his stay here 20,000 persons had signed their names to his pledge, that is in Troy and its vicinity. He said there were hundreds still to follow, and asked in a thrilling way, "Are you afraid to join this army? Are you afraid to put on the blue when so many have done so before? The color is now the emblem of all that is good and pure and noble. Its wearers are bound together by as strong a tie as brotherly love is capable of weaving. Don't be ashamed to don it. Be true to yourself, be true to your country, be true to your God, and let that alone which brings only evils from the use of it. I know young men say, 'Ah, wait till after New Year's. Then I'll swear off.' But don't let them forget that 'procrastination is the thief of time.'"

Mr. Murphy then led Col. Luther Caldwell to the front of the stage, and after a very hearty greeting from the large audience, that gentleman announced his intention of leaving

Troy for Greenwich, Washington county, saying that so many had been redeemed who could speak that he was not needed here. Mr. Murphy, however, will remain in the city and labor for the advancement of the cause, although he is loudly called to other fields. Washington, the capital of our nation, sends up a cry for him to come. But now, just as he has succeeded in awakening a lively interest among the people, he felt that it would be wicked to bring his work to a close. Soon he must go, however, and that fact was urged upon the audience as one reason why they should join heartily in the reformation and send up the temperance cry loudly, that it might penetrate into the lowest depths, and bring up fallen humanity found struggling there. To the moderate drinkers and "occasional smilers" Col. Caldwell then spoke. He said it was no use to speak to drunkards, for nobody would own that title, so he intended to ask all those who were not drunkards to come and sign the pledge. The drunkards could keep their seats. Concluding, Mr. Caldwell said:

"I have been a drinking man, and have engaged in the traffic of liquor, and when I talk about temperance I know my subject. Dr. Crosby is wrong when he says 'let the fashionable saloons alone, and close up the low resorts.' It is not in the common grogeries that drunkards are made. It is there where a man winds up his career, who has commenced drinking in the gilded saloons and fashionable club-rooms. It is there where you find the red-nosed and blear-eyed specimens of humanity. They totter unsteadily up to the bar and call for whisky, and when it is produced pay for it with their last five cents, then pouring the vile stuff into a glass which they cover with their hands, as if ashamed of the draught even in their degradation, swallow it at a gulp. And what is the stuff which that last five cents buys? Jersey lightning! It is distilled damnation of the worst kind! Let Brother Crosby first close up the club-rooms and fashionable saloons of New York, and then there will be no customers for the lower places."

Mr. Murphy related the story of a western man who had been a drunkard many years. One night he visited a meeting held by Mr. Murphy, and signed the pledge. Since that time he has never tasted liquor, has paid for his house and owns \$1,000 in the bank. "And this, my friends, is temperance ! Come and sign the pledge !"

Eccles Robinson's success at Hart's Falls was great. He carried the whole place with him from the outset ; and in a short while obtained a long list of signers. The feeling expressed by many of the reformed men for their release from the appetite of strong drink, was truly touching. Meetings were held every night, and were very largely attended by all classes, the rich and the poor alike crowding for a seat at the temperance advocate's feet. To say Eccles Robinson labored well would be faint praise ; for he went about his Master's work with an energetic, inspired will that set all wondering, and succeeded in conquering all the difficulties before him.

Messrs. Hall and Love were identified with the movement at Lansingburgh. Both being earnest, sympathetic "Murphy boys," they were able to work with considerable success. It was at this point that Thomas E. Murphy, the clever son of the great temperance apostle, showed what was in him. He delivered several addresses at the different gatherings, and made a marked impression on the people by his fervor, sincerity, and eloquence. He proved himself to be a worthy son of a most worthy father.

Throughout some of the adjacent counties the blue-ribbon agitation was conducted to an extent that greatly exceeded any past popular demonstrations in the behalf of the temperance cause. The most noteworthy of these was the one at Glenn's Falls.

C. C. and David G. Frost, brothers, inaugurated the movement. These gentlemen, both comparatively young men, were formerly very hard drinkers. The former had been a lawyer, and the latter, until his conversion, had been a saloon-keeper in Boston.

They advocate the formation of what is commonly known in the eastern States as reform clubs, excepting theirs is termed a "cast-iron pledge," which prohibits buying, manufacturing, or using intoxicating liquors, including wine or cider. These men held similar meetings in the western part of the State of New York, at Clyde, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, Ilion and Hudson. In the former place they procured 5,000 signatures to the pledge, and at the latter 3,000. One week only at Glenn's Falls secured them fully 2,500 signers.

CHAPTER VIII.

FURTHER SPEECHES.—FACTS AND MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS CONNECTED WITH THE TROY MOVEMENT.—MURPHY'S CO-LABORERS.—ESTIMATE OF THE MAN AND HIS WORKS.

FROM Troy there radiated powerful streams of influence, like the spokes of a wheel, reaching the outlying range of towns. Here the gallant and enthusiastic subordinates of Murphy labored, and occasionally the temperance apostle himself visited each place, and left behind him burning words like coals of fire, fresh from the altar. In measuring the depth and force of the Murphy movements, we must not forget that the vital meaning of his method is to set everyone whom he can influence, and who possesses the heart and the brain of the public speaker, whether educated or not, to working in co-operation. In accordance with this, each large city has been made, as it were, a giant heart, pumping blood into all the adjacent places. Troy, as a center of reform temperance influence, must be credited, directly and indirectly, with not less than 50,000 pledge-takers, a glorious head-roll which makes it a jewel of honor in the crown of Murphy's honor, not less glowing than Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. It will be of interest to the reader to read some of the more striking speeches made by Murphy and his co-laborers while at Troy, such as we have not hitherto given. The extracts from addresses by the devoted and eloquent Caldwell will be of special value, for he brought to his work not a little culture and experience in oratory, as well as a magnificent enthusiasm for

the work. At one of the Saturday afternoon meetings, he said :

“Since I was a young man I have been placed in positions where it was devolved upon me to address political meetings, but in all my experience I never knew of one man whose political proclivities I had been the instrument of changing, but upon the first occasion of my addressing a temperance meeting, three hundred changed their course, and among them some have taken the work into their own hands and are now laboring to advance the cause of temperance. It is a pleasure to know that some of those men have taken their stand upon the platform of temperance. It is a pleasure to have a wife come and say, ‘My husband has signed a pledge,’ or to have a mother say, ‘My son, who has always been a hard drinker, has been influenced by you to sign the pledge.’ I have, perhaps, addressed over two hundred thousand people within the past year. At Elmira nine thousand signed the pledge. The result in Tioga and Chemung counties, Pennsylvania—over twenty-one thousand signed the pledge. It is impossible to stop the temperance work wherever it has been commenced. There are over one hundred men scattered through this State who are earnestly laboring for the cause of temperance. Mr. Murphy is receiving communications from all directions to extend his movement there. The cause is spreading all around Troy, Cohoes, Fort Edward, Waterford, Lansingburgh, Whitehall, and many other places are being awakened by the ravages that rum is causing in their midst. This work is no respecter of party or sex, but with its motto, ‘With Malice toward none and Charity for all,’ the gospel temperance is fast developing and will soon extend all over the entire country. We have been wonderfully blessed during our labors in this city, both in this hall and in the prayer-meetings which have been held at the Fifth street Baptist church. It is surprising how many of the laboring classes have sacrificed time to attend these noonday prayer-meetings. We feel grateful to the citizens of Troy for the greeting they have given us, and to the press of the city

of Troy, who had given both time and space to the advancement of the temperance work, and many times at great expense. I have been in the newspaper business, and know the worth of a column of space in a daily paper. The people want to know something more than who has got control, Conover or Patterson, down in the Senate. What does it matter who rules in Washington to a woman who has a husband who drinks rum. It is a question with her, will her husband sign the pledge and thus make her home happy, for this world is growing too dark with drunken husbands. But my friends, I can to-night congratulate you upon the favorable outlook as regards the reformation from intemperance. Mr. Murphy intends to 'fight it out on this line if it takes *all winter*.' Last night the proprietor of the principal hotel in this city came to me, and handing me \$50, said, 'Put my name on the temperance committee, and if that is not enough I will give more.' So you see these men who sell liquor have hearts as large as a steamboat. If you want a revival of religion in this city you must encourage this cause. If you find it more difficult to keep the motto than the pledge we will keep the motto, 'With Malice toward none' uncontaminated till we overcome the great obstacle."

Again on another occasion: "I like good children, and it has been our custom to hold what is called a children's meeting, in places where we have labored before; so you will not be surprised to learn that the proposition has been made that we hold a similar meeting in this city. As I said before, I like good little boys and girls, but when I see a little boy smoking or swearing, it is sufficient evidence to me that he is not good, and it is but a question of time when he will acquire greater vices. It is strange, my friends, how closely whisky, tobacco and blasphemy, are linked together. The one leads on to the other, and it is best for parents to prohibit the use of either by their children. Boys that swear and smoke soon take to whisky drinking, and then their sole ambition is to tend a bar. I know it is so, for when I drank the bartender

was my admiration, and I delighted to look upon the gilded fixings of the bar-room—gilded, I suppose, to make the path to hell pleasanter.

“I remember last decoration day at Elmira—I was in the army, and so belonged to the G. A. R.—we visited the graves of our fellow-comrades, and decorated them with flowers and wreaths and other devices, and above each grave was planted a tiny representation of the flag under which they had fought so well. And I remember on that day a widow, one of my neighbors, stood by the grave of her son, and I recollect how proud she was to see her loved one’s grave beautified by the floral tributes to his bravery. Another widow stood by her son’s grave. But no flag marked his resting place—he died a drunkard. I looked at the little mound of earth, and the thought flashed through my mind, ‘No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven.’ There was no joy or pride for that mother; but I doubt not that at one time she was proud of her boy. He graduated at the high school in Elmira. He studied for a profession that would have paid him well, but he began to drink. After a while the gate of despair was opened to his mother, and he died a drunkard.

“How sad! Yet he is but one of 70,000 who die yearly, die as he died, in these United States. What an army! I remember on the peninsula under McClellan, I was sent to lay a corduroy road, over which the army was to pass, and after it was finished myself and men stopped to see the men go by. All day long and the next, the soldiers went tramp, tramp, tramp, and it seemed to me there were men enough there to take a dozen Richmonds. But there was only 100,000. Now in the United States we have an army almost as large, marching steadily and surely to drunkards’ graves. Look at them—faithless husbands, fallen business men, prodigal sons—as they go on to destruction. And this army is being recruited in Troy.

“It concerns you, then, to see to it that your friends and dear ones do not enlist. A young man commences to drink in

a fashionable resort, but when death claims him, it finds him in some corner grocery. The drinker after he has reached a certain point finds himself avoided by his former companions, and he seeks others. If he is employed in any business, he is the first to go when trade slackens. His physical condition, too, is ruined. But not only is he injured physically, socially and in a business point of view, but he is injured morally. Whisky fills up your poorhouses and prisons. It seems to me that everybody has a duty to perform in the work of redeeming drundards. But how many of you say, 'I am not my brother's keeper!' Maybe you have lager or cider in your cellar and give it to your children. Tell me you are not your brother's keeper! . You are, if you love your children."

The movement was generously seconded and aided by the clergymen of Troy, some of whom became stanch and devoted Murphyites. Foremost among these divines stood, the Rev. Drs. Baldwin and Farrar. Their time and services were freely given to aid Francis Murphy and his noble cause, and it would be an impossible matter to transcribe the great and almost wonderful good they did in the movement. Their earnest and inspiring supplications to the throne of everlasting grace, and their thrilling addresses at the meetings, will live in the memory of thousands for years to come. The laity has grasped the hand of temperance and together they walk amicably, doing remarkable good, in fact, carrying everything with and before them. The beautiful and ennobling phase of total abstinence is its close connection with religion—the powerful and plain evidence that God bends over it, and preserves it. Divine aid is petitioned; and its wonderful success, its startling results are due simply to God's dear kindness and mercy.

One of the most remarkable discourses that was ever heard in Troy was a very fervent address on intemperance and temperance, delivered by the popular pastor of the Unitarian church, the Rev. William Fish, Jr. He said probably more had been attempted for the temperance cause through the in-

strumentalities of the law in two or three American States than in any other part of the world. He forcibly said : "Through the frequent changes to which the law has been subjected, according as the party of license or prohibition triumphed at the polls, the law has been brought into contempt ; the feelings of large numbers of people have been embittered ; artifice and deceit have been directly fostered and encouraged."

In speaking of the influence of education on temperance the gentleman aptly remarked : "Ignorance is one of the most prominent causes of intemperance. An ignorant generation or race, like an ignorant man, seeks in intoxicating drink the stimulus and excitement which, were it more highly educated, it would find in a hundred other and better ways. Intemperance commonly diminishes as education and the moral and social influences accompanying it advance. The general intellectual and moral elevation of mankind is the aim for which the true friend of temperance can labor with the best hopes of permanent success. The school and the church, pure literature, the mechanics' institutes and the workmen's clubs are, when properly conducted, the most efficient temperance agencies."

Discussing the social habit of passing around wine, he said that it was trite to say that many a man dated his ruin to the first social glass, taken because others took it and invited him to do so, or at all events to habits formed under the influence of a desire not to appear singular, and yet it was literally true. He went on to say :

"There has been so much heated controversy over the question of total abstinence, that the plain and simple issue has been needlessly obscured. A great deal of narrowness and bigotry have been exhibited on both sides. They seem to forget that it is a simple matter of self-denial just like hundreds of other, and that every individual ought to determine his duty in his own conscience, according to his own estimate of his responsibilities and obligations. Total abstainers become convinced that many are led to destruction by the example of others, and they are determined to avoid the smallest

risk of doing such a terrible harm by denying themselves a small gratification. And are they not deserving of honor rather than of the scoffs which they so often receive? When we remember how many victims of intemperate habits even the cultivated circles furnish, and consider what a far-reaching influence the customs established in those circles have, does it not seem likely that the gain to the community at large would be much greater than the loss if the habitual use of wine in society were to be abolished? I am convinced that the cause of temperance, which is the cause of order, decency, and of general virtue and happiness, would be very materially promoted if all persons in the community who aim to act from conscientious motives would unite in discountenancing the use of dangerous stimulants at parties and on most of the ordinary occasions of social intercourse. But these are questions on which no one should dogmatize—"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind." Let us be actuated by reason and conscience and not by mere impulse or recklessness, and let us not forget our responsibilities toward others—especially toward those who, perhaps, through an inherited or otherwise inherent physical predisposition, are as weak morally as a little child tottering on the edge of a dangerous precipice is physically."

In conclusion he said in a masterly manner :

"No one with a spark of genuine manhood in him will hesitate to sacrifice his own comfort when the clear alternative is another's destruction. To avoid temptation may be cowardly; but to thrust it upon one whom we know to have no power to resist, is diabolic. In all such cases let us take our stand on the noble and unselfish declaration of St. Paul, and say, in his spirit, if not in his exact words : "If wine make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Daniels, of Chicago, made a glowing little address, addressed with peculiar eloquence to the *last* man. He said as a pastor of a Christian church he

had known a great deal about drunkenness and its effects upon households, and related a vivid narrative of personal experience with a dissipated parishioner who suffered from an attack of *delirium tremens*. In an eloquent manner the speaker declared he wished to address himself particularly to the *last* man, who, faltering in purpose, had failed to sign the pledge that night. There was still an opportunity offered, and he entreated him to embrace it before he left the hall. People were inclined to be too uncharitable to the confirmed inebriate. One of that class was certainly entitled to more credit for being sober one-half of the time than he himself should receive for leading a perfectly temperate life, because he never had any temptation to overcome. The clergy and all temperance reformers in the past had been working upon a wrong system, and the policy or idea introduced by Mr. Murphy rather staggered them, but they would soon see its wisdom and practical way of treating the question. Referring to the children of drunkards, he said it would be better for their future good that they die young, while they are untainted, than to grow up and follow the example of their fathers. In a striking way, he compared a drunkard's life to a pane of window glass, which on a wet day was blurred and obscured. "Oh, you *last* man," exclaimed the speaker, "wouldn't you be glad to live your life over again? Would you begin as a moderate drinker? [Mr. Murphy cried out 'never.'] You can be born again and now is your chance. 'He will save unto the uttermost all who come to Him in the name of Jesus Christ.' You are forever lost unless you take hold of the hand of heaven that is extended to you." Turning to Mr. Murphy, the Rev. Dr. Daniels said, "Invite him, Brother Murphy, you have such a persuasive way, and I do want that '*last*' man to come up and sign the pledge."

During the Troy excitement over the cause of temperance reform, an open letter from Benjamin H. Baldwin, of Whitehall, N. Y., to Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York city, on this great subject, was published ; and it was so frequently

alluded to and made the text for discussion both from the platform and the editor's sanctum, that in referring to the miscellaneous matters of interest involved in the campaign in Eastern New York, we feel impelled to give it in full. Its strength and pungency make it a valuable contribution to temperance literature :

“ ‘If wine make my brother to offend, I will drink no wine while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.’

“ WHITEHALL, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1877.

“ REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D. D., New York city.

“ *Reverend Sir :*

In September last I addressed you an open letter through the public press, expostulating with you against your public advocacy of the indiscriminate use of wine and strong beer as a beverage. In pleading with you to abandon your open hostility to the doctrine of total abstinence, I brought to your view, I thought quite plainly, the great temptation you were presenting to reformed men to tamper with intoxicating drinks, and I pointed out the danger of doing so, even with those of the mildest forms. As an exact case in point, I cited my own, which was based upon an experience of thirty years of inebriation, and I stated to you truly, that after four years of strict total abstinence, the old fires were not quenched, nor the old appetite obliterated, but were merely lying dormant, held so by the restraining forces brought to bear upon them, such as strict total abstinence, the singing of the pledge with its constant reminder, a determined will, proper social surroundings, freedom from temptation, etc., and always including the mercy of God. I stated to you truly, sir, that but a single taste from the fascinating cup which you are holding out for acceptance, as if in mockery against the better intelligence of the country, would unchain the insatiable monster within me, and lead me straight down to a drunkard's doom. On October 2 last, I addressed a letter to you through the mail ; and in it informed you that my open letter above (a copy of which I enclosed), had been published in several news-

papers, which I named. I also enclosed a photograph of a man who is 63 years old to-day, and who has almost been destroyed by the use of intoxicating liquor, and upon the fly-leaf I wrote as follows: 'Ruined by strong drink—now sober—do not, I pray you, tempt me back to death, by offering me wine and ale.' I should have supposed that the wrinkled and sorrowful countenance beneath the whitened locks of that picture, coupled with the piteous appeal accompanying it, would have moved your heart to at least have sent me a word of encouragement—that you would have wafted a prayer even to my ears bidding me be of good cheer and to stand steadfast, notwithstanding the temptations which your theory and practice subjected me to. I was charitable enough to believe that you did not intend that your advocacy of moderate drinking should apply to reformed inebriates, enticing them back to dissipation, and that you did not realize the danger which would attach to that class by the promulgation of your doctrine; and I had so much faith in the honor of mankind, that I believed you would retract the dangerous heresy in which you had become involved, as I appealed to you in the most earnest manner to do.

"The alarming increase of lager beer saloons throughout the country, stimulated and encouraged by your countenance and support, together with your late public opposition to the healthful restraints sought to be imposed upon the large hotels of New York city in regard to closing their bars on Sunday, and abstaining from the sale of liquor between the hours of 1 o'clock and 5 o'clock A. M., as the law requires, as also your late public recommendation through the New York press, that liquor licenses be granted to all hotels and respectable saloons, and that beer licenses be granted indiscriminately, justifies me, in my own behalf, as well as that of oppressed humanity, to again enter my solemn protest. That I may not seem to be alone in this feeling of disapproval of your course, I can assure you that such feeling is very general, and I will cite a case in point, as follows: On the 25th inst., an entertainment was given in New York by the American

Temperance Union to the English temperance advocate, William Noble, on the eve of his departure for England, and Mr. Noble was presented with several valuable presents as testimonials, and while acknowledging his thanks in a short total abstinence speech, he boldly criticised your course as follows : 'To him (yourself) I say, you came before the *public* in an interview with the *Tribune*, and you say you keep wine upon your table. I tell you the *devil is in that wine*.' I agree with Mr. Noble, sir, and I now make the same assertion. I have reason for doing so, and have better proof than he, for 'I know how it is' myself. From 1850 to 1860 I was a total abstinence man, and was so rigid and straight in my observance that it might be said I fairly leaned over backward. At this last period, fortune drove me into a hotel, and seemed to drive me also to stock its cellar with a small quantity of wines and liquors, supposed to be necessary for guests at its table. The *tempter* could not force me to keep a bar, as I once had done, but at an opportune and fatal moment, while I was suffering from exhaustion, *he did tempt me* to partake of a little simple claret wine, a beverage scarcely more intoxicating than cider. The devil was aroused *on the instant*. I was that moment lost. In less than an hour a bottle of champagne was swallowed, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed I had resorted to brandy. Thirteen consecutive years of inebriation followed, without any cessation, and my rescue at last was brought about by means something akin to a special interposition of Providence. In self-defense, therefore, as well as in behalf of imperilled humanity, and especially of reformed inebriates generally, I now repeat my protest, as I have a right to do, against your insidious and most pernicious doctrine. Although God's forbearance may be for a long time extended, I now give you warning, sir, that your doctrine and its following will surely come to grief ; not perhaps until after thousands shall have fallen, and have been slain, but yet, not the less surely, for God in his mercy is even now raising up 'an army with banners,' whose glitter-

ing swords and spears have been dipped in the divine essence of charity, love and good will, and this band of invincible heroes and heroines, marshalled by such captains as Francis Murphy, are rushing forward to raise the fallen, to 'rescue the perishing,' and *dry up the founts* from whence their miseries flow. When the last wail of anguish shall come up from the besotted and their beloved ones, when the last coiled worm of the distillery, the last mash-tub of the brewery, and the last cider mill and wine press, or other kindred device of the enemy, shall have passed away forever, then will this army of blessed Christian knights declare their forces disbanded ; but never before, Dr. Crosby, never, *never*, NEVER !

" BENJ. H. BALDWIN."

A man, named Frank Brady, was led forward on the platform one night by Mr. Murphy, and he said that he felt like a lost boy glad to see his father. He said that it was the kind words of Francis Murphy that had made him what he was. He was in an intoxicated condition when he took the pledge, but he had kept it so far and he was certain he could always keep it.

Mr. Murphy related a touching anecdote of the reformation of a man out West who, once wealthy and respected, had become poor and disgraced through the use of intoxicating liquors, and finally by kindness was induced to sign the total abstinence pledge, and became a respectable citizen. With an earnest appeal to the people to come forward and sign the pledge in the presence of the audience, their wives and their country, and be saved, Mr. Murphy wished them all good-night.

The following incident will be read with interest :

"Three old, long and lean drinkers of this city joined the Murphy movement just one month ago, and were weighed a day or two ago. One, the longest and leanest, had gained exactly ten pounds, the others eight and a half pounds each. The first figured up his account with the temperance cause about thus : Cash saved, \$75 ; flesh gained (\$5 per pound), \$50 ; in feeling, \$500 ; to his family, \$10,000 ; total, \$10,625."

A frequent customer before the Rochester police courts for drunkenness was Thomas Jones (or rather that was his alias), who was once chaplain to one of the most powerful monarchs of Europe. He had just been suspended from a flourishing pastorate because of his uncontrollable appetite. While undergoing examination the other day a glass of whisky was given him to enable him to "brace up." What a temperance lecture was such a life !

In the *Syracuse Journal* an article appeared, which well described the life of a drunkard, from the rosy flush of a life full of glad promise, to the dark and terrible end. It is as follows :

"Fifteen years ago, there were few more prominent or prosperous young men in Onondago county. He moved in the first circles of society, was prominent in an orthodox church, and was financially prosperous. He was popular with the public, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of all who knew him.

"He was one of the first to volunteer in the war of the rebellion, and afterwards occupied the position of Provost Marshal for this district. Subsequently he was elected treasurer of Onondago county. While in office, he became addicted to the use of intoxicating beverages, and from that time till to-day, he has known no contentment of mind and has gradually sunk deeper and deeper into the terrible abyss, which has finally utterly engulfed him.

"To-day he was sentenced to prison for fifteen years ; sentenced for life unquestionably.

"It is with sorrow and pain that we reflect upon his career, and we call it to mind only that it may prove a warning to young men. He is more the victim of intoxicating drinks than of evil inclinations ; the strait in which his appetite placed him influenced to the commission of evil. There is a sad lesson in this sentence."

Mr. Alexander Cooper of Port Jervis, a convert and strong advocate of total abstinence, was on one occasion introduced by Mr. Murphy, and made the following speech, which re-

ceived great favor from the large audience to whom he addressed it :

“ *My Friends :*

“ I feel a great pleasure in being present with you to-night, so near to my dear brother Murphy, and I consider it a glorious privilege that we are all enabled to take part in this grand work of reclaiming the fallen. One year ago to-day I was a poor drunkard in the city of Pittsburgh. But you will forgive me if I do not dwell long on that period in my life, for the recollection is too horrible almost to be endured. I will simply speak of my reformation. I was traveling down one of our principal streets one evening, when I saw a large crowd in front of an opera house. Inquiry brought the answer that there was a temperance advocate lecturing inside. Now, I had never before experienced a desire to hear a temperance lecturer, for with them were associated in my mind thoughts of vituperative denouncements of all drunkards, including myself. But somehow an irresistible impulse urged me to enter the hall, and I did so. Still expecting nothing but abuse, you can imagine my surprise at the words of kindness which fell from Mr. Murphy—for it was he who was addressing the meeting—and when he concluded I was deeply touched. I still lacked the power to sign my name to the pledge, however, and I waited for somebody to invite me forward. But I had fallen so low that the *good* men and ladies in the aisle where I stood avoided me, as if I were contamination, and my good resolutions were wavering, when Mr. Murphy advanced towards me and grasping my hand, urged me to break off my evil ways, as, he said, there was hope for me yet. I could not resist the appeal. I signed the pledge, and asked God to help me keep it. When I had done so, I felt as if I had at last done something, which, if I could keep my resolution, would make me a man again. I went home and there battled with my awful appetite, battled as only those who have passed through a similar experience can have any appreciation of. But God gave me strength, and after I had conquered with His help, I felt as if I had a duty

to perform. I felt that in this world there are thousands who are like I was, and they are lost if Christians refuse to aid them. Go out and tell them they are not despised. Don't shun them as if their very touch were pollution, but by kindness raise them to a higher level.

"When we speak of intemperance, we usually refer to the vice as it prevails among the lower orders of society, but to-night I shall speak of it as it exists everywhere, among the high as well as the low. When you think of intoxicating liquors, you think of saloons and bar-rooms, but I mean to go to the fountain head, where liquor drinking is made a feature of fashion and social respectability. We must first drive the deadly cup from such places if we would redeem the land from intemperance. In hundreds of thousands of first-class families, side-boards are just as respectable as the table whereon the Bible lies—the family altar, if you please. Gentlemen take pleasure in showing friends who visit them their cellar well stowed with alcoholic liquors. In this fashionable drinking originates the major part of the evil of intemperance. People that would abhor taking a friend to a saloon to drink are not ashamed to make bar-keepers of themselves. I know about this business, and I say that those who keep saloons are often more manly, and less dangerous to society, than these patrons of the vice in its gilded forms.

"I say that to-day you can go into saloons and raise more money for charitable purposes than you can get in the prayer-meetings. This is because these men, so low down in the social scale, have hearts as big as steamboats. I mean to say they are men, and you must go to them in the spirit of the sermon on the mount, if you would do them good. James Parton says that for forty years total abstainers have made no advance, and Dr. Trall still further declares that while this class of temperance men have been giving their sole attention to their theories, the practical work of reform has been neglected. They have not gone into the highways and hedges after the lost."

Col. Caldwell paid the following glowing tribute to the Western crusaders, the bands of temperance women whose work is yet, and always will be, the romance of all temperance movements :

“The great good they did was in demonstrating the efficacy of prayer. It is fit that women should work in the temperance cause. They are the principal sufferers from the evil, and their influence is especially potent with erring fathers, husbands and sons. No one feels more than Francis Murphy that this work is of God. Was it the touch alone of the little girl to the key of the electric battery that scattered the submarine rocks at Hellgate, in the East river, and that deserves mention in connection with the event ; or, rather, was it not the thousands of days’ work laid out in honey-combing the rocks, the toil for years of diggers and other laborers that made the explosion possible, that should be remembered and honored ? So it is with this work here to-day. We are only reaping the fruits of the prayers and the labors of temperance men and women for years past.”

Thomas E. Murphy delivered his first speech in Troy in the following felicitous fashion, eliciting considerable applause :

“*Mr. Chairman and my dear friends :*

“As already stated by my introducer, Col. Caldwell was the first to present me to an audience, and never will I forget the trepidation and anxiety I experienced in making my first speech, but I thank God I was permitted to enlist my efforts in this noble cause of temperance. I can look back and remember our pleasant and happy home, which was afterwards ruined through the medium of rum and intemperance, but I trust, now since we have consecrated ourselves to the work of temperance reform, we have all been pardoned by the heavenly Father who forgets and forgives the truly penitent and reformed. Each and every one of us are capable of exerting some influence, and it is our duty to direct our efforts and extend a helping hand towards the amelioration of our fallen brethren. Let us employ kind words alone, for they certainly

go a great ways, and when you meet a man in your streets who has unfortunately become a victim of intemperance speak kindly to him and endeavor to accomplish his reformation. Looking at the matter from a financial standpoint, it costs a great deal to indulge in intoxicating drinks, and few men can afford to do so. Let us then make up our minds to abstain, sign the total abstinence pledge, and unite our efforts in strengthening this gospel temperance, and labor with noble action in the blessed cause. The fact that a man is instrumental in saving a soul will cover a multitude of sins. Let us work bravely on, with the motto ever in mind: 'Malice towards none and Charity for all.' Good night."

Another brief address, delivered by young Murphy, who has shown himself to be the genuine son of his father, contained this well put passage:

"I thank God for what I see and hear and know of the blessed work of temperance. It is a grand thing to be a young man who has resolved to lead a life of righteousness, and interested in a cause from which only untold benefit to the masses can accrue. It is a cause in which every body can labor, and do something good. Young man, never start out in life, by drinking ale! You all know the story of Richard Yates. He was a man whose abilities at one time were the pride of the nation, and had he never contracted the habit of drinking, would have a reputation for himself second only to the names of Washington and Lincoln. But he fell, and only through his confidence in himself—supposing that he could tamper with the serpent without being stung."

On one occasion Mr. Murphy made an interesting speech, in which he referred to the educational facilities of our country. He said there was no reason for poor people to say they could not afford to educate their children, for an equal advantage was given to rich and poor, and the poor boy might, if he chose, acquire an education equal to the son of a prince. Every man has the ability to educate his children. He said that if a man did not put anything in his mouth which would

take away his brain he would be able to educate his children. The speaker said that the people of to-day were too anxious to amass fortunes, and after they had accumulated several thousand dollars they were not contented with it.

Fashions, he said, had a great tendency to make a man poor. He believed that it lay in the power of every man to make himself honorable and independent, but no man would ever arrive at that standpoint till he was willing to help himself.

Mr. Murphy told at one of the meetings of the reformation of a poor drunkard who, while intoxicated, signed the prohibitory oath because he thought it would do somebody else good. In the immense audience which greeted Mr. Murphy on that occasion were the man's wife and three small children, and as he tottered along the aisle toward the stand the anxiety upon the woman's face was almost painful. Reaching the stand, William—that was his name—took the pen in his hand and affixed his name at the bottom of the page. While he was writing his wife moved from her position and when he had finished, threw both her thin, white arms around his neck and kissed him. Subsequently Mr. Murphy was invited to dine with the now happy family, and while at the house, the wife told him how terrible had been her struggle. At one time she had determined to die, but while on her way to the wood-shed with suicide in her mind, she was met by a little infant child, who asked her where she was going. For a while resolution wavered, and at last natural instinct prevailed, and she determined to live to fight for her children. "Oh, husbands, men!" said Mr. Murphy, concluding, "let us redeem the past! Come forward and sign the pledge!"

We must bring our record of the Murphy movement at Troy, in its details, and its overflow into the surrounding towns, to a close. It has become the devotion of a life-time with this great missionary of temperance truth, and the striking results of his efforts are continually accumulating. Hardly a week passes without adding new and startling phenomena to the sum total of his life; not new in the essential principles,

but striking in the dramatic forms in which they shape themselves. The worst passions of humanity form the back-ground on which the glorious results are set ; into it enter the tears alike of despair and joy, pouring from the eyes of mothers, sisters, wives, sweethearts and children ; the misery and repentance of strong men wrested from the clutch of the fiend of rum, and made to feel that they are once more men with the right to look their fellow-men frankly and clearly in the eyes.

Other strong-minded and strong-willed enthusiasts in the cause of good have done this in certain measure also. But there is but one Francis Murphy, and the work he has accomplished is so extraordinary as to make him a hero and a giant among his fellow-workers. In dedicating his life to this duty of rescuing his fellow-men from the infamous degradation of drunkenness, Murphy has recognized the supreme necessity inherent in the social life of to-day. Alcohol in its various forms destroys more men than war, plague, pestilence and famine, slaying the soul with the body. The lunatic asylum and the prison draw from its powerful aid, as a recruiting sergeant, the majority of the army of wretches that fill them ; and, strange to say, among the refined and intelligent classes we find a deep obtuseness on this subject. Clergymen and physicians even yet palliate the use of wine and spirits as a beverage ; though, thanks to an enlightened public sentiment which is daily becoming stronger, it is far better than of old. Gough, in one of his temperance lectures, tells a thrilling story, which illustrates the tremendous responsibility imposed on those men whose profession and intellectual culture make them public guides. Mr. Gough's recountal is as follows :

“ At a certain town meeting in Pennsylvania, the question came up whether any persons should be licensed to sell rum. The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it ; one man only spoke against it, because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable

woman. She was thinly clad, and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed upon her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and then her long arms to their greatest length, and raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called to all to look upon her.

“ ‘Yes!’ she said, ‘look upon me, and *then* hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking, as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience, declares its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison, as a beverage in health, is *excess*. *Look upon me!* You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once the mistress of the best farm in the town. You all know, too, I had one of the best—the most devoted of husbands. You all know that I had fine, noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them filling the drunkard’s grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you,’ pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor, ‘as authority. They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects, with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me.

“ ‘The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband

and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape ; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor-house—to warn you all ; to warn you, deacon ! to warn you, false teacher of God's words !' And with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed, 'I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all !'

"The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly ; the minister, the deacon, and physician hung their heads ; and when the president of the meeting put the question, 'Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors ?' the unanimous response was 'No !' "

Again, Mr. Gough says, in illustrating the danger that lurks in the seductions of liquor, even for those who, we would fancy, are the best fortified against it :

"A minister of the Gospel writes me : 'I was deposed by my church for drunkenness ; some of them had confidence in me and they gathered together and formed a little church, and we worshipped in a hall ; I preached for them six or eight weeks ; I then came down to Boston to buy hymn-books ; I met with a friend who asked me to dine, and I drank a glass of wine, and for three days I knew nothing, and now I am ruined for time, and I fear for eternity.' I have a letter from a minister of the Gospel who says this :

"My grandfather died of delirium tremens, my mother died a drunkard ; I have inherited an appetite for liquor. When I went into the ministry I sought the hardest work I could get, and went as a Home Missionary ; I am now broken down ; I have covered my whole life with prayer as with a garment ; I have spent hundreds of dollars at water-cure establishments to wash this devil out of me ; I have gone without animal food for two years, yet I tremble every day on the

awful verge of the precipice of indulgence.' Now mark me. I don't say that the grace of God cannot take away every particle of that appetite, as the infinite power of God can cure every disease, but what I want is this : that no man shall go away from these meetings filled with 'the new sensation that comes to a changed man ; when the battle face to face comes, he is away from such influences as these, and says : 'I have the grace of God in my heart ; I have no appetite now.' But let one of these men who have been drunkards and who have abstained for ten years, take one glass, and see if he hasn't got the appetite there. Like the slumbering fire of a volcano, that one glass will rise into fury, drenching, perhaps, body and soul in the lava of drunkenness. Now, then, if I have any grace in my heart—I know that that has been taught in this Tabernacle—if I have any grace in my heart it prompts me to pray, 'Lead me not into temptation.' I have His word for it I shall never be tempted more than I am able to bear, for there is a way of escape for me from every temptation ; but if I have such views of the grace of God that will induce me to say, 'I have so much grace that I can now walk into the temptation, and that grace will save me from falling,' it is very doubtful to me whether such a man has the true idea of the grace of God. Therefore, I say to reformed men, Christian men, your hope is in Jesus to keep yourselves unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it."

There is no safety except in total abstinence, and even then the appetite is so strong, that only the help of the Almighty enables the struggling victim to emancipate himself. Again let us quote from the eloquent temperance orator whom we have already alluded to :

"Some of us remember when we fought a hard battle for temperance ; some of us remember the riots in Faneuil Hall, when the liquor sellers declared that we should not occupy that platform, and for three successive nights they beat us off, put their own chairman in the meeting ; we remember very well when it was a reproach to be a temperance man, and

temperance men were persecuted. Now it seems as if—I was going to say it was becoming popular, but I don't like that word popular. I believe the principle is becoming universal from Maine to Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and it is because it was begun in prayer, and it will end in thanksgiving. The women of Pittsburgh before Christmas met together for prayer; it was the outcropping of the women's crusade movement; that phase of it has passed away, but the foundation of the movement was prayer, and they continued praying even when they gave up the saloon visiting, and what is the consequence? From 60,000 to 70,000 in Pittsburgh and Alleghany city alone, the past three months, have signed the pledge! It is in Cleveland, in Omaha, in all the West, away down in Maine, it is reaching to San Francisco, it is everywhere, and Christian men and women are being raised up to do battle against this fearful enemy."

It is true the temperance wave is rolling like a flood, but the strength of the enemy is deep-seated, with almost an invincible hold on the passions, prejudices and appetites. Its roots and fibres run all through the social system, and it has a thousand false and smiling faces with which to deceive the unwary. How many great men have fallen under its insidious temptation! The brilliant lights in literature, art, politics, and law, have in many cases been snuffed out in an untimely end by their weakness for this most dangerous of appetites. What a sigh from the depths of his despair is breathed out by Charles Lamb, the gentle and gifted "Elia," in these words:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all

the way emanating from himself ; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise ; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin ; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking forward for this night's repetition of the folly ; could he feel the death, out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

To the false teachings in times past of medical science (so called) is the difficulty of dealing with the question of alcoholic stimulants to some extent due. Physicians have blindly accepted sophisms and falsities, and taught them as scientific truths. Could we know the numbers of drunkards of both sexes who have formed the fatal appetite in consequence of physicians' prescriptions, we should be startled at another instance of the devil transforming himself into an angel of light. But the change of opinion among the better class of physicians to-day is working a salutary influence. Let us offer a few of the testimonies on this subject :

Dr. Carson, an eminent physician of Philadelphia, writes these wise words : "The profession teaches that it is a valuable remedy for disease." The graduate passes into the community, and in dysentery, typhoid and typhus fevers, cholera, and in every phase of real or apparent weakness, prescribes it for his patient ; thus not only fostering that fierce appetite for alcohol, which ceases only with death, but impressing the community with the belief that alcoholic drinks are absolutely essential to the preservation of health and the cure of disease. What can moral suasion do ? What can the Maine law effect in opposition to such a sentiment among the masses of the people, founded, sustained and encouraged by the medical profession ? Is there a disease of the heart, the head, the lungs, the liver or the kidneys, that has not been produced a thousand times by alcoholic drinks ? Is there a single one of these diseases which demands their use as a remedy ? Alcoholic stimulants

are not necessary in the treatment of any disease. Think, gentlemen, of the five hundred young physicians being annually sent from this city (Philadelphia) to the various States of the Union to practice their profession, placing the brandy bottle in tens of thousands of the families as a remedy ! Who can calculate the mischief that they will produce ? It were better for mankind that they had never been born."

In the *Medical Journal*, of Boston, Dr. Fuller thus very pointedly remarks : "The use cannot be separated from the abuse, either as a beverage or as a medicine. We cannot prevent the use of alcohol as a beverage without discarding its use. I think that the profession cannot but perceive that while alcoholic prescriptions are so universal, and while it is recommended as a domestic medicine, it will continue to be used as a beverage, and its lamentable effects will follow."

The well-known medical writer, and founder of a successful medical college in New York, Dr. Trall, thus reflects : "The effects of intemperance may be summed up in a few words—vice, crime, pauperism, social corruption and national decline ; and the root of the evil is alcoholic medication. It is true now, as it has ever been, that just to the extent that medical men advise and prescribe alcohol as a medicine will the people drink it as a beverage. The use of alcoholic drinks always did, and always will, follow in the wake of alcoholic medication."

The *Medical Times*, of New York city, an ably managed and influential journal, thus appeals to the good sense of the medical profession : "The alarming extent to which alcoholic stimulants are being resorted to as a beverage, by the public, should attract the serious consideration of physicians. The opinion is becoming prevalent that stimulus is beneficial. The various quacks who trump their 'bitters' into the market, are beginning to understand this, and have already reaped a golden harvest from a very extensive sale of their nostrums."

"On one occasion," said Dr. Blakeman, in narrating the in-

stance of a young lady, before the Academy of Medicine, "in consequence of the prescription of a physician, she was led into habits of intemperance to such an extent that in the course of eight months she was accustomed to take two and one-half pints of brandy daily. She died a drunkard."

Professor Benjamin F. Barker, of the New York College of Medicine, said: "I have known several ladies to become habitual drunkards, the primary cause being a taste for stimulus, which was acquired by alcoholic drinks being administered to them as medicine."

In the "*Materia Medica*," of Dr. Chapin, the following words have escaped the editor's pen: "It is the sacred duty of everyone exercising the profession of medicine, to unite with the moralist, the divine, and the economist, in discouraging the consumption of these baneful articles; and, as the *first step* in the scheme of reformation, to discountenance the baneful notion of their remedial efficacy."

Before the Academy of Medicine, in New York, Professor Post instanced the case of a patient—a young man—who was hereditarily predisposed to consumption of the lungs. Acting upon the advice of a physician, he freely took to the use of alcoholic stimulants, became an inebriate, and died of delirium tremens. In this we have the peculiar wisdom of a class of physicians set before us. Better had he fallen by his pulmonary affection, a thousand fold.

Dr. Post also employed these words: "Even as a medicine alcohol is 'a mocker,' and all the bitters, tonics, etc., which men use who would scorn to enter a rum shop, are disguised assassins in Satan's service."

Professor Mussey of the State Medical College of Ohio, says: "I deny that alcoholic spirit is essential to the practice of either physic or surgery. So long as it retains a place among sick patients, so long will there be drunkards."

The venerable Dr. Porter, of Portland City, Maine, after an experience of sixty years in his profession, declared as follows: "I exceedingly regret the exception (in favor of ardent

spirit as a medicine) in the constitutions of temperance societies."

Professor Emlen, of the Philadelphia Medical College, uttered these words : " All the use of ardent spirits is an abuse. They are mischevious under all circumstances."

Dr. Johnson-curtly said of alcohol : " I have known it to do much harm, and never any good."

These and a thousand other strong and intelligent witnesses, who have made a specialty of the subject, might be adduced to prove that, to use the forcible language of Dr. Bostock, " Alcohol is a blind experiment on the vitality of the patient ; and supports life in precisely the same way that a wild hyena would, if let loose among a crowd."

It is true that many otherwise excellent physicians, who themselves do not use alcohol, prescribe it in various diseases. They do this because they have been trained to do it, just as they were once trained not to use cold water or allow free ventilation of the sick room in many ailments, where a better science teaches them to be absolutely requisite. The opinions of the wisest scientists to-day on the subject of alcohol are that it aids the system, just as a goad and heavy plow give the tired ox more ease and rest. The system frets under it, tries to throw off the terrible burden, and suffers in consequence, no matter how slight the quantity taken. Any of the well-known poisons may be used in certain forms of disease with just as little jeopardy as alcohol.

So the intrenchments, with which the " rum " power has fortified itself, have been built by the hand of a pseudo-science, as well as by the appetites and lusts of the ignorant ; cemented by the social elegancies of life as well as by the coarseness and crudity of the lower classes. The most subtle agent of evil, it has entwined itself through every branch of the social system from highest to lowest.

It is in vain to tell men in studied phrase that they are ruining body and soul by the practice of drinking stimulants ; to prove analytically that alcohol is a poison, has all the effects

of a poison, is nothing but a poison. Where habit has taken its tyrant hold on the nature, the intellect alone is slow to respond to the calls made on it. The crust of custom must be broken by some powerful emotional shock. It is just here that the grand usefulness and value of such a man as Francis Murphy come to the fore, and stamp themselves in an undying record on the page of society.

A man of the people, who himself has passed through the degrading and brutal experiences, from which he would now wean his fellow-men, he appeals to the masses with that magnetism and sympathy which sweep everything before them. Simple, earnest and uneducated, his words come straight from the heart, and go straight to the heart. He is a man moulded by nature and circumstance for the peculiar work to which he has dedicated himself, and he has shown a deep insight into the hearts of men and the conditions involved in moving them by the very novel and remarkable methods he has adopted. The results accomplished by such men as Moody the evangelist, and Francis Murphy the temperance revivalist are very significant phenomena; and show that in spite of the materialism, the cynical, critical intellectuality which have been imputed to our age, the popular heart is as much to-day a sensitive instrument responsive to the intense earnestness and enthusiasm of the reformer and the orator, as it was in the days when Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard aroused the people of Europe to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the Saracen.

A summary of the results wrought by Murphy, during the last four or five years, measuring these as nearly as possible, would indicate that over a million of people have been induced, directly or indirectly, to sign the pledge of total abstinence through his influence. Some statements have been made doubling or even trebling this amount. But there is always somewhat of exaggeration in the enthusiasm which underlies the admiration of mankind for a great work of this nature. The more moderate figure, while certainly within the truth, is

a result so great as to place the Murphy crusade against rum as one of the grandest achievements in reform during the last century. Nothing is gained by exaggerating that which is in itself so great. Francis Murphy has been and is a mighty torch, flaming with enthusiastic devotion to a grand cause, and lighting up the hearts of humanity with an illumination, which exposes the heights and depths, the infinite misery, suffering, and wickedness involved in the love of stimulants. Others, perhaps, have been more successful in organizing results, in systematizing feelings once kindled into a permanent and steady glow ; in surrounding the reformed drunkard with restraints and conditions that assist him in fighting the battle, which has only commenced when he signs the pledge of total abstinence, through to a final victory over the love of drinking. But to every man is given his special power and function. "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God alone giveth the increase." And it is by the power of God that these men work so successfully. If a praying, earnest Christian heart were not at the foundation of their efforts, if they did not draw their inspiration from a profound conviction that they were instruments in the hands of a Higher Power, we should look in vain for the wonderful achievements they have wrought.

"God bless Francis Murphy !" is the sincere cry of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men and women. That he may long live to continue his mighty work, and advance the cause of which he is so splendid an exponent, is the prayer of every one that loves humanity, and looks forward to that regeneration of society, so beautifully pictured in the Biblical figure of the millenium.

THE
LIFE AND WORK
OF
DR. HENRY A. REYNOLDS
THE
TEMPERANCE REFORMER.



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CHAPTER IX.

THE EARLY CAREER OF A REMARKABLE MAN.—THE OCCASION OF HIS REFORM AND CONVERSION.—FIRST ORGANIZATION OF REFORM CLUBS.—WORK IN MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS.

No history of the recent temperance movements in the United States would have any completeness without doing justice to the splendid results attained under the leadership of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds. This laborer in the reform vineyard is not so universally known in the Eastern states, though Maine and Massachusetts were the early field of his labors. His most remarkable work, that which has given him a national reputation, has been in Michigan and Illinois. His efforts in detail, owing to his methods, have not in them that popular and picturesque interest which attaches to the Murphy movement. But a study of the Reynolds work exposes matters of interest to the more thoughtful student of social phenomena, not less than that of his more eloquent and magnetic compeer, and stands equally on its own basis as an astonishing fact. Like all the men who have accomplished

great things, Reynolds passed through a terrible personal experience, for the roots of strength are nurtured in suffering. His power was born of his own wretchedness and misery in those days, when he was a slave to the fearful love of alcohol, and a constant sufferer from its effects.

In spite of all the extraordinary factors that have moved in it, the history of temperance reform has no feature more important, or more interesting, than that which bears the soul-stirring and appropriate watchword—"Dare to do right!" The thousands upon thousands that have enlisted themselves in the mighty lists that carry this banner, and proudly wear the red-ribbon badge, are bent upon one aim, a fight against intemperance and in favor of total abstinence. The success these people have achieved is very great, and by their means, temperance reform has been made firmer, surer and more certain.

In places where but a few years ago temperance movements were never thought of, the entire community has become a branch of the reform, and has turned out zealous workers in the noble cause.

The reform clubs were inaugurated by men who were addicted to intoxicating liquors for many years. These men, aroused to their condition, the fearful risks they ran, and the awful fate that awaited them, saw the necessity of a change and a decided reformation. They placed themselves in the care of God, and besought His merciful protection and guidance. Earnest supplication is heard and answered by Providence. In God this movement finds its best and truest advocate; in prayer, its greatest help and stronghold. In this instance it and the woman's crusade are alike. This dependence upon Divine assistance helps those who are too weak to control their appetite, and they go readily to Him for the strength and power, by which alone they can be saved and preserved.

Mr. J. K. Osgood, of Gardiner, Maine, started a movement among drinking men of his native town in January, 1872.

He himself was a reformed man. He belonged to a family of high social standing, but fifteen years of incessant indulgence in intoxicants brought him as low as any man ever fell. The year previous to his reformation found him out of business, friendless and entirely moneyless. His description of that time and what followed is highly interesting and very pathetic. It appears that on his return home late one evening he saw, through the window of his house, his wife waiting for him, as was her wont. Her patience and devotion, as well as her pitiable condition, went right to his heart, and made him feel so very badly that then and there he made up his mind to abstain forever, God helping him.

This noble resolve he was able to keep, earnest and devout prayer sustaining him in it ; and some months later he entered public life as a temperance reformer. He was led to this step by the reformation, through his means, of an old friend, an attorney-at-law, who had been addicted to the use of liquors fully as long as himself.

Mr. Osgood drew up the following call for a meeting, signed by his friend, and had it inserted in the newspapers :

“REFORMERS’ MEETING. — There will be a meeting of reformed drinkers at City Hall, Gardiner, Friday evening, January 19, at seven o’clock.

“A cordial invitation is extended to all occasional drinkers, constant drinkers, hard drinkers, and young men who are tempted to drink, to come and hear what rum has done for us.”

The hall was crowded by curious people. Mr. Osgood and his friend spoke with great power and eloquence, born of suffering and deliverance, and impressed the crowd in no slight manner. This initial meeting was very successful, and considerable enthusiasm was aroused in the people.

The result was the immediate organization of the “Gardiner Temperance Reform Club.” In a very short space of time the club numbered one hundred men, all of whom had been, more or less, habitual drunkards.

The great success of the movement and the excitement and

enthusiasm of the people travelled all over the country, and in a few months reform clubs had sprung up here, there, and everywhere, their membership numbering thousands.

From Maine Mr. Osgood went to the State of Massachusetts, and here did noble work under the auspices of the Massachusetts Temperance Alliance. Fully forty clubs were organized in this State alone.

At the head of the mighty army, wearing the red ribbon, stands the man that everyone loves and honors—Dr. Henry A. Reynolds.

It is beyond dispute that often when the shadows are darkest, and when the despairing heart well-nigh breaks with intense grief and long suffering, and it seems utterly useless to live another day, light comes to us—making all things bright and full of hope again. Well has that sweet singer said :

“Grim clouds precede the brightest morn;
The darkest hour’s before the dawn.”

We are apt to succumb to what, to us, has the stern bearing of fatality, and weakly bowing under it, let loose our hold on life, and float down the swift current. A way is sometimes then pointed out to us, which we unhesitatingly follow ; for we know He has marked it out with an especial meaning, and we are bound to follow. We take our cross and gladly bear the burden, no matter how heavy it may be.

Henry A. Reynolds had stood in dark shadow for many years. Not many men have gone through as much degradation and adversity as he ; and not many have had such an experience as that which now crowns him, and makes him a beacon light to thousands upon thousands of men coiled in the folds of that vicious and terrible evil we call alcohol. It was quite early in life that the desire for intoxicating drink took possession of him, and it is only of late years that he has been successful in destroying it.

This awful appetite grew with his growth, and eventually brought him to the brink of a frightful abyss which yawned

before him, and threatened his life. He was born in Bangor, Maine, in the year 1839. He entered the Medical College of Harvard University, and was there well known and respected for his studious application, his fine natural abilities, and the remarkable ease with which he mastered every branch of education he undertook. He graduated with high honors, and left the classic walls of old Harvard with many wishes and wise predictions relative to his future success.

His life was cast in circles where the use of wines and liquors was regarded as a matter of course. He was entirely left to the influences of fashionable life; and, like so many young men of talent and promise in the same circumstances, he began to dissipate. A strong desire for drink took possession of him, and giving way to it he sank lower and lower in the social scale.

The late war broke out, and following the bent of an ardent inclination, he enlisted in the Union army as assistant surgeon in the First Maine Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He served during the last two years of the war, and at the close of the long struggle he returned home honorably discharged, and entered upon the professional practice of a physician in his native city. He commenced very successfully; but the growing habit of intemperance increased with him to such an extent that his practice was seriously injured. "Dr. Reynolds' practice," one of the leading physicians of Bangor says, "if attended to, would have been worth at least five thousand dollars a year." For a time he occupied the high position of city physician. His downward course was rapid, and he soon became a slave to his awful appetite. In telling the story of his life, the doctor says:

"I am one of the unfortunate men who inherited an appetite for strong drink. I love liquor as well as a baby loves milk. When I was but a child of less than eight years of age I began to strengthen that appetite first by drinking cider. Cider I call the devil's kindling-wood. Next I used to drink native wines, then ale and lager bier, and the stronger drinks.

I drank at parties, weddings, dances, etc.; I had liquors on my table while keeping house, and treated all friends who called on me in my office or at home, for this I thought necessary to their proper entertainment: I have really been a drinking man, to a greater or less extent, for twenty years, the last six of these years to a greater rather than a less extent. I was a periodical drinker from necessity, as I could not drink all the time; but a periodical drunk with me usually lasted six weeks. I have had the *delirium tremens*, and suffered the torments of the lost; but, for all that, I brought myself to the verge of the same suffering a hundred times afterward, knowing that I could not, in all probability, live through another attack. I was a slave to my appetite, and actually did not know how to rid myself of it.

"I am compelled to give the same painful testimony that so many do, that no one asked me to turn over a new leaf, or said an encouraging word to me in the way of urging me to try and live a sober life. Had some kind friend shown me the way out of it, and whispered in my ear that I could be a better man, I might have been so. I attribute my salvation from a drunkard's grave to the Woman's Temperance Crusade; or, rather, I consider myself as a brand plucked from the burning through the prayers of the Christian women of America."

Dr. Reynolds, finding himself on the verge of *delirium tremens*, sought, as a last resort, help from God in overcoming his strong appetite for alcoholic drinks.

He knelt in his office and yielded himself to God as His servant, and swore a solemn and sacred oath that he would sign the pledge publicly as soon as a fitting opportunity offered itself. Only two days later the opportunity came. The women's crusade of Bangor was conducting a public meeting in the City Hall, and he went in to observe it.

The large audience was much amazed to see him come in, for he was notorious for his intemperate habits. The people were more amazed when he pressed his way through the mass,

and reached the pledge-table, where he deliberately signed his name. For a little while the place was very still, and then such a shout went up ! Then many came forward, shook his hand warmly, and most heartily congratulated him on what he had done. It was hard to believe he would be able to keep the pledge ; but he did. He entered heartily into the work, and began to induce others to follow his example.

He talked to his acquaintances, and spoke at the temperance meetings, where he had become a regular attendant. In his speeches he eloquently pointed out the many dire consequences intoxicating drink brought to its victims, persuaded them to sign the pledge, and in other ways sought to draw his unfortunate and suffering brothers into the new and good life upon which he had entered. His work was so acceptable, so successful, that he received numerous invitations to visit other places, and address the people upon the subject of total abstinence. He labored earnestly, and grew more and more attached to the glorious cause day after day.

However, it soon became evident to him that to insure success and permanency there must be an organization, and he conceived the plan, under God, of organizing a Reform Club made up wholly of men who had drunk to a greater or less extent, believing then, as now, that there exists "between two drinking men," to quote his own words "that sympathy which cannot exist between a man who has and one who has not drunk." He published notices in the different daily newspapers cordially inviting all drinking men to meet at a certain time and place. Eleven came forward at the call, and the Bangor Reform Club, the very first of the kind, was organized September 10, 1874, adopting as its motto "Dare to do right." Henry A. Reynolds was unanimously elected president of it. Other meetings were held ; meanwhile, the members, with true missionary zeal, did their utmost to bring in new members, and in the course of a few weeks the club numbered hundreds ; the city was shaken and aroused for God and humanity as never before. The success of this movement went all over the

country like a flash, and created great surprise and much interest. Many cordial invitations to inaugurate a similar work came from all quarters and were accepted by Dr. Reynolds and his earnest fellow-laborers with zeal and enthusiasm. In one year Reform Clubs of this kind were organized throughout the entire State of Maine. The people entered into the movement eagerly, and embraced it heartily and warmly, and Dr. Reynolds was received everywhere with great enthusiasm.

The work in Maine was very successful. In three years the number of reformed men was given in as forty-six thousand.

The origin of the red ribbon took place some months after the doctor's conversion. He had called a convention of reformed men to meet in Bangor, Maine, and while he was seated in his office, the day of the meeting, September 10, 1874, he fancied that it would be a good idea if the men had some sign or badge by which they might recognize each other.

He thought for a long time, and finally sent his office-boy across the street to a dry-goods store for several yards of red ribbon. Having obtained this the doctor cut it up into six-inch lengths, tied one in the lapel of his coat, and did likewise by all of the delegates.

Another convention was held in June of the following year, at which these men wore the red ribbon in memory of the other meeting. Before Dr. Reynolds started out on his Massachusetts campaign he made the red ribbon a badge of membership of the Reform Club. The ribbon played by far a more important part in the State of Michigan than in those of Massachusetts and Maine. In this State it became almost a sacred thing. To the reformed men who wore it, it was a solemn reminder of their promise of life-long abstinence from intoxicating liquors. The wearer of it is respected and admired, and it is said that "in some of the Michigan saloons, if a man wearing the red ribbon should come in and order a glass of liquor, he would be refused." At Jackson, an instance of this kind lately occurred, as follows:

"A reformed man with a red ribbon in his button-hole was

overcome by his appetite for strong drink, went into a saloon, and called for liquor. 'No,' said the saloon-keeper, who had known the man as a miserable drunkard for many years, 'I will not give you anything to drink. A man who has been damaged by liquor as much as you have been, and who has been helped by letting it alone, as much as you have, ought to know better than to touch it again. Your family are happy, too, and I will not be the man to destroy you and them.'"

Perhaps the best description that has appeared of Dr. Reynolds, is that given by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, the successful missionary of Rockford, Ill., and the editor of that clever sheet, the *Rockford Register*. It is as follows:

"Dr. Reynolds is a man all by himself. He continually provokes the inquiry : What is the source of his power? In personal appearance the doctor is rather commanding, measuring six feet, well proportioned, straight as an arrow, moves with energy and grace. His complexion is a little of the florid order. He wears a sandy moustache, and in address and general appearance he is a gentleman. He makes no pretensions to oratory. His words are few ; his style pleasing and smooth. He never lifts his voice above the conversational tone ; never makes any effort to play on the emotions, but deals in stern, naked truth, using his own experience, and that of others simply as illustrations. His appeals are to the common sense and manhood of his hearers, and to their moral feelings. When he tells of his life he uses terms that a half-drunken man would understand. He says 'drunkard' instead of 'inebriate,' and calls himself 'a reformed drunkard.' He seems to look at this question of drunkenness and reformation from the stand-point of those who have suffered from the one, and who are in need of the other ; and the first thought which seems to take possession of the unfortunate men who hear him is, 'Well, now, he was such a man as I ; may be I could be saved if I try the same way he did. *I'll try.*'

"The secret of his success is the absolute absence of everything like pretense, and in the inspiration of *work* which he

carries with him, while his own sole reliance is upon the support of God. 'Old Business,' he is frequently called ; and the thoroughness of his methods of organization warrants the title.

"His creed, which he announces whenever there is occasion for it, is this : 'I believe in God ; I believe in prayer ; I believe in everything between the two lids of the Bible, whether I understand it or not ; and I believe I am a saved man to-day, through the instrumentality of the prayers and work of the women of my country.'

"With respect to the various political questions arising in temperance, the doctor says : 'Let everything else alone. You reformed men have enough business on your hands to take care of yourselves, without being made cat's-paws for politicians to pull their chestnuts out of the fire.'"

Mrs. Mary G. Ward, President of the Woman's Temperance Union of Salem, Massachusetts, learned of the wonderful work of reform progressing in Maine, under the very successful leadership of Dr. Reynolds, and while at the old Orchard Beach Camp-meeting in 1875 she cordially extended an invitation to him to inaugurate his movement in Massachusetts.

He went to Salem, and made his first appearance in March, 1876. A full account of his labor here, as given by himself in a report to the Boston *Traveller*, is as follows :

"A few months ago I came to Salem by the invitation of the Woman's Christian Union for the first time. Then, by their aid, and through their prayers, commenced this grand awakening, whereby thousands of homes have been made happy, and thousands of men have been turned to God. Not me is due the praise, but to our Father in heaven, who has chosen me to do the work.

"I believe that women do more for fallen men than men will or can do for themselves ; and I thank God that the women of the United States had commenced their crusade, and the wave had spread eastward till it reached my home in Bangor.

"We organized a little club of eleven reformed drunkards in

Bangor, for the purpose of encouraging one another to dare to do right; and from that the movement spread. Once we went to St. Johns, New Brunswick, where a small reform club was started. It proved to be the little leaven which leavened the whole lump, for this club of a few has become a club of very many, and its influence has extended through the British Provinces.

"The reform movement seems to me sometimes like the crusade of John the Baptist, and if anything can be found to do more good I should like to know it. I am in sympathy with all kinds of temperance movements and with all branches of the Church of God, but this is the work to which God has called *me*, a work like the mission of our blessed Saviour himself, to go out into the highways and byways, hedges and ditches, and raise up the fallen ones.

"Two years ago I was rescued from the verge of a drunkard's grave by the Christian women of Bangor. I joined the Young Men's Crusade Club. It was composed of men who had led a sober life, of those who had been moderate drinkers, and of those who had been common drunkards. The result was continual quarreling and strife. The organization died. It then occurred to me to form a society composed entirely of reformed men. There is a bond of sympathy between reformed men which binds them together. Such a club was formed in Bangor: it increased to an unprecedented number. I then resolved henceforth to form such clubs, and do all I could for the cause of temperance."

He worked in Massachusetts about thirteen months, during which time he extended his field to Connecticut, New Hampshire and Rhode Island. The center of his labor, however, was in the counties of Essex and Middlesex, though at intervals he found his way into the interior of the State.

Gloucester was one of the first towns he visited. The movement here was so signally successful that a list of twenty-two vessels, sailing from that port, was published, whose entire crews were temperance men, and most of them mem-

bers of the Reynolds Reform Club. In Salem, a club of two hundred and twenty-five members was formed ; at Marblehead, one of two hundred ; in Lynn, one of forty ; in Peabody, one of eighty. Place after place was carried by storm, and in a very short space of time there were fully seventy red-ribbon, or reform clubs, in this State. He received in Salem a complimentary benefit at the conclusion of his labor, which was highly gratifying in every particular. He was received in every place with grand ovations, and received adulation enough to spoil one of the best of men ; but there was something always with him that kept him away from all dangers, and led him onward. This all-powerful, though invisible presence, saved him from such a peril. He walked along his life-path, with clear eyes steadily and hopefully gazing heavenward. He who had been a curse and a blot on humanity had now become a blessing. He who had been as low and as vile as man could be, a habitual sot, was now clothed with a light that set the unbelieving world wondering. Surely he was one of the appointed of the Lord.

In speaking of the temperance movement conducted by Dr. Reynolds, the *Congregationalist*, of Boston, under the date of March 29, 1876, says :

"The work of Dr. H. A. Reynolds is little short of a miracle. For example, upon Saturday, March 25, he went in a furious storm to the town of Ashland, by a night train, met a hundred men at the town hall, and talked with them an hour in a free, conversational way ; then met a hundred in the same place on Sunday afternoon, mostly drinking men. He organized a reform club of forty. In the evening he obtained sixty more members to the club, and left town Monday morning, leaving a temperance organization which, within a few weeks, had gathered in drinking men by the score. This work is repeated in three towns and cities every week, and in every place with substantially the same success. Within eighteen weeks thirteen thousand reformed men have been organized by Dr. Reynolds in Eastern Massachusetts.

"His club plan is such that the men hold each other up. Eighty-five per cent. of the thirty-four thousand reformed men who have taken the pledge within nineteen months are holding to it to this day.

"At Waltham, the work has been a most remarkable one. On Thursday of last week, on his return to that town again, Dr. Reynolds was met at the depot by an array of three hundred reformed men, and escorted through the principal streets, to the vestry of the Congregational Church, where a collation had been provided by the ladies of the Christian Union. In the afternoon and evening there was a grand mass meeting, and the reform already accomplished in the town corresponds with that in Gloucester. This grand temperance wave is already reaching the men in the towns in the region of Boston."

Dr. Reynolds carried that great manufacturing city, Lowell, completely by storm. At one of the meetings here he delivered with fine effect the following address:

"I am a graduate of Harvard College, and received a thorough medical education; but I have been drunk four times a day in my office, and if there is any worse hell than I have suffered I don't want to be there. No nobler class of men walk the earth than some who are drinking men. They are naturally generous, whole-souled, genial, jolly; but by intemperance their minds become diseased. They become scorned and degraded outcasts in the ditch, kept there by thoughtless people, less generous and honorable by nature than themselves. But for rum, these might be on the throne instead of in the gutter.

"Drunkards are not all fools, as some people believe; but every man who drinks is living a life of self-condemnation.

"I never insult men who sell liquor. Some men can sell it conscientiously, in some cases, because they are educated to it. At Gloucester, where I was last year, two rum-sellers have left the business and signed the pledge. The only difference between the respectable rum-shop and the low groggery is

that the one finishes up the work the other has commenced. The drunken pauper is better than the drunken aristocrat.

"My sympathies are with the poor men in this temperance work, and I wish to reach as many of them as possible; and for this reason, as well as for others, I wish to carry on this work not in connection with aristocratic churches, but in non-sectarian, non-political, public halls. I represent no organization, and am under the pay of none.

"At Gloucester the interest in the Reform Club last week increased until this morning members of the Temperance Reform Club of that place, numbering three hundred and fifty men, marched in procession to the depot with a band of music to escort me.

"On my departure thousands assembled at the depot, and many were the expressions of sympathy and friendship I received. The wives of former drunkards were there, with their little children in their arms, to bid me God-speed. When the train moved off the band played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and there was singing and cheering by the crowd. Now, that don't set me up. I want to create the same interest here as at Gloucester, and hope to have the united assistance of all who claim to be good people.

"If there are any drinking men here to-night, I want them to commence now to dare to do right. It is easier to stop drinking now than it will be three weeks from now. Sending a drinking man to jail will not make him sober. When he comes out the first thing he will do will be to take a drink, if he can get it. But of those who take this pledge eighty-five per cent. have thus far kept it."

Major Emery, of Lowell, came forward at the close of the meeting, and indorsed the doctor's remarks, and the result was a reform club of fifteen hundred members.

The movement in Lowell and Gloucester was so remarkable that Dr. Reynolds was especially invited by the Boston Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Meeting to appear before them, and give some account of his work in the State. This very large

and influential body welcomed him most cordially. The Rev. Frank Wagner, pastor of the leading Methodist Episcopal Church of Lowell, the Rev. Albert Gould, of Gloucester, and others who had been co-workers with the doctor, gave testimony of its great and wonderful power.

The Rev. Mr. Gould told of the movement in his own city, Gloucester, in the following manner, at one of the reform meetings in Lowell: "The liquor traffic in Gloucester was fearful beyond description. The ministers of the city first consulted together, and decided on a series of meetings. After a few meetings had been held, Dr. Reynolds' success at Salem induced me to secure his services. The work opened there with smaller audiences than it had in Lowell; but the interest so increased that the City Hall was engaged for the meetings, and it was crowded with vast audiences for four nights. The Reform Club first organized consisted of sixteen; it now numbers five hundred and twenty-nine, nearly all reformed men, who five weeks ago were drunkards, some of them gutter drunkards. The liquor traffic is almost stopped. One dealer has hung crape on the door of his saloon. The business men of the city stand behind the movement with their money; and the red ribbons, worn as the badge of the club, are immensely popular. The best feature of the work is its religious element. The pledge signed recognizes God as a helper, and the reformed men believe that they need His help. No man in Gloucester is so popular to-day as Dr. Reynolds."

The Stoneham Club, which at the beginning had about thirty-three members, sprang up to a membership of two hundred and five in a limited period. "One of the pleasantest peculiarities of this club," says a good authority; "is its liberal provision in money for the expense of the club and its missionary work."

Early in the month of April, 1876, a club was organized at Lawrence. Naturally the liquor interest had a very strong hold here, it being one of the great manufacturing places of

the State. One of the ministers of the place told Dr. Reynolds when he came here that "he was coming into the jaws of hell." The brave doctor was ready to come. He said: "I have declared my purpose to be to save men of whatever race, color, sect or party. I have nothing to do with men's opinions or prejudices. Lawrence is, doubtless, a cold place to begin, but by proper work great good will be done here."

The simplicity and good common sense of the doctor's methods gave him considerable favor here. The result of his work was a Reform Club of fully three thousand members. The following episode occurred at Lawrence, and produced great good: "At one of the meetings a youth, scarcely fifteen years of age, was introduced, who had been a drunkard. This lad was too young to be a member of the Reform Club, but the boys took hold of the work, and organized a Reform Club of their own." No other proof of the earnestness and interest in the movement manifested by the women of the city is required than the following fact: "Nineteen hundred of the leading ladies of the city signed a petition to the local authorities against the granting of licenses to sell liquor."

A State convention of the Reform Clubs was called to meet at Lurline Hall in Boston, on May 12, 1876. The object of this meeting was to give greater unity and efficiency to the work going on throughout the State. Dr. Reynolds remarked in his opening speech that:

"This meeting is to be called in the interest of no faction, no party, and of no individual, but for the good of our unfortunate brothers. We have no ax to grind, but we meet to talk of mutual interest. The season has arrived when it will be necessary for us to put forth our united efforts to keep up the interest in the movement for the next three months; after that the child will be able to stand alone."

Encouraging reports were handed in by the delegates from all points, which clearly indicated a great and successful work everywhere. No little talk was occasioned by the determination on the doctor's side to keep his clubs free of all political

questions ; and in this laudable effort he was seconded by the very best people of Massachusetts.

Speaking of this the Springfield *Republican*, always a most reliable and excellent authority on State topics, says :—

“The decision of the Reform Clubs not to mix teetotalism with politics is, probably, a settler for the prohibitory party in this State, at least as far as this year’s canvass is concerned. These clubs are by far the most vital temperance associations going at present. They have the dew of their youth yet on them, believe in themselves and their work, and the prohibitory party, with these clubs standing aloof, is the merest shadow of a shade that ever flitted across politics. Some fifty of them were represented at the Lurline Hall, in Boston, day before yesterday. The number of delegates elected, including self-elected ones, is variously stated at from two hundred to four hundred. The meeting became turbulent, got beyond the control of the chairman, and stayed there. There was a minority element which had no sympathy with the purposes of the gathering, and no notion of being suppressed. They vigorously contended that it was the duty of temperance men to vote as they prayed, while Brothers Ford, of Boston, Knight, of Cambridge, and Scott, of Lowell, were the principal spokesmen in the steer-clear-of-politics party. Personalities were exchanged in anything but a temperate manner, and a large number of delegates left the hall in disgust ; but enough stayed to pass the resolution declaring, ‘That we emphatically condemn the introduction, discussion, or agitation of politics in our meetings.’

“We make our compliments to the Reform Clubs on their good sense.”

A proposition was made to hold a State convention on the eve of the presidential election, at Fitchburgh, where the red-ribbon movement had met with considerable success, which resulted in seventeen hundred names being signed to the pledge, and the forming of a Reform Club of over a hundred members. September 20 was set aside for the meeting of

this political convention ; Dr. Reynolds, however, having been consulted upon it, wrote as follows : "Put me down squarely against that Fitchburgh convention, or any other method by which it is proposed to divert the Reform Clubs from their legitimate purpose of saving men, or cause them to become the tools of politicians. Reformed men have enough to do to take care of their own business."

The convention was held, notwithstanding this decided move against it on the doctor's part ; but few red-ribbon clubs were there. The political brethren, wisely seeing what trouble was in store for them, should they pursue their course, and paying some attention to the perfect storm of indignation excited all over the State, followed a policy of silence, and instead of a political gathering, held a very enjoyable temperance meeting.

In Worcester the movement was greeted with a very warm and friendly reception, and was successful. A course of literary and scientific lectures was given by the president of the Reform Club, Mr. Blanchard. This very interesting and successful departure was well received by the public, and Mr. Blanchard is to be congratulated on his happy idea. A correspondent graphically says, in describing the Reynolds movement here :

"Probably never before has the heart of the old commonwealth been so warm in the cause of temperance as it is at this time. Our Reform Club has held meetings in all the principal churches, Sunday evenings, all winter, and at each and every meeting hundreds have turned away, not being able to gain admittance. The club recognizes and develops the moral side of the movement, and many members have become professing Christians since their reformation. The club has nearly eleven hundred enrolled men, all of whom have been addicted to the use of alcoholics as a beverage, to a greater or less extent, and their influence has reached as many more. The club has grown at about the rate of a hundred a month,

and at its last business meeting added nearly a hundred members.

"The club was organized by Dr. Henry A. Reynolds, January 16, 1876, and the work has been carried on by the president of the club, Mr. William H. Blanchard, who gives all his time and talents to the cause. The club is practically and emphatically red ribbon in all its movements and machinery.

"It has the idea of letting severely alone both politics and religious dogmas, and working for the reformation of men. It has been called the 'Banner Club' of the State, not because of its numbers, but because of the unanimity and practical working of its members. They have just moved to elegant rooms on Maine street, near the old South Church."

Stoneham was completely captured. The *Boston Traveller*, in reporting the work here, gives as follows the doctor's remarks :

"Dr. Reynolds commenced by lamenting the absence of clergymen at the meeting, which was held at the hour of the usual Sunday evening service. He said the time of meeting must be changed.

"Men have got to be saved ; and if there is any place where clergymen ought to be represented it is actively in the temperance movement. Rum is an obstacle at entrance to the church door. Our ministers, instead of preaching to the vestries half full of people, should preach to full houses, and they will do so if they can feel that the temperance work is only the forerunner of something better and higher.

"It is this sort of practical work which is to be, and must be, done. Drunkards would form the best class in the community, were it not for the curse of rum. As a rule they have no passion except rum, and it is that which causes them to commit crime. Rid your community of intoxicating drinks, and you will see how quickly crime will decrease among your people. Now they receive scotts and kicks because they drink, when really they are a great deal better men than some who never drank a drop of liquor in their lives.

"You can't fail to see by my talk that I am a friend of the drunkard. The men who sit in this Reform Club to-night would not be here if they had been ridiculed and abused as scalawags. Take them as they are, not as they were once. I would not turn a cold shoulder to a discharged convict if I thought he had become a good citizen."

The faucet through which the last drop of liquor in Lockport had passed into the public street and gutter was then exhibited by the doctor, who said in a very eloquent and stirring manner that he would like to have such a faucet from every town in the Union.

"Now," the doctor continued, "I want to inform the rum-sellers that this movement means business, not for you, but for us. I have driven my stake for sixty thousand men in Massachusetts, and I am going to have them, too. We despise your business ; but if you will only sign the pledge and try to get out of it we will shake hands with you."

Dr. Reynolds opened his work at Springfield, in June, 1876. The *Republican* of that city, reports the movement as follows: "Dr. Reynolds regards the club as a very promising one (it was only a club of thirty members), but still thinks Springfield rather fallow ground for temperance work ; which tallies with the testimony of the liquor dealers and makers, that this city has more numerous and more elegant bar-rooms, and consumes more beer and liquor than any other city of its size in the State. The club does not include any very prominent citizens, but its members, of course, are in earnest, and hope to increase its numbers rapidly."

Dr. Reynolds' work at Springfield was highly successful. The club here at first had only thirty-seven members ; but in a short while it increased to a membership of over four hundred. The meetings held under its auspices sometimes filled three large halls in different parts of the city. Every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock and also in the evening mass meetings were held in the Protestant churches, all of which gave the Reform Clubs and their members a most cordial welcome.

The following sterling counsel given by Dr. Reynolds to the East Boston Reform Club will be read with much interest : " You are to blame for not having a larger and more effective club. You ought to be self-constituted missionaries. Out of gratitude to God for your deliverance you ought to be the first to go out into the byways and hedges, and compel others to come in. I know what it is to have a pleasant home and a lucrative practice ; but I have abandoned both that I may be the means, under God, of saving others from the depth of sorrow and suffering from which I have been extricated. I could not rest. Don't leave a stone unturned to reform others. Work for this, and you will succeed.

" It don't make any difference to God whether it is a boot-black or a millionaire that you are instrumental in saving. Members of the East Boston Reform Club, start out, every one of you, as a committee of one, and you will revolutionize the whole island. The Reform Club is a life-boat. It restores men to a good name and happiness. It brings joy to the whole household ; it makes men feel that they can be just what they most desire. Let a man struggling to reform feel that he has a friend.

" If there is a moderate drinker in the house, and I have no doubt there are many, let me tell them that they are on the road to destruction. Do not flatter yourselves that you are stronger than others who now fill drunkards' graves.

" Men of the Reform Club, wear the red ribbon. I would as soon go without my shirt as without my red ribbon. I don't have to change my ribbon when I change my vest, for I have one in every vest. I once was not ashamed to get drunk ; why should I be ashamed to acknowledge that I don't drink, and am consequently free from the curse ? I want to be known as a man who dares to do right ; and if every man who reforms wears a red ribbon, it won't be long before the absence of the ribbon will be noticeable.

" It will keep men from drinking. A man with any decency in his make-up would want to take off his ribbon if he was

tempted to drink ; but while he was taking it off God would be at work at his conscience to save him from falling.

“I thought two years ago that I had some sympathy for my fellow-men, but I find now that I have ten times more love for them than ever. There is a necessity for it ; but don't forget that its platform is non-political, non-sectarian and non-legal.”

During the Reynolds excitement in Massachusetts, the Rev. Joseph Cook, on May 22, in his course of Monday lectures, given in the Tremont Temple, Boston, offered the following resolutions, which were very favorably received, and which had a rising vote :

“*Resolved*, by the audience at the Monday lectures, embracing representative clergymen and laymen of all denominations :

“**FIRST.** That the churches ought to draw forward the tidal wave of just reform, and never be dragged in its wake.

“**SECOND.** That the two leading principles of the Reynolds Reform Clubs, in the recent New England temperance movement, are known to us to be in practice really what they are announced by a recent convention, in Lowell, to be in theory : first, that reformed men should aid each other ; second, that religion and temperance should go together.

“**THIRD.** That these principles deserve financial, social, moral, and intellectual support, from the pulpits and congregations of all denominations.

“**FOURTH.** That Providence has specially blessed the nation in the New England temperance prayer-meetings, and other distinctively church gatherings and discussions for the reclaiming of intemperate men, and teaching the community its duty in respect to the sale and use of intoxicating drinks.

“**FIFTH.** That the interests of every factory child, and all the perishing and dangerous classes in cities, and especially of the rich and fashionable, imperatively call on the churches to follow with comely zeal this indication of Providence.

“**SIXTH.** That the renting by church members of buildings

or property to be used for the liquor traffic is inconsistent with the teachings of Him who purged the temple with a whip of small cords."

Our subject's visit to Connecticut, at Bridgeport, Middletown, and New Haven, was simply a round of successes from the outset to the conclusion. Everywhere he met with great and permanent success, and he did not quit a place until he had accomplished his purpose. In this State his name became very popular, and the man himself was esteemed and beloved for his large heart and grand qualities.

He went to Providence, R. I., and here he received the usual rousing reception given him wherever he went. Here his success was almost instantaneous; and no such enthusiasm over anything was known in this city before. The people seemed to be absolutely carried away with temperance reform. The following interesting account of the doctor's work at this point is so good that we lay it before the reader with great pleasure: "The temperance movement in Providence is something remarkable. It is less than three months since the Red Ribbon Reform Club was started by Dr. Reynolds, and the signers of the pledge number over two thousand.

"The effect is wonderful. The principles they advocate take strong hold on the minds of men. The women workers are engaged in the same cause, and the politicians and the press are also beginning to turn in the direction of this great movement. Provision has been made for entertainment outside of the saloons, by having reading rooms for use in the day and evening, and measures are taken for the permanent lifting up of all who are down.

"The movement, from the first, is one of moral conviction. It is the belief of its leader that men cannot keep their pledges unless the mind, the heart, and the will, are engaged in the work.

"The Reform Club was started under unfavorable auspices, and at least one of its officers was actually intoxicated when

he signed the pledge. Everybody but the doctor prophesied his fall ; but, instead of falling, he has worked so successfully for the cause that he has increased the membership of the club sevenfold, and it now stands one of the most prosperous in all New England, having a membership of eleven hundred, who have been drinking men. There is also an auxiliary society of over six thousand, which is a good working organization in the temperance interest, and whose Sunday evening meetings call out immense audiences."

One striking characteristic of Dr. Reynolds is the prominent stress he puts upon the need of divine assistance in his temperance work. This trait is to be highly commended. Without the help of Almighty God the temperance reform, now spreading over this vast country, would be a failure in every respect—this is an undoubted fact. God has heard the prayers of the thousands upon thousands of people desirous of living purer and better lives ; and under this most merciful and loving protection the wave only grows larger and more powerful with the rapid flight of time. He is with it—no wonder it is so grandly successful !

Dr. Reynolds is a strong and devoted advocate of prayer, and believes it is essentially a part of permanent reformation. Earnest supplication at the seat of mercy certainly makes the "will-power" stronger and firmer ; it certainly does refresh and strengthen both the mind and heart ; and yet it is not everything. Something besides prayer is necessary to lasting conversion, and that something is work—real, honest, steadfast labor combined with prayer. As the doctor pointedly remarks : "I believe in prayer, but I believe in work, too. It is useless to pray with a man or woman who is starving or perishing with cold. The first thing to be done is to feed them and clothe them. Thus they will be in a condition to listen to your prayers and receive permanent benefit.

"The other day as I was down in the Eastern Railroad depot, in Boston, I saw a finely dressed man, who came up and asked if I knew him. When I told him I did not, he said, 'I

am the man who took your pledge in Barre, Mass., when I was too drunk to stand alone. They held me up while I signed it. I never used to go to church or care anything for religion, but, by the help of God, I have kept my pledge. Now I have good work and good pay, and I and my family are as happy as we can be.' ”

It must not be inferred for a single second that the work, after the departure of Dr. Reynolds for other scenes, remains quietly still, or lapses into a dormant condition. On the contrary it lives and flourishes like a young and hardy sapling planted in the spring time. Greater work is accomplished after the doctor quits the place than when he is there. The intense enthusiasm created by the red-ribbon advocate, is supposed by some unbelieving persons, to be surely transitory ; but it is not so by any means. It is lasting, as is proven by the good results handed in by the several Reform Clubs in different parts of the Union from time to time. In referring to this subject the Boston *Congregationalist* very aptly remarks that : “The enthusiasm of its early stages has settled down into solid purpose of regular work. Reform Clubs spring up in every direction, and seem certain of accomplishing great good. The politicians and professionals have no hand in this work. It belongs to the people, and, belonging to them, it will succeed. Was there ever a time when the churches could labor in the cause so profitably as now ?”

The Massachusetts legislature was attracted to the doctor's labor, and commended it. Mr. Fuller, of Boston, in his place on the floor of the House, said, “the reform has done more good than all the laws enacted during the last forty years.” This remark, pregnant with much significance is made more telling from the fact that he was the chairman of the House Special Committee on the Liquor Law.

Such are some of the characteristic facts that marked the Reform Club movement in the New England States. Of course, what we have been able to collate by no means covers all the different features of the Reynolds temperance wave at

this time. But from it the reader will be able to get some definite conception of its force and strength. Dr. Reynolds' thirteen months' labor in Massachusetts and New England swept into the temperance fold at least 60,000 people ; that is to say, made them active "red-ribbon" workers. Probably many more than this have been indirectly influenced, for good seed, well planted, grows and yields a harvest that we cannot well count.

CHAPTER X.

DR. REYNOLDS' SPEECH AT THE INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE IN PHILADELPHIA.—HE COMMENCES THE GRAND MICHIGAN WORK.—PROGRESS AND SUCCESS OF A PHENOMENAL MOVEMENT.—INCIDENTS, SPEECHES, AND STATISTICS.

WHILE the great International Exposition was being held at Philadelphia, a great temperance conference, representing different nations, occurred. A great many distinguished people were present, and some of the finest orators in the country spoke in tones of startling eloquence. Among the speakers was Dr. Reynolds.

He said, upon this most memorable occasion : "It does not put one out in the least to follow such speakers as the Hon. Mr. Raper, Rev. Dr. Miner, Gen. Neal Dow, Mrs. Mary Livermore, Wendell Phillips, or any other orator, as I do not make any profession to oratory myself. I claim to be one of God's feeblest instrumentalities, raised up by His grace, and trying to do something for Him, and for those who have suffered, as I have suffered, through rum. I am one of those unfortunate men, who have an inherited appetite for strong drink. I love liquor to-night, as well as an infant loves milk. The love for intoxicants is as much a part of my make-up as my hand, and at the time I left off drinking, I had an experience of twenty years. I have suffered from delirium tremens as the result of drinking intoxicants. It has cost me three thousand dollars for what I know about drinking intoxicants ; and I considered my life, previous to two years ago, ten thousand times worse than thrown away. I have walked my

father's house night after night for seven nights and days, a raving, crazy madman, as the result of intoxicating beverages. At the time that I was suffering and upon the verge of delirium tremens, I was obliged to do something I had never done before, in order to rid myself of this infernal curse. I had drunk my last drink. I had broken my bottle. I had sworn off before a justice of the peace. I had done everything men ordinarily do to rid themselves of the habit of drinking, all to no purpose. I had delirium tremens, and it would almost seem as though a man who suffered as I during those seven days and nights, would never touch the infernal stuff again; but I did, and several times afterwards I was on the verge of the delirium tremens, so near to them that I could almost look over and see them, and hear them hiss and howl at me. I was, obliged to do something different from what I had ever done before, in order to rid myself of this infernal appetite. I knew but very little about the Bible—drinking men do not read the Bible much—but I knew God had promised to assist those who asked him in faith, believing, and I threw myself upon my knees in my office, by my lounge, and asked Almighty God to save me, and promised him that if he would save me from such sufferings as I had once been through, that, with his assistance, I would be true to myself and to him, and do what I could to make others happy. At that time a little band of noble women, who had caught the inspiration from the West, were praying in my native city in a public place. Some of these women had been educated in churches where they did not believe in women's praying or talking in public. Some of them had suffered very much as the result of having drinking husbands and sons. They had received no assistance from the pulpit, law, or press, and were compelled to do something different from what they had ever done before. So they threw themselves upon their knees at the foot of the cross, and asked God to give them relief from their long suffering. And I stand here to-night believing myself to be a monument of God's grace, saved through the prayers of the noble women

of America, and feel myself to be a beacon-light erected upon the breakers upon which I have been shipwrecked, to warn off others from those shoals and breakers. Since I signed the pledge I have been a happy man. I used to be an unhappy man. I didn't want to live; I dragged out a miserable existence. I would have cut my throat, or blown out my brains but I didn't dare to. Now, I am one of the happiest men in the world. Instead of going about the streets cursing and swearing, I am going about from Dan to Beersheba doing what I can to make other people happy, singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,' and looking upon the world as my country, and mankind as my countrymen.

. You have heard, doubtless, of the work which has been going on in Massachusetts and Maine. I claim that it is God's work, and at His feet I lay all the glory. Judging from a human standpoint, it is a wonderful work, but judging from a spiritual point of view, it is not wonderful, because nothing God does is wonderful. A minister said to me the other day, 'Dr. Reynolds, I have often heard of you, and am glad to meet you. I have an offer to make you. I have fifty dollars in my pocket, that I will give you if you will tell me how you do this work.' I told him I did not do it, that God did it. I told him that I looked upon myself as one of the foolish things of this world that had been raised up to confound the wise. I have a sympathy for the drunkard, which I cannot express or explain. I love him as I love my brother; and, as the result of going out, and taking God for my leader, and acting what I believed to be a practical Christian life, I have the honor and privilege and pleasure of standing here to-night, and saying to you that during the past twenty-one months, ending the tenth of this month, 51,000 men have been reclaimed from drunkenness and planted upon the rock of total abstinence—looking to God for assistance to enable them to keep their feet there. Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds are full-souled Christians. They haven't been saved by cuffs

and curses and the cold shoulder, but by the hand of brotherly love and sympathy ; not by standing up here and beckoning them to come up, but by going down to them, as Christ did, and giving them a hand through which an electrical thrill of sympathy went, impregnating their whole organization, and making them feel that they have one friend. And if there is a man in God's world who is ready to accept the hand of friendship and sympathy and brotherly love, it is the poor, unfortunate drunkard. These men must be saved by practical Christian work—by treating them as men.

“Now, this reform movement is not very high-toned. It is even found fault with because it is not high-toned enough. The reason is because these high-toned people, so-called, won't come down. They don't dare to do right. They don't do right. If they did, the reform clubs, instead of being made up of middle-class men, and humble men, would be made up in part of those in higher circles of society, who would give it a higher tone ; but something keeps them out. But this reform work commenced, and has been carried on, as all other reforms, among the humbler classes in society. It is so with Christianity. Christ was the reputed son of a poor man, a carpenter, and was in the highways and hedges most of his time. He didn't stand up in high places and beckon for men to come up ; he didn't judge men by their property or color or nationality, or anything except the principle that was in him. He mingled with the most debased and vile and unfortunate and wretched, and led them along, and walked with them, and saved them by kindness and sympathy and brotherly love.”

In the summer of 1876, the International Temperance Camp-meeting was held at Old Orchard Beach, in the State of Maine. It was here that Dr. Reynolds was elected President of the National Temperance Association, with ex-Governor Perham, of Maine, Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, of Philadelphia, and Francis Murphy as Vice-Presidents ; and it was here also that he received a very cordial invitation to go West and con-

duct a temperance movement, and organize Reform Clubs. This invitation was extended to him by the State Vice-President of the National Christian Temperance Union of Michigan, Mrs. Jane M. Geddes. This lady is the wife of the Hon. Norman Geddes of Adrian, Michigan, and occupies both a high social and public position in that State. Her name has become a part of temperance reform, and she is well known in the West as a philanthropist, and especially as an earnest advocate of total abstinence.

She passed the summer of 1876 in travelling, but being attracted by the camp-meeting at Old Orchard Beach, she changed her route and went there. Here she met Dr. Reynolds and learned his mode of temperance reform.

The intense excitement in her State caused by the crusade had died almost out ; and she felt something must be done to again bring the people to a due sense of their peril. The Woman's Christian Temperance Unions still lived, met and held prayer-meetings, but did very little good in rousing the masses. The people were surely drifting back into their old state ; and it seemed impossible to stop it. The prohibitory law had been repealed by parties opposed to temperance, and liquor selling had increased to frightful dimensions. The temperance advocates were scoffed at and ridiculed, and were very despondent under the disheartening turn affairs had taken. Mrs. Geddes felt Michigan was a ripe field for Dr. Reynolds, and urged him to go there, which he agreed to do, immediately after the expiration of his engagements in other parts of the country. He could not for some time fix upon any certain date, and in consequence letter after letter came to him from Michigan begging him to come to appoint the time, so that the people might be duly informed of his advent. He finally said he would be there some time in the month of November.

No monetary arrangements were made. Dr. Reynolds and his family were invited to make the home of Judge Geddes theirs ; and Mrs. Geddes agreed to find engagements for him at

different points of the State. The expenses of the movement, such as the renting of halls, printers' bills, travelling expenses and the salary of the lecturer were entirely dependent upon the liberality of the public. There were many disheartening things in the doctor's way on his arrival at Adrian. The family of Judge Geddes was afflicted with scarlet fever; the temperance people were discouraged and despondent; and there was the great excitement over the election of the president. He felt like turning back, but he was determined to commence the siege any way now that he was on the ground. There was no other place open but Adrian, and he had to begin at this point. His arrival had been somewhat sudden, and there had been but a few days in which to announce positively that he would be there; consequently there was no chance of a general system of regular appointments.

The doctor had to rally out, and make his own arrangements for holding a meeting as best he could. He engaged a hall, and held a meeting which was slimly attended. The second meeting was worse than the first. The state of affairs certainly did not seem very promising. However a change came on Sunday afternoon. The men's meeting was conspicuous for about three hundred persons, the majority of whom were positive drinkers if not drunkards. Very stirring and interesting addresses were delivered by the doctor and some of the prominent clergymen of the place, which made considerable of an impression. Twenty-eight drinking men came forward that afternoon, and affixed their signatures to the doctor's pledge. The success of this meeting flashed over the town, and induced a large crowd of curiosity-seekers to attend the mass-meeting at the Opera House in the evening. The number of pledge-signers was fifty-five; on Monday it increased to fully eighty. All of these pledge-takers were more or less men who were addicted to intoxicants. The interest and enthusiasm then grew, and in a very short while the Opera House was so crowded that it was found necessary to hold overflow meetings in the churches close by. The temperance

advocates became themselves again, and worked away with zeal and love. The prayer-meetings started by the crusaders were now very largely attended, and were soon the most interesting phase of Adrian life. Instead of weekly, daily meetings were held and crowds of eager people attended them regularly. Women who had taken active parts in the crusade, and who were zealous and effective temperance reformers, were called in from different points to help carry on the great and good work ; the anti-temperance people were alarmed and scoffed no more, but held their peace ; and the liquor-dealers looked on in mute fear and amazement. The doctor, the "red-ribbon man," was received every time he appeared in public in the warmest manner imaginable. He became a household word in Adrian, and the neighboring towns of Tecumseh, Hillsdale, Cold Water, and Monroe, were excited at the reports that came from Adrian of the doctor's great work and success. He was, therefore, cordially invited to visit them also, and organize reform clubs in their region.

His method surprised and pleased every one. It was the first instance of the inebriate rising up in favor of temperance in Michigan, and consequently it was a source of considerable surprise and admiration. If the drunkard came forward of his own will, and became a strong advocate to total abstinence, every one should follow his good example.

Dr. Reynolds went to Jackson, and on the following Sabbath held a meeting. The hall was literally packed, and he made a most favorable impression. The people were intensely enthusiastic, and took the matter up in the right spirit. The work here never flagged for even a day, but grew all the more strong and more permanent with the flight of time. The Reform Club was a strong power ; and the secretary of it was a reclaimed man, notorious as one of the hardest drinkers in the place. He more than acceptably filled his honorable position. Jackson became known as "the temperance missionary center" of the State, for having sent out a number of reformed men, who did excellent work in other fields.

Dr. Reynolds' advent in the Saginaw Valley was marked with very flattering success. He carried everything before him. East Saginaw had 600 signatures to his pledge, mostly hard-drinking men ; and Saginaw City fully 290. His success was so signal in this section alone that the entire State of Michigan was aroused to an intense pitch of excitement, and from that time the name of Henry A. Reynolds was upon everyone's lips. Everybody caught the intensity of feeling, the earnestness and enthusiasm that radiated from him ; and the temperance movement was pushed onward with glorious results. Michigan took him in, and accepted him in his true light—a hero, and one sent by God to rouse the fallen and the drunken to a fitting sense of their awful position and to save them for future lives of honor and usefulness.

The next point of the doctor's labor was Detroit. The Rev. Dr. Eddy of this city was instrumental in bringing the reformer to this place. It was the reverend gentleman's fixed intention that the red-ribbon movement should commence here, and through Mrs. Geddes the arrangement was partially consummated. The doctor offered his services for a movement in Detroit ; but no one there appeared willing to accept them. A meeting of ministers had been called ; but nothing definite could be arrived at save that the movement would not be successful in Detroit as it was in other places. The expense that would necessarily attend it no one was ready to meet. The Young Men's Christian Association was unwilling to take it in hand. The only body in the city that stepped forward to help Dr. Reynolds was the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. This band of earnest and devoted Christian women were, however, brave and zealous enough to inaugurate a dozen temperance movements. Entirely through them was the doctor enabled to labor in this city.

The Opera House was engaged by them, at seventy-five dollars per diem. They extensively advertised the doctor's coming and notified the public well of this new departure in temperance reform.

The first meeting was largely attended and the people were enthusiastic. A large number signed the pledge. The enthusiasm grew more intense each day, and finally the whole city was alive to the work going on under Dr. Reynolds' direction. The Sunday afternoon meeting was an event in the annals of Detroit. Long before the appointed time there was an immense crowd waiting at the doors of the Opera House, and when they were flung open, and the people settled in their seats, the place was filled from pit to gallery. The applause that greeted the doctor that day was something long to be remembered. The excitement was great. Over five hundred men took the pledge, men addicted to strong drink for years. There were nine hundred signers in the evening, some of whom were gentlemen of high social and political standing. D. Bethune Duffield, a noted attorney-at-law, signed the pledge on this occasion. He was afterwards elected first president upon the organization of the Reform Club. The following citation from a communication to *Our Union*, a woman's temperance organ published in Brooklyn, N. Y., gives an interesting report of the method of the Reynolds meetings as illustrated in the Detroit work :

"The meetings were held in the Detroit Opera House, which was crowded from the first. On the second afternoon a meeting composed entirely of men was held, and after telling his own history in his usual touching manner, Dr. Reynolds read the constitution of the 'Detroit Reform Club,' an organization which he declared should be separate and distinct from every other society or order in existence, composed only of men who had passed the age of eighteen, and who at some time during their lives had been more or less addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. He then appealed to the audience to come forward and join the red-ribbon brigade, if not for themselves, for the good which their example might do to others. A most remarkable scene ensued. The vast audience rose to its feet and joined in singing hymns, while the aisles of the parquette were crowded with men pressing forward to

the orchestra circle, where the pledges were waiting for signatures, young and old, rich and poor, among them many who have heretofore been known as fast young men of the town. In order to facilitate matters a number of pledge-rolls were sent up into the galleries, and others were placed upon the stage and signed by large numbers who passed across in unbroken line from one wing to the other. Thus 547 names were obtained.

"The first regular meeting of this club was held at Young Men's hall, Mr. Beecher having generously placed the rooms at the disposal of the knights of the red ribbon. Over a thousand names were by that time enrolled, a boy's Reform Club being also started.

"A ladies' meeting was also held in the First Congregational Church, composed exclusively of ladies. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mrs. Dr. Stewart, and the singing of a hymn, after which addresses were made by Dr. Reynolds, Mrs. Lathrop, of Jackson, Mrs. Geddes, of Adrian, and a number of ladies belonging to the Women's Christian Temperance Alliance of this city. When Dr. Reynolds finally left Detroit for Jackson, he was accompanied to the depot by a body of over 1,000 red ribbons. It should be mentioned that among those signing the pledge the last evening, was a saloon keeper on the corner of Michigan avenue and Second street, and those who go there this morning to get their daily drams, will find the door locked and ornamented with a large red ribbon. Dr. Reynolds remarked, after the adjournment, that he had never before accomplished so much for the cause of temperance in four days' work as he had during his brief stay in Detroit."

The statement that "in the city of Detroit there were formerly a hundred arrests a month for drunkenness, and the number during the red-ribbon seige had diminished to nearly one-half that number," proves beyond all dispute what great results were brought about by Dr. Reynolds while there. During the four days he was there no arrests were made for

drunkenness, and, according to the *Free Press*, nine days before his advent there were sixty arrests for drunkenness and disturbing the peace, and for the nine days following it there were only eleven.

A Red Ribbon Club was organized by the police force ; and these guardians of the public's peace are now to be seen going about with their piece of red ribbon next to their official badge.

Up to date the Detroit Reform Club reports the goodly membership of three thousand seven hundred. This is the largest Reform Club in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, the latter of whom is also an ardent worker in the temperance cause, held meetings for three days in Pontiac, and the result was a harvest of four hundred and thirty-eight. It now has over seven hundred members in its club.

At Lansing Dr. Reynolds achieved no little success. He had here the assistance of Dr. Duffield, and Messrs. Crosby and Pruden. The place was very excited over the movement; and the work was interesting and almost inspired. Lansing never had been moved before as Dr. Reynolds moved it. The Reform Club had over a thousand drinking men enrolled as members, among whom were the members of the Lansing common council and a number of the members of the legislature. In a very short time it increased to twelve hundred. This fact is remarkable when we take into consideration that Lansing has only eighteen hundred and fifty voting voices.

The Woman's Temperance Union here organized a "White Ribbon Club ;" the membership of which was four hundred and sixty-three. A knot of white ribbon is worn by the ladies on the right shoulder.

The following speech, delivered by Dr. Reynolds at one of the Lansing meetings, will be perused with interest, as he clearly defines his position and work in the world :

"I stand before this audience a reformed drunkard. I was born a drunkard, and I have suffered in every way that a man could suffer by strong drink. At thirty-six years old I was a

drunkard and a pauper. I had earned thirty thousand dollars by my profession, and the whole of it had gone in sprees. I was the unhappiest man in the world: I wished for death, but I had not the courage to take my own life. I have drawn the charges from my pistol, burned my razors, and thrown poisons from my window lest I should use them for my death in some insane moment.

“When the Woman’s Crusade rose in the West, I cursed it. The great wave rolled to the East until it reached my native State. Women who had prayed in private, and had besought and agonized over a drunken husband, or son, or brother, driven to desperation, united their prayers in public for the lifting of the curse which was crushing them. Still I cursed them. I felt indignant enough to kill my own sister if she should join such a movement. But at last, as I was walking my office one day, on the verge of *delirium tremens*, I bethought me in this last extremity to appeal to God. And then this poor, ragged, trembling wreck of humanity fell on his knees, and alone, in the presence of his Maker, poured out his soul, and raised a last despairing cry for that relief which God alone could give.

“I rose up another man. I promised God that I would publicly renounce the thralldom of alcohol, and a few days afterward I went to the woman’s meeting in my native city of Bangor, and publicly signed the pledge of total abstinence. Then I went to work among my friends. But before I knew it I had kicked my practice overboard, and stood fully committed to this work—the work of saving drunkards by the power of love.

“The first red ribbon worn in Congress will go into the House of Representatives on the coat of Edwin Willetts, of Monroe, Mich.

“You want to know why we have a red ribbon? Well, I will tell you. A few years ago a lot of good, big-hearted, whole-souled fellows, who had been in the habit of drinking, got together and resolved that they would rather wear a red

ribbon than a red nose. And they acted accordingly. The ribbon is tied in a hard knot, you see, for the reason that no man would like to go into a saloon and ask for a drink with that badge on ; and while he was stopping to untie it, the Lord would come in, and cast the devil of appetite out of him, and save him."

At the meeting when the above "talk," as the doctor calls his addresses—was delivered, an interesting episode occurred. A young lady whose escort was about to pass by on the other side, told him quietly yet firmly that he must sign the pledge or bid her good-night there and then. Seeing that she was really in earnest, he said, "Well, I'm in for it, so here goes!" and he signed the pledge. He was more than repaid for what he had done by the smile she favored him with as he took her arm through his and they went on together.

Good work was done, and flourishing Reform Clubs started by the doctor at Ypsilanti, Battle Creek, Benton Harbor and other points in the State. When much faith had been exercised and "patience had her perfect work," light broke gloriously in an immense meeting held in Bay City on the evening of January 21, 1877. Westover's Opera House was filled with a great throng and a Reform Club was organized, which enrolled two hundred and thirty-seven names at once. Dr. Reynolds went, the last four weeks of his work in Michigan, to the frontier settlements of the Upper Peninsula, and here met with his usual success. In the Lower Frontier the civilized Indians organized a club of their own at Indian Town, in Autumn county. They signed the pledge ; and were able to keep it, and were fully as enthusiastic as their white brothers.

In Three Rivers there are one thousand members of the red-ribbon clubs, and three hundred of the white. At Albion almost all the population were carried by storm, and within two months four hundred and five signers have enrolled themselves. In two days the town of Muir responded to the efforts of Dr. Reynolds by a club of eighty-five signers. Port Huron and Grand Rapids yielded to its influence, and organ-

ized a club of several hundreds each. Grand Haven in four days had four hundred and twenty-five signatures to the Reynolds pledge—the U. S. Senator Thomas W. Ferry being one of the signers. The Village of Mount Clemens, with but sixteen hundred inhabitants, at one meeting obtained over one hundred members to its club. The most prominent liquor dealer of the place was one of the first to sign the pledge. He poured all his liquor on the ground. In a single week this small place had two hundred and sixty-five names to the pledge.

Kalamazoo has a Reform Club of a membership of seven hundred and seventy-eight. Flint sends in a report of over two hundred. Muskegon has fourteen hundred members in its Reform Club.

These reports go far to show what a good and great work was done in Michigan by Dr. Reynolds: and they prove that the people of this State are fully aware of the dangers and pitfalls King Alcohol raises in their way, and are determined to vanquish him, no matter how long or how hard the fight may be.

It is a strange fact that many were doubtful of the doctor's success in Michigan; not doubtful of him as a worker in the temperance cause, but as being able to induce the people to become temperate. There had been such a complete lull after the "crusade," that almost every one believed temperance would never become popular again, and in consequence of this feeling the doctor's reception in some cities was rather cold than warm. This, however, was soon changed by him into positive enthusiasm. Now, at Muskegon, the pastors of the several churches there, having been written to by the manager of the doctor's appointments offering him for a series of meetings in that town, answered that they deemed it advisable for the doctor not to come to their city for awhile, as there were religious revivals going on at the time. The following correspondence later on took place:

"MUSKEGON, *January 18, 1877.*

"*Mrs. J. M. Geddes—Dear Madam: You remember I*

wrote you that, on account of revival work in this city, I did not know that arrangements had better be made to have Dr. Reynolds come here. This revival still continues. But I am inclined to think, judging by the favorable reports I hear, that if Dr. Reynolds should come it would not only incline many intemperate men to a better life, but also help in the glorious work of saving souls. Our city is cursed terribly with intemperance ; we have nearly ten thousand inhabitants, and saloons by the score."

After the doctor had left this place, the same pastor wrote as follows to Mrs. Geddes :

"MUSKEGON, *March 7, 1877.*

"Dr. Reynolds has been the humble instrument in the hands of God of a great deal of good in this city. The Christian people here had carefully prepared the way by preliminary work and earnest prayer. His first audience numbered nearly one thousand ; the Saturday evening meeting was larger than that of Friday evening. The meeting on Sunday afternoon was for men only, and was attended by nearly one thousand. Two hundred and fifty-five men joined the Reform Club that afternoon. In the evening a very large public meeting was held, and many more accessions were secured to the club.

"Monday afternoon a meeting for women was held in the audience room of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Over three hundred ladies joined the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On Monday evening another very large meeting, for men, was held in Union Hall. It was attended with great enthusiasm, the men sometimes being fairly wild with excitement, and breaking out into deafening cheers. The club was increased to more than five hundred and seventy.

"This morning the Reform Club, led by a fine brass band, and attended by our city pastors, escorted Dr. Reynolds to the depot, and he departed for Big Rapids. His departure left, as results, a Reform Club, of six hundred and three men ; a Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of three hundred

and sixty ladies: and one thousand signers to the total abstinence pledge.

"Yours truly,

C. L. BARNHARDT,

"Pastor M. E. Church."

So the glorious work rolled through the State from town to town with an enthusiasm that seemed infectious. The callous and indifferent were awakened into a new and earnest life, and the hard crust of what may be called hack-horse religion was broken up. New power was poured into the veins and arteries of all the social forces, which co-operate for good. Much of the success of the Reynolds movement is to be attributed to his natural, easy, informal manner as a speaker and processes as a worker.

The methods of Dr. Reynolds were marked by the utmost simplicity. This delightful phase in his movement surprised and charmed everyone. He first organized a club of men who had been more or less addicted to the use of intoxicating drink, and who had attained the age of eighteen years; he then appealed to the Christian women of the locality to throw about them the blessed shield of their love and sympathy, and finished his work of preparation by impressing upon the citizens at large the necessity of upholding the club with hearty and substantial assistance.

"The meetings of the club are on a secular evening of each week," a good authority informs us; "and on Sunday afternoons or evenings the clubs, with the Woman's Christian Temperance Unions, hold public meetings, which are always crowded. The order of exercises at these public meetings consists of prayer, reading of the scriptures, and brief addresses by reformed men, interspersed with singing gospel songs. As the clubs increase one by one, the leaders of the towns join the ranks, until now in scores of towns of Massachusetts, and several of the Western States, a public sentiment has been created which ostracizes the drinking man from good society.

"The insignia of Dr. Reynolds is a piece of red ribbon, and any man wearing it is received wherever he chooses to go in a manner that clearly shows how the public regard it. It is a

signal to which all good Christian people respond with deep interest and sympathy.

“The motto, ‘Dare to do Right,’ is most appropriate, and has taken its place as a great favorite among the familiar suggestive expressions of the times.”

The pledge signed by each member, and the constitution and by-laws adopted by reform clubs, as inaugurated by Dr. Reynolds and his earnest co-workers, are as follows :

Whereas, Having seen and felt the evils of intemperance, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included. And that we shall accomplish the greatest possible amount of good, and work most effectually, we hereby adopt for our government the following constitution and by-laws :

ARTICLE I.

This organization shall be called and known as the —
REFORM CLUB.

ARTICLE II.

It shall be the duty of each member of the Club to work in the interests of the same by inducing all those who are addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks to sign our pledge and become faithful members of the Club.

ARTICLE III.

All male persons of the age of eighteen years and upwards, who have been in the habit of using intoxicating liquor to a greater or less extent, are eligible to membership in this Club.

ARTICLE IV.

The officers of this Club shall consist of a President, three Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Financial Secretary, Treasurer, one Steward, two Marshals, one Sergeant-at-Arms, Executive Committee of five, and Finance Committee of three.

The Executive and Finance Committees shall be appointed by the President and approved by the Club.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Club, to preserve order, enforce the constitution and by-laws of the Club, see that the officers perform their respective duties, sign all documents issued by the Club, call special meetings when it is deemed expedient, or, upon the written request of twelve or more of the members of the Club, cause the Secretary to notify the members of such meetings, and approve all bills.

ARTICLE VI.

In the absence of the President the senior Vice-President shall preside, and while in the chair shall exercise all the powers of the President.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct record of the proceedings of the Club, notify members of special meetings, attest all bills approved by the President and Executive and Finance Committees, conduct the correspondence, make a report of the doings of the Club during his term of office, and at the end of the year hand over all books, papers, and other property to his successor in office.

He will call the roll of officers at all business meetings, and keep a record of absentees.

ARTICLE VIII.

It shall be the duty of the Financial Secretary to keep a just and true account between himself and the Club, and between the Club and its members; to receive all moneys from the hands of the brethren, and at the close of each meeting pay the same to the Treasurer, taking his receipt therefor. He shall, when called upon by the President, furnish a statement of accounts and a list of all members in arrears for dues.

ARTICLE IX.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all moneys

from the hands of the Financial Secretary, keep a just and true account of the same, and pay it out only on an order authorized by a vote of the Club, signed by the President and Secretary, and approved of by the Finance Committee. He shall also, before taking office, give bonds that shall be satisfactory to the President and Finance Committee, in a sum that shall not be less than two hundred dollars, or such other larger amount which shall be satisfactory to the President and Finance Committee, prepare and present at the annual and quarterly meetings (or oftener, if required) a true statement of the financial condition of the Club, and of all moneys received and disbursed by him, and at the expiration of his term of office hand over all books, papers, and other property in his possession to his successor in office.

ARTICLE X.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to have a general oversight of the affairs of the Club, examine and report all violations of the pledge, investigate and report quarterly the progress of the Club.

ARTICLE XI.

It shall be the duty of the Finance Committee to examine and report on all bills brought before them, audit the accounts of the Financial Secretary and Treasurer, and make a report of the same to the Club at least once a quarter, or when otherwise called upon to do so.

ARTICLE XII.

It shall be the duty of the Marshals to take charge of all public prosecutions.

ARTICLE XIII.

It shall be the duty of the Steward to have charge of the property of the Club not under the control of any of its officers.

ARTICLE XIV.

It shall be the duty of the Sergeant-at-Arms to take charge of the door of the Club-room, and assist the President in preserving order during all meetings of the Club.

ARTICLE XV.

Fifteen members in good standing shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XVI.

Any person who is eligible to membership in this Order shall, upon signing this constitution, become a member thereof; but should an objection be raised in any case, the President shall immediately, without discussion, order a ballot.

The affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the members present shall be necessary to elect the candidate.

ARTICLE XVII.

All meetings of this Club shall be conducted free from all political or sectarian discussions.

ARTICLE XVIII.

The officers of this Club shall be elected on the last Wednesday in December, by ballot, and installed the first Wednesday in January in each year; but should either of these days fall upon a holiday, then the election and installation shall take place on the Wednesday next following.

ARTICLE XIX.

Any member of this Club who shall violate his pledge thereby forfeits his membership, but may again become a member by acknowledging the same, and paying the sum of twenty-five cents, as in the case of new members, and signing the constitution anew.

ARTICLE XX.

It shall be the duty of the President, upon receiving reliable information of a member having violated his pledge, to report the same to the Executive Committee, who shall investigate the case, and report the same to the Club at the next meeting.

ARTICLE XXI.

All reports of committees shall be made in writing, and signed by such members as indorse the sentiments contained therein.

ARTICLE XXII.

Any officer absenting himself from four regular meetings, without good and sufficient reason, his seat shall be declared vacant, and an election by ballot shall be held the same evening to fill the vacancy.

ARTICLE XXIII.

All official documents issued for the Club shall be signed by the President and Secretary.

ARTICLE XXIV.

Members whose names have been stricken from the books for non-payment of dues may again renew their membership by paying all back dues during such time, and signing the constitution anew.

ARTICLE XXV.

Any officer wishing to resign his office shall give the Club at least one week's notice before his resignation can be acted upon.

ARTICLE XXVI.

Any member in good standing who may wish to withdraw from the Club shall, upon a vote from the Club in the affirmative, be entitled to an honorable discharge.

ARTICLE XXVII.

This constitution may be altered or amended at any regular or special meeting of the Club, provided such alteration or amendment shall have been submitted in writing at the previous regular meeting.

ORDER OF BUSINESS.

1. Opening.
2. Roll call of officers.
3. Reading of the minutes.
4. Applications for membership.
5. Communications.
6. Reports of committees.
7. Unfinished business.
8. New business.

9. Has any brother violated his pledge?
10. Remarks for the good of the Club.
11. Receipts of the evening.
12. Adjournment.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

The meetings of this Club shall be held every Wednesday evening at seven and one-half o'clock, until otherwise ordered, and the public meetings shall be held at such time and place as the Club may decide.

ARTICLE II.

On the first Wednesday in each month the regular meetings of the Club will be held, at which members will pay their monthly assessments, the Financial Secretary calling the roll, and members paying as their names are called. This will not prevent any member from paying at business meetings. Each and every member shall pay the sum of twenty-five cents monthly.

ARTICLE III.

Any member one month in arrears for dues will be notified by the Financial Secretary, and if his dues remain unpaid for four weeks after said notification, without good and sufficient reason being given for the non-payment thereof, he shall, upon the two-thirds vote of all members present, be suspended.

ARTICLE IV.

The following questions shall not be debatable: 1st. A motion to adjourn, when to adjourn simply. 2d. A motion to lay on the table. 3d. A motion for the previous question. 4th. A motion to take up a particular item of business.

ARTICLE V.

No member shall speak more than twice on one subject, unless he be the mover or seconder, unless by permission of the President.

ARTICLE VI.

No member shall be allowed to use any personal language

toward another, and any member indulging in personalities shall be deemed out of order, and if persisted in after being called to order, shall be deprived of the privilege of membership for that evening. Any member using insulting or indecent language in connection with the officers and members of this Club may, upon a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting, be expelled from said Club.

ARTICLE VII.

Should it be deemed necessary to take up a collection to defray expenses at any public meeting, it shall be done by a committee appointed by the President, and they will hand the amount over to the Financial Secretary, or, in his absence, to the Secretary, who shall pay it over to the Treasurer, taking his receipt for the same.

ARTICLE VIII.

These by-laws may be amended or suspended at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of all members present.

Before entering further into a history of the Reynolds temperance movement, which, after it left Massachusetts and the East, was to assume its most striking aspects as a matter of public interest, in Illinois and Michigan, a few words will be necessary to give a clue to the *modus operandi* of his work as compared with that of the other great temperance wave, that of Francis Murphy. The latter advocate of reform has pursued his plans by the effect of magnetic sympathy and aratorical effect in great mass meetings; utilizing in connection therewith the peculiar and intense dramatic appeal of speeches, from the platform, of those who had been converted by the influence of his addresses. This use of one of the powerful factors in the discipline of the Methodist church organization, an influence of its kind hardly less stringent than that of the Romish Confessional in its force in swaying human motive and action, has been alluded to before. It has emphasized itself as one of the most marked features of the Murphy movement, judged as a system of influences brought to bear

on the popular mind. On the other hand, while Dr. Reynolds has not ignored this phase of effort, it has been an incidental feature in the method of his work.

The Reynolds movement may be summed up briefly as a system of reform clubs, organized with special reference to the results to be attained. The Murphy work has been done in connection with vast assemblies, newspaper celebrity, and that passionate ferment of all classes from the scholar, the clergyman, the doctor, the lawyer—in a word, the man of social distinction—down to the humble laborer, who toils with his hands for his daily bread. The Reynolds work has been pursued more quietly, and as a consequence, however stable and powerful in its effects, has not attained the same popular excitement. A marked characteristic of Dr. Reynolds' peculiar labors is the direct outcome of the circumstances of his own reform as an individual, and he has since made it a most telling agency in carrying out his grand work. We refer to that great power in society, which for the good and evil has moulded the minds of men so organically from the earliest days to the present time, the power of woman. Dr. Reynolds was drifted by circumstance into connection with a woman's temperance organization, when he first took the pledge. Both gratitude and policy, we may assume, have caused him to make the influence of woman a permanent and characteristic element of his work. The woman's crusade was one of the most extraordinary and significant facts in the history of American temperance. It may in fact be cited as an unparalleled outburst in the social phenomena of reform. Dr. Reynolds' alliance with this agency has become so direct, that we are impelled to enlarge somewhat on the phases of the women's temperance work for several years back, though we can only speak of it in general terms. Emphatically we may assert that it is utterly impossible to give even the slightest conception of the work and the methods of Dr. Henry A. Reynolds without describing the Women's Temperance Unions, or, we should say, the immortal "Crusade," as the two

great movements go together hand in hand, and are identified with one another.

The flash of light that helped to arouse thousands to the frightful evils of intemperance and the blessed results of total abstinence, rayed out from the town of Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873. Dr. Dio Lewis, in a lecture at this place, related in a most effective manner how, forty years before, his pious mother, the wife of a wretched drunkard, who was struggling to feed, clothe and educate her young and helpless family, went with a band of devoted women who had a similar sorrow, to the different tavern-keepers, and kneeling down in each bar-room, prayed with and for the proprietors, and besought them to abandon a business that was cursing their neighbors and bringing want and suffering into many once happy homes. These efforts were crowned with success. After narrating this pathetic story of his mother, the noted lecturer asked all the women present, who were willing to follow her example, to rise, and in response nearly the entire audience sprang to their feet. From that evening was born the crusade. Meetings were held, and the women, strengthened by long and earnest prayer, commenced their work. They went to the druggists where wine was sold to genteel customers, and to saloons, and prayed and sang gospel songs out on the cold pavements, sometimes in blinding storms, for it was in the winter season.

To rescue their beloved husbands, fathers and sons, from the maddening cup, these women, who knew the refinement and luxury of elegant homes, and the culture of study and travel, bravely faced the wrath of infuriated mobs. An excellent authority has truly and aptly remarked that "the record of those days and months will never be fully read this side eternity."

It was soon evident that the gigantic work they had undertaken would consume the labor of years ; and that some other plan, equally efficient, must be adopted.

In the spring of 1874, conventions were called in various States by these brave women, the results of which were State

organizations for future work. A grand national convention was held in Cleveland, Ohio, in November, 1874, for the purpose of uniting and combining State bodies. From that time the work steadily progressed, and was very successful. There are up to date twenty-two States organized auxiliary to the national body, and almost numberless local unions in every State in the Union, except the extreme south, and the territories of the far west. An International Union was formed in 1876, our "centennial year," and now the women of Europe are working away with the same will and power characteristic of their American sisters.

The only sure safety for the seller and drinker of intoxicating drinks was faith in the Lord Jesus. The crusaders recognized this most emphatic fact from the very outset, and acted upon it accordingly. Gospel temperance meetings were inaugurated in every part of this vast country, and the men and women, to whom religion was long an unknown and ridiculous spectacle, unworthy their slightest attention, flocked in immense crowds to them like thirsty souls.

Twenty meetings were held weekly in Cleveland ; in Brooklyn the same number ; in Chicago fourteen ; in New York city nine ; and in Newark eight. Every local union has a weekly prayer-meeting, and many of them have public temperance services on Sabbath afternoons, sometimes in churches, sometimes in public halls or beer gardens ; mothers' meetings, where the poor come with their children, and have a simple supper after the exercises ; meetings in prisons and in jail, whither nine-tenths are brought through drink alone ; Bible classes of reformed men ; cottage prayer-meetings, especially in the houses of the dissipated ; among sailors, who are particularly subject to temptation ; in inebriate and Magdalen asylums, hospitals and bethel homes. Our authority says, "over two hundred such meetings are held by women in the city of New York, in mission and charitable institutions. In several cities, as in Chicago, Brooklyn, New York and Cleveland, a daily temperance prayer-meeting has been sustained

since the beginning of the crusade. All these meetings mean time, labor and consecration. Who shall say that the work has ceased?"

One of the most successful agents employed to elevate and educate the people is the work of petition. In this way while influence had been brought to bear upon the legislature, temperance conversations were held in tens of thousands of homes. Indiana sent a petition with 23,000 signatures, praying for a voice in the local-option election, and helped to circulate a general petition which had the large number of 75,000 names. The women of Rhode Island secured the signatures of 10,000 women to a petition for the suppression of the traffic, and carried it before the legislature. Their prayer was granted; but the law was repealed when the new officers were elected. Massachusetts women sent a petition to Congress having 22,000 names, and one for the repeal of the new license law, having 10,000. The women of Ohio kept the politicians constantly agitated by their petitioning. A monster petition with hundreds of thousands of names, from all the states, was carried by a delegation of women to Congress, asking for a commission of inquiry in regard to the liquor traffic.

The greater number of the men who attended the gospel meetings had no homes, no cheery place to pass an evening except in a saloon, or no where to board except where a bar offered constant and usually successful temptation. Friendly inns, consisting of a reading-room, dining-room and sleeping apartments, were established in nearly all the leading cities. Cleveland had five; Rochester two; Syracuse one; where over 600 men renounced their cups; Buffalo one, where 200 signed the pledge in a very short time; and scores more in other towns. Massachusetts had twenty-six reading-rooms; Iowa twenty-two; Ohio twelve; Illinois eight; Pennsylvania five; Wisconsin and Michigan a very large number, and nearly all of the other States several in each.

The women strove to reach the next generation through the children and their auxiliary juvenile societies in Manches-

ter, N. H., Syracuse, Pittsburgh, New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. In Oregon and Tennessee, the women train the little children for the good fight. It was deemed advisable that a temperance literature should be provided for the youthful mind ; and the idea was formed and carried out with no little success. The children were taught to sing temperance songs, and to recite from wisely prepared catechisms.

The young women of the country brought their valuable aid in taking charge of juvenile societies, holding day and night schools, and sewing-schools for girls ; assisting inebriate families, and so formed public opinion, as to make it unpopular and even disgraceful for young men to imbibe.

It was also attempted to form a society in all seminaries and colleges for young women, because the latter, as they go out from school, would become centers of influence.

This plan met with general favor. The cause and its earnest advocates had a day and sometimes a couple of days given them at the great summer gathering, as Old Orchard Beach, Chatauqua Lake, and other places. Medical bodies were invited to give their views on the uses of alcohol. They always sided with the temperance advocates. The laity came forward *en masse* and took the cause by the hand, and worked nobly for it from the very beginning.

The officers of the National Union gave up everything to further the good work, travelling at any time and to any distance to hold and conduct temperance meetings and conventions. But, of course, the great work was done by the almost numberless local "Women's Temperance Unions," scattered throughout the different States ; silently and unostentatiously toiling like the coral insects under the surface of the foaming sea, and building the deep foundations on which smiling islands and continents are anchored fast.

Dr. Reynolds instantly puts himself into harness with the "Women's Temperance Union," and the two co-operate with

the most surprising results, as the statistics we shall by-and-by collate will suggest.

This bond of alliance is furthermore expressed by the badge of the white ribbon, worn by women and children, otherwise the same as the red-ribbon token born by the members of the reform clubs, directly organized by Dr. Reynolds. The potency of the social influence thus put into operation, can hardly be measured by one who has not directly watched its workings. These earnest, praying women give their dissipated husbands, fathers, sons, sweet-hearts or friends, no peace till they consent to go and hear one of Reynolds' talks, and submit themselves to his influence.

So deeply stamped on the heart of the Michigan people has been their recognition of the value of the Reynolds' work, that it was publicly indorsed and approved by the legislature. Representative R. B. Robbins, of Lenawee county, offered the following concurrent resolution in the house of representatives, by unanimous consent, which was adopted by both houses, without a dissenting vote, handsomely engrossed, signed by the presiding officers of both houses and the governor, the State seal affixed, and the whole handsome and valuable testimonial presented to Dr. Reynolds :

Resolved (the Senate concurring), *That*, in the recent work introduced into this State by *Dr. Henry A. Reynolds*, we recognize a reform so beneficent in its aims, and so wise in its measures, as to have won public confidence in an unprecedented degree,—not only achieving marvellous results in its effects upon individuals, families and communities, but promising to be so far-reaching in its influence as of necessity to greatly diminish poverty and crime, the expenses of almshouses, police courts and prisons, as well as the demands upon private and public charity ; and promising also to solve the much-vexed problem of tramps, vagrants, paupers and convicts—striking, as it does, at the root of pauperism and crime.

Resolved, that to *Dr. Henry A. Reynolds*, the originator

and prosecutor of this reform, as developed in this State, we tender grateful appreciation and thanks.

Approved May 3, 1877.

CHARLES M. CROSWELL.

[Seal.]

ALONZO SESSIONS,
President of the Senate.

JOHN T. RICH,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

A well known gentleman writing to a leading paper, in speaking of Reynolds, says : " I feel safe in saying that in the whole history of our State (Michigan) no one man ever did so much for the moral, social (and I think I might add, material) interests of the State." *Who ever before heard of a legislature commending a temperance worker ?*

In local meetings, in camp-meetings and conventions, the enthusiasm has grown and spread, and the contagion of the influence has run like wild-fire. Even in the backwoods and the wilds of the State the grand wave has rolled, and left its marks. Some of the incidents that have occurred are very well worth recording, and one of these we give. Towards the close of the late camp-meeting at Petoskey, Michigan, a very interesting episode took place. The evening was one of those beautiful evenings that make one quiet and speechless with their great beauty. Sailing through the clouds was the harvest moon ; and the long rays of silver light glistened through the thick trees, and lit up the inspired face of a lady, who had given her entire time and talents to the temperance work, and who, at this moment, was entreating all to come forward and allow her to tie on the red ribbon. The very air seemed tremulous with the prayers of the crowd assembled there to worship, and the eye of God seemed to be regarding the scene. While the lady was entreating the people to take the pledge, an old Indian chief was led forward gently by two of his tribe. With the well-known majesty of his race he approached, and said in the low, singing tones peculiar to his people : " I am Petoskey, chief of the Indian people. I want

to take the pledge from the white lady, and let her fingers tie the red ribbon on old Petoskey's coat." How the lady's lovely face brightened and glowed at that! She stepped down from the platform and went to him. "My dear brother," she said, in a voice very suggestive of joyful tears; "far away from the blue Atlantic I have come from my home, in the green Emerald Isle, where all I love lies sleeping, to take you by the hand and call you, chief of the Indian tribe, my brother. I welcome you as you clasp hands with us, workers in this sacred cause of temperance, a cause which means not alone patriotism, nationality, but, blessed be God, it means religion. I shall go on my way stronger as I remember up here in the wilds of Northern Michigan our numbers are strengthened by Petoskey's signature."

"I'll meet you beyond that sky there, and shall need no more moon or sun, for He will be the light thereof." And with that the dignified old chief retired as he came.

The following resolutions were passed by the State Congregational Association, which closed its session at Ann Arbor, on May 18, 1877. Rev. Ira C. Billman, chairman of the committee on temperance, offered the following report and resolutions, which were adopted:

"*Whereas*, The cause of temperance, one of the most practical workings of Christianity, embracing many of the dearest interests of humanity, social and religious, has received a great and far-reaching impetus in our State within the last few months, especially under the forms of what are popularly known as the red-ribbon movement, the Woman's Temperance Union, and the Children's Band.

"*Resolved*, That we have devout cause of thanksgiving to God and encouragement for still more untiring devotion to this arm of the Master's service, and that as ministers and churches, we lend our influence to promote their utilization.

"*Resolved*, That especial mention be made of Dr. H. A. Reynolds, who has been confessedly, under God, the efficient instrument in this great work, and we recommend him, from

personal knowledge, to the confidence of all to whom this may reach. We also express, in this connection, our appreciation of the services of Mrs. Norman Geddes, of Plymouth Society, Adrian, through whose efforts he was secured at first, and who has by continued inspiring assistance, planned and encouraged the great campaign."

The following letter to the Rev. W. H. Daniels, A. M., will be perused with general satisfaction as it graphically tells the story of the first Juvenile Reform Club in Michigan :—

"ADRIAN, December 18, 1877.

"*Dear Sir*:—I belong to the Reform Club of Adrian, and I thought that my little boy, nine years, might be benefited by attending the meetings with me. When the pledge was read he came to me, and asked if he couldn't sign. I told him no ; he was not old enough yet ; that he must be eighteen years old before he could become a member of the society. He replied that nine years was a long time to wait : and I thought it was, with all the influences that tend to draw our boys from virtue and from God. Nine years hence he might be anything but a fit subject for a temperance society. It troubled me, and I told him that I would write him out a pledge, and he and his little sister and play-fellows could sign it, and have a little society of their own, which pleased him very much.

"Thanksgiving morning I wrote this pledge :—

" " We promise that we will not use any cider, wine, beer, ale, or other intoxicating liquor.

" " We promise that we will neither smoke, chew, nor use tobacco in any form.'

"He wrote his name, Charley T. Boyd, on the pledge, and said he would have his play-fellows come and sign. Shortly six or eight came in with him, and, after reading the pledge carefully to them, they put their names to it. I gave them a red ribbon for not drinking, and a blue one for not smoking or chewing, and tied the badges in their button-holes. These few went out after more, and they kept me busy almost the whole of Thanksgiving day, and at night I had on the roll

about five hundred boys who wore the badge, and dared to do right.

"The fathers and mothers became interested in the work, and gave the boys a grand reception, in the Opera House, where over five hundred boys marched, with drums and banners and flags, to such a table as they had never before seen. The musicians gave the boys a short concert, we had a little speaking and then supper.

"I have had the pledge always open for signers here in the city, and have visited and helped to organize, in almost every town in the county, clubs of both old and young persons, to the number of over fourteen hundred boys and girls, and hundreds of men and women. It is a good work to lift degraded ones out of the ditch, and help them to be sober men and women; but I love to take these pure children, and lead them up into manhood without the sufferings which the drunkard undergoes—for in the children is our country's hope.

"I remain, sir, respectfully yours,

"R. W. BOYD."

Such was the grand work of the temperance reformer in Michigan: a work which ranks for solid fruits with, perhaps, any in the history of the movement. There were formed in the State under the direction of Dr. Reynolds two hundred lodges, with a membership of 100,000. There were at least 200,000 all told, as nearly as we can judge by the statistics, who were influenced to forsake the evil habit of drinking and put themselves on the side of right and true manhood. The influence of Dr. Reynolds proved a sure, strong anchor, for it transformed his converts into an army of workers, who not only deepened and solidified their own reformation, but won over others to the good cause both by the force of precept and example. God's blessing rested on the efforts of the earnest missionary, and his harvest was such as delighted and encouraged the hearts of all that loved God and humanity.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK OF DR. REYNOLDS IS CONTINUED IN ILLINOIS.—HIS EFFORTS IN THAT STATE.—THE CHICAGO REVIVAL.—FACTS, SPEECHES, AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE REYNOLDS MOVEMENT IN THE PRAIRIE CITY.—CONCLUSION.

In the middle of July, 1877, Dr. Reynolds conducted a temperance camp-meeting on the grounds of the Lake Bluff Association of Illinois, at which were gathered many of the most prominent temperance laborers of both sexes from various parts of the United States and Canada. Michigan sent in a roll-call of 80,000, who had actually signed the pledge, as red-ribbon men. And there were about 200,000 men, women and children beside, who were stated to have become pledge-takers under the influence of the earnest reformer.

At this gathering there were such prominent and well-known people as Francis Murphy ; Rev. Dr. Foster of Fredericton, New Brunswick ; John Warburton ; Miss Francis E. Willard ; Mrs. Lathrop of Jackson, Mich. ; Mrs. S. J. Rounds of Chicago, secretary of the Temperance Union ; Mrs. Youmans from Ontario ; Mrs. Jennie F. Willing ; and Mrs. McGowan, the chaplain of the Cook county jail of Illinois, where she had done a great work among the prisoners.

At this camp-meeting Dr. Reynolds delivered his views on the Maine Liquor Law with considerable effect. He was asked by some one present if this law was enforced, and in a very forcible manner the doctor rejoined :

“Yes, sir. A man who sells rum in any form is there deemed as disreputable as a horse-thief, even if he does wear

diamonds on his shirt-front, or drive around in a gilded carriage. Public opinion in favor of cold water has been so strengthened that the election resulted in filling up the legislature last winter with teetotalers, all except ten, and now wine and cider have been added to the prohibited drinks. The law is a grand success, and all statements to the contrary are worse than nonsense. Still, this law business is not my best hold. Till you can reform public opinion, and get men to hate rum, it is of no use to try to get prohibitory laws passed. As long as at the polls ballots are cast by men who enjoy their morning cocktails and their evening night-caps we can't have any great temperance reform by law.

"When public feeling sends strong temperance men up to the legislative houses, then temperance laws will be enforced to the letter."

The proposed "tapering off" of the appetite for strong drink by the use of lager-beer, light wines, and other beverages of a lighter character received on this occasion a sharp blow from the clever physician which must have effectually killed it. He said :

"It is with these drinks, in my opinion, that drunkenness commences. Men do not begin with fiery, throat-burning whisky, but with cider, ale, and beer. Beer is leading men to the drunkard's grave. It takes longer for a man to get drunk on beer than on rum, but it is a worse sort of drunk when it does come. I know by experience. I have been drunk on every kind of intoxicant that was ever mixed."

At this meeting it was arranged that Dr. Reynolds, after completing his Michigan labors, should go to Illinois and commence the red-ribbon reform in that State. Pursuant to his steady plan of laboring in connection with the Women's Temperance Unions. Dr. Reynolds commenced his work at Cairo, the extreme southern point of the State, his appointments having been made for him by Mrs. S. M. J. Henry of Rockford, a prominent and enthusiastic laborer in the reform cause. His efforts in that thriving little city, were blessed with their usual

success, and Cairo was thrown into a ferment of the greatest excitement. Rum-shops were closed up, liquor-sellers induced to sign the pledge, and a deep root of truth and good planted in the heart of the community. Two red-ribbon clubs were formed with a combined membership of nearly 800 members. The churches, of course, took hold of the movement with their usual earnestness, and every religious influence was brought to bear to advance the labors of the devoted doctor. Cairo, from its peculiar position as the junction point of two great rivers, and its character as a rendezvous of the numerous boatmen, proverbially a hard-drinking class, had been from its early settlement an unusually dissipated and "hard" city. The effects of the Reynolds movement there were such as to establish a new order of things, and to furnish reasonable grounds that the floating population of this important river city, would henceforth be of a different character, and subjected to a more pure and blessed atmosphere than of old. The wave extended over the State northwards, carried by Reynolds and his fellow-workers, recruited from the men and women who had recently signed the pledge, and found its next great center in the city of Rockford in the western part of the State.

Rockford again was a field of brilliant triumph, and after Reynolds' labors were finished in the beautiful little capital of the Fox river region, he proceeded to Chicago, where he opened his labors under the most favorable auspices, churches and the public at large welcoming him with the utmost warmth and enthusiasm, for aside from sympathy with the objects of the work, there was the most lively curiosity to see the man who had wrought such marvellous things by such simple means.

The Halsted street Opera House was crowded to hear Dr. Reynolds, the first time he stood before a Chicago audience. His fame and his great work had gone before him, and an immense concourse of curious people filled the Opera House to hear and see what manner of man he was.

The hall was decorated with evergreens and national flags. Several gospel songs were rendered, and then Mrs. Cumming

opened the more solid services with a touching and appropriate prayer, after which the doctor was introduced. The audience gave him a very cordial greeting. He began by saying he wished his audience to understand that he did not come among them as a temperance lecturer; that he did not come before them to act the drunkard and to tell amusing anecdotes. He came as a plain man to tell them a plain story. He would tell them what his plan of work was in saving men from the curse of the cup. He had to say of himself that he spoke of what he knew. He had himself once been a victim. He had tasted of the cup, not once, but often. His plan was one which could take in all sinners, no matter what denomination they might belong to. He did not believe, as did the minister who, when walking past a Catholic graveyard, and while pointing to the graves therein, said, "Every one of those graves represents a soul suffering the torments of hell." He believed that the members of all religions had a right to be saved from the terrible curse of strong drink. That was the object of his plan of reformation. He would include all persons in his system. His plan was to induce "all" to sign a pledge by which they should forswear the use, in any form, of alcoholic liquors, wines, malt liquors, and cider—cider in any form. He wished to speak especially against the use of cider, either by the young or grown person. Cider was the devil's kindling wood. He, himself, had first been drunk by the use of cider, at the age of eight years, and as drunk as he had ever been by drinking whisky or wine. This evil of intemperance was not one always learnt after a person became twenty-one or twenty-two years old. It was often found in mere youth. It was often commenced with the drinking of cider: from the use of cider the youth went on to the use of home-made wines—currant wine, rhubarb wine, raspberry wine, etc., which contained fifteen per cent of alcohol, and so the drinking habit grew with his age. He wanted specially to caution all against the use of the innocent cider—even sweet cider. When he had got drunk on cider he had ten times as big a head the next morn-

ing as he used to have after getting on a big drunk on whisky straight. He would next speak of lager beer. It was the great evil of the West. Lager beer was the juggernaut of the West. He would, himself, sooner drink poor whisky, poor gin, poor rum, or poor brandy, than he would drink the best lager beer that was ever made. He would drink poor whisky rather than good lager beer because he would live longer by drinking the former, than he would by drinking the latter. He spoke from authority. He had graduated from Harvard Medical College, and he knew of what he spoke when he made this declaration. He said it from a medical point of view. Again he would say of his plan, that it was meant to break down the denominational lines in carrying on this work of reforming drunkards. He wanted no denominational divisions in this great work, which should include all men of whatever sect, and those without sect. All men needed saving from the curse, and consequently all should be included in his movement—in his plan of reformation. As they did that they would succeed; as they did not do it they would not succeed. He himself had come to the decision some time ago that he would sooner have the red ribbon in his button-hole than he would have it in his nose. It was with this idea in view, then, that they had chosen the plan of wearing the red ribbon in the button-hole. It said of him who wore it that he was an opposer to the use of strong drink; that he wore that red ribbon as an evidence to the world that he was a sympathizer in the "red-ribbon" movement, and sympathized with those who wore that same red ribbon. The idea of the movement was that all who sympathized with it should wear the red ribbon as a sign that they sympathized with the movement, sympathized with the work of saving men from the curse of strong drink. The object was to have all wear the red ribbon whether drinkers or not; that all should wear it, not necessarily as a sign that they themselves had been reformed, but as an encouragement to others. All should be willing to wear it who sympathized with the objects of the

order—all brave enough to do it. Let not one pause from wearing it because they were afraid it would make them too conspicuous. He would suggest, in conclusion, to the young ladies, that they should ask their young men, before they offered to escort them home : “ Have you signed the pledge ? Show me your red ribbon ! ” and if they did not say that they had signed the pledge, or saying they had, could not testify to it by showing a red ribbon in their button-hole, tell them that they could not go home with them until they signed the pledge and donned the red ribbon. The speaker himself would say to the young ladies that if there were not young men enough left to escort them home he would do it himself, though he did feel tired out.

Messrs. Barnes, Parsley and Monroe, all strong and devoted advocates of total abstinence, delivered short but highly interesting speeches. The first-mentioned gentleman stated that “ Dr. Reynolds with his red-ribbon movement had been the means of reforming some two hundred and fifty thousand drunkards in the United States since the beginning of his movement.”

Dr. Reynolds exhorted all present to step forward, sign the pledge and put on themselves the sign of their sympathy with the movement. He spoke especially to those who did not drink. It was their duty, in order to show their sympathy with the reformed ones, to uphold and encourage them in their new life, to wear the red ribbon. He invited all to approach the pledge-tables, sign the pledge, and to attach to their button-holes the red ribbon, which they all did, or nearly so, unanimously. Those who did not start to the tables were persuaded or compelled into so doing by the more enthusiastic. Fully two hundred men, and thirty women, signed the pledge and assumed the Reynolds badge.

The second Reynolds meeting was held at the hall on the corner of Halsted street and Blue Island avenue. The attendance was very large and enthusiastic. Announcements of future meetings were made, and the doctor announced that a Reform Club would be organized.

He then began his address, which was interesting and stirring, and said that he had told them on the previous evening all about cider being the devil's kindling-wood; the homely imp of native wines; the gorgeously-named beverages of the gilded sample-room. He would now say of himself, that he had been a drunkard for ten years. Four years ago he had been in the gutter; he had suffered the torments of the damned; he had not had a shirt to his back; he did not own a coat; he was a confirmed sot. During the time of his drunkenness he had frequently had delirium tremens. It was then that he had suffered so for hours that he would rather die in preference to suffering such pains again. He had come from New England. There he had been brought up among the orthodox. He had been taught in the orthodox ways of New England; was pious, good, straightlaced. But he began to drink. He soon after became a drunkard. But what did the orthodox say to him when they saw him? They did not try to lead him away. They did not say encouraging words to him. They would have let him go to the devil. They turned the cold shoulder, and invited him simply either to quit drinking or to go to the dogs, as he liked. A temperance movement among the women commenced in Ohio; and here he would say a word for women. It was a false notion to think that women were only meant as things to wash dishes and sew clothes. Their work was to save men. At last, the movement, which had spread from Ohio, arrived at Bangor, Me., where it was said they pried up the Sunday with a crow-bar. Though he had been brought up as an orthodox Christian, he swore at the women and cursed them. He went on from bad to worse, but still the women went on working as hard as ever, and finally he was saved. He signed the pledge. He went to the much-despised temperance meeting and signed the pledge never to serve King Alcohol. That was four years ago, and he had kept his pledge. He had kept the first part of his pledge, to abstain from strong drink. He had, secondly, abstained from using as a social drink, for pleasure, alcoholic

liquors. In the third point, he had kept his pledge, to do what he could, with the help of God, in the way of inducing other men to abstain from the use of strong drink—to be a man among men. He wanted men to help others as well as themselves. He had not himself at first thought of doing as he had done, but he finally thought that it was his duty to do as he was doing. As to the red ribbon, it was a part of his make-up. The red ribbon had piloted him into the hearts of thousands of men. His red ribbon did not advertise him as a reformed drunkard. If it did, he would rather be recognized as a reformed drunkard than as a confirmed drunkard. As to the character of drunkards, he would say that nearly all drunkards were good men. He never knew of a drunkard who was an absolutely mean man. The red ribbon was a badge of honor. Its color was not a very bad color. It was emblematic of that which would save them. He would ask to be excused for speaking so long, but it was not late to hold a meeting till 2 o'clock. He hoped it would get so hot in Chicago before long that people would not venture to go to a meeting without carrying a lunch along with them.

The doctor then explained that ladies should wear a white ribbon upon the right shoulder, in front, in the form of a bow, and gentlemen should wear a red ribbon tied in the top button-hole on the left collar of the coat, and all should wear the ribbon, not only then, but all the time.

Dr. Reynolds further remarked that his movement was a democratic movement. "The workingmen were the bone and sinew of the country, and they were the bone and sinew too, of the saloons."

The Doxology was then sung, and the crowd gathered around the pledge-table, and signed the pledges by the score, about two hundred and twenty-four having signed the pledge during the course of the evening.

The next meeting was held in the Rev. Mr. Yonker's Tabernacle. The services were very appropriately opened by the singing of that poetic gospel song of "The Morning Light is

Breaking," after which the well known and ever-interesting parable of the prodigal son was read by Dr. Reynolds, who took the opportunity of the text to compare the condition of the young man who ate the husks that the swine had left to the young men of these modern times who are now eating the husks of that nothingness which the red juice has produced; who through whisky have lost all the means of leading a free and honorable life—food, clothing, friends, and best of all, self-respect.

Mrs. Carse, the president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Chicago, was introduced at this meeting and received a warm welcome. She spoke of the life-saving stations which are scattered around our seaboard, and which do such good service. She compared these life-saving stations to the life-saving societies of the Women's Christian Temperance Unions of America, which had established soul-saving institutions—the best of life-saving stations—in every city in the land.

At a grand union temperance meeting, held at the Union Park Congregational Church, Dr. Reynolds said they had come together for the purpose of doing something. They had not come for enjoyment, but they had come to see if the hundreds of people present would not testify their love for temperance by wearing a little piece of ribbon—red for the men and white for the women, and red and white for the children. He said he would tell them how he became a drunkard. First, he was a drunkard by inheritance, and had his parents done their duty, and kept from him all manner of drinks, he would never have been a drunkard. The second step toward drunkenness he had taken was when he first sipped that drink that he called the "devil's kindling wood." There are thousands of ladies who will drink nothing stronger than cider, but they are not aware of the evil that exists in this juice of the apple. Many good people will not sign his ironclad pledge because he included in it cider. They all say that there can be no harm in sweet cider, and possibly there may be no harm in sweet cider; but

cider is not made from good apples. The farmer brings to the market all the sound apples, and then makes cider from the decayed ones, and from these rotten apples is made the liquor that fastidious ladies and gentlemen drink. Do they for a moment think that this cider is made from rotten apples and worms? He then spoke of currant wine, and claimed that it produced in the little ones a desire for stronger drink. The next step was the one that is the curse of the West. Lager beer, he said, was causing more hearts to ache than perhaps any other liquid. The doctor looks upon this German drink as the most dangerous of all, for the reason that thousands of young men drink it because it is not considered dangerous. It has a pleasant, bitter taste, and many would drink it who would not dare to touch whisky or brandy. The next step in the downward path, he maintained, is the gilded palaces of sin. These places are made very attractive, and from them came the hardest cases of drunkenness that he had ever seen. The foundation of drunkenness is made long before a person is 21 years old. The appetite is formed when the person is yet a child. Drunkards are not the curse of a community. It is your moderate man who causes all the evil that exists. When a boy sees a man reeling about the street in a beastly state of intoxication he does not say, "I will be like that man," but when he sees the moderate drinker, who never appears to be drunk, he says, "I will be like that man. If I wish a drink I will take it, but I will never be a drunkard." Poor boy, he little knows what he is saying. It will be only a few years before he is a curse to himself and the cause of much misery to those who love and cherish him. He then spoke of a man who is dear to the heart of every son of Illinois. He said: "Look at the life of Dick Yates, a man who should have been at the head of the United States government, and would have been had it not been for his unfortunate taste for liquor. Look at this great man at Washington, a great senator. Look at him at Jacksonville, kicked out of a saloon. Look at him at St. Louis, where he died a raving maniac. Do you think

his life was a happy one? He died a drunkard's death, and he passed into a drunkard's eternity, and you all know what a drunkard's eternity is. The Bible says a drunkard can never enter into the kingdom of God, and I believe the Bible."

On another occasion at a red-ribbon meeting, held in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Mr. John Monroe, the president of the club, opened the meeting by saying that he supposed nearly all present were temperance people, and that the object of the meeting was to raise up missionaries who would go into the field and work for the rescue of their fellow-men. The evils of intemperance he attributed to three causes, namely: The social circle, the church, and the government. The social and family circles he reproved for the leniency in regard to the use of cider and wines. The church, for tolerating within its walls members who do not adhere to the principles of temperance, and preachers for not more frequently portraying intemperance as a great sin. The government, he said, was also greatly in fault for licensing saloons; for licensing the manufacture of liquor and for issuing whisky to soldiers, which he thought was certainly very injudicious, as any one might see who would trace its results during and after the rebellion. The cheap lunches offered in the saloons are a great evil. Many go in, not so much for something to drink, but to get something to eat. There are 2,000 men, he said, in this city, who are out of employment. Something must be done, and he thought that if saloon-keepers could give men a glass of beer and a dish of soup for five cents, there certainly could be places established where the latter could be furnished for the same sum. This, in any event, he said, should be done at once, and if it could not be made self-supporting he thought the people of Chicago would not hesitate to make up the small deficiency.

The Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church contained a dense throng one evening to hear Dr. Reynolds. The assemblage included every variety of the red-ribbon advocate, and many who were willing, from various causes, to wear the

symbolic cardinal emblem. There was a large number of men present, rough in dress and addicted to strong drink, but who, nevertheless, were awakened to the degrading position they had been occupying. The meeting was opened with praying and singing, after which Dr. Reynolds addressed the audience. He chose for his subject the story of the Good Samaritan, and deducted therefrom an interesting temperance lesson. Dr. Reynolds is not a lecturer, but rather, as he claims, "one of the boys," only that now he is on the right side, when before he was on the wrong side. The "falling of the man among thieves," as in the story of the Good Samaritan, he likened to the man who fell among the rum-sellers. The rum-seller is the worst kind of a thief, for he not only robs man of his money, of the comfort of his home, but also takes from him the character and honor which every man has naturally in his system. He wanted his hearers to think only of his efforts as those of a Good Samaritan who came before them only to show them the way to recover from the influence and its accompanying injuries, consequent upon their falling among the thieves of manhood and the scourges of society, in which class the rum-seller is the most dangerous. He begged his hearers, then, to put on the red ribbon, and by their good example bring into the band of temperance men many friends who would not otherwise join.

He explained the manner of organizing reform clubs, and read the pledge, stating that in the club only men were allowed to sign the pledge. The reform was men's work, and not boy's play. He then gave a history of the movement, of which he had the honor to be the originator. Originally only reformed drunkards were allowed to become members of the clubs, but latterly he has found it much more just and equitable to allow men of temperance principles to become members. He then branched off into a history of that portion of his life when he was dancing on the road to the devil. It was the wrong way, but he had eventually struck the right path, and he felt well pleased with his "right about face," as he called

it. He did not think it necessary to tell any man that strong drink was injurious ; the worst drunkard in the country will admit it. The man that signs this pledge cannot become a drunkard in the world, if the signer keeps it, while there are many kinds of pledges which cannot prevent drunkenness, if lived up to strictly. The details of organizing a reform club were then explained. In explaining some of the rules regarding members who have violated their pledges, the singular benefits of reform clubs was shown by the statement that of all the members of reform clubs in the Union, only 15 per cent. of them ever violated their pledges. The reason saloon-keepers are not generally drunkards is because their business of fleecing men requires them to be cool-headed men, and no cool-headed man with his own interest at heart will drink. He asked his listeners to sign the pledge, and when they go, take a pledge with space for twelve signers on it, and get their friends whom they might meet on the street, in the counting-room, or store, and even seek them in their homes or resorts, to become members. He spoke of a grand parade of red, white and blue ribbonites at some time in the future, but withheld the full particulars because of the presence of reporters. He concluded by requesting every one who had not already signed the pledge to come forward and do so.

Over thirty drinking men came forward and signed the pledge.

Mr. Barnes, one of the vice-presidents of the first Red-Ribbon Club, then addressed the meeting, and said that there were fifty men who ought to sign. He called their attention to the fact that, as Doc Woods expresses it, every bottle of whisky—yea, every drop—contained myriads of little devils, and once the man became possessed of them, he wanted to fight and quarrel—in fact raise a little hell to accommodate them. He was not a reformed drunkard, because he had never cared for it ; but he saw in the movement, by a general support of every man of temperance principles, an opportunity to encourage the men who need some such reform movement.

Mr. J. H. Wood of the stock yards was then introduced.

John is well known on the South Side, and, as he admitted, his acquaintance with South Side saloon-keepers was quite extensive. He had tried drinking for twelve years, and he was not the better for it in any way. He took the pledge the other night, and some said he would have hard work to keep it, but it was the reverse, because any man who takes the pledge earnestly will never become dry.

A special meeting was held at Carpenter Hall to hear E. C. Cremieux, the reformed drunkard, popularly known as "Bit-TERS," deliver a temperance address. In his address the speaker pointed out and illustrated at some length the fact that men addicted to the use of strong drink were bowed down in a slavery worse than were the colored people of the South before the war.

At a meeting conducted by Mr. John Monroe, it was announced that since the advent of Dr. Reynolds twelve thousand persons had taken the total abstinence pledge in the city of Chicago, and there was ground of opinion that as many more would join the red-ribbon cause before the Reynolds series of meetings closed, and the doctor departed for new fields of labor.

At a woman's meeting held in the Union Square Church under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Carse, the president, read a report of the saloon-keepers' meeting, as published in one of the morning papers. She commented on the meaning of the meeting. There were only thirty saloon-keepers present, but it represented 3,000 others backing them. She found consolation in the fact that they were fighting the battle of the Lord, and were not dismayed, even though every whisky-seller in Chicago, with all their political influence and money, were to combine against them. The war was commenced four years ago in Ohio by the crusaders, and it would not cease till the great fiend of intemperance had been abolished and his reign forever closed. She begged all her hearers to come out and fight for the cause of the Lord, and put on the temperance ribbon.

After an earnest temperance prayer by Mrs. Hogan, an address on temperance was made by the Rev. W. H. Thompson. He had also read of the saloon-keepers' meeting, and he was glad of it, for it told him that if the devil is not dead, it is spared. He had also noted that there were more saloon-keepers going into bankruptcy than in any other business ; and that furthermore, they were reducing the price of their drinks. It was a good omen, and showed that the temperance movement was surely growing, and the time is not far off when every one will be a temperance man, directly or indirectly, except the saloon-keeper, and even he would come in when he saw the great wrongs he had been doing. The saloon-keeping interest was a most painful one, but there was a power over all which is Almighty. The cause of temperance is the cause of God, that Almighty power, and, though the saloon-keepers resist, they must finally succumb.

At one of the meetings a gentleman in the audience with a strong Swedish accent, got up and made a few forcible remarks.

He said he came from a country where drinking was a common vice, and that he knew something of its evils. He then told his brief experience with these evils. He impressed upon the ladies present to marry only temperance men. He was a married man himself, but he wanted to shut out all the young men who drink by organizing a ladies' temperance league, the principles of which would be to associate with no gentlemen who drank spirituous liquors.

The Rev. W. F. Crafts said that he and a friend had been many times taken for reformed drunkards because they wore the red ribbon, which he enjoyed hugely. He said he was not afraid to "do right," and he wanted his listeners to do likewise. "The red ribbon," he said, "was not the badge of a reformed drunkard. It was the emblem which told the world that the wearer was a 'total abstinence' man ; nothing more and nothing less than that !"

Mr. Hines acknowledged that he stood there before the au-

dience a redeemed man. He had tried all sorts of plans to reform, but if it had not been for Christ he would have been a drunkard still.

Mr. Carpenter, a very young man, said he began to drink when a mere school boy. He had been a hard drinker for fully eleven years. He had been to the Washingtonian Home, but broke out again. He attributed his conversion to prayer. His trust was in Jesus.

W. H. Murray, a converted member of the Chicago Board of Trade, said at one of the meetings, he had been a drinker for twenty years. He was now redeemed; but, as other brothers had remarked before him, the only cure for drunkenness was the blood of Christ. He had tried all other means and failed, and it was not until he went to the throne of God and obtained the love of Jesus that he became firm. It was his anchor and his hope. Without it no man could become thoroughly reformed.

Mr. Braizer said it was no pleasant thing to get up and tell the public he had been a drinking man, and indeed he would not were it not for the fact that in so doing he might be of benefit to others. He said he was converted through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. He stood there that night buoyed up and sustained by the Lord, and he owed his reform to God and not to himself.

Mr. J. H. Wood, of the firm of Wood Brothers, of the stock yards, brought all his brothers, their sons, and all their employees, thirty-nine in number, one evening to the meeting, who signed the pledge in a body. In bringing his company into the red-ribbon line, he made a characteristic speech, in which he stated that he had been a drinker all his life, and he was glad now to become a temperance man.

Mr. Fuller, a rescued man, was introduced at a meeting, and related his experiences in a touching manner. It was for about twenty-one years that he was addicted to the use of intoxicating drinks. In 1857 he learnt to drink in Chicago. Here he learned, and here he renounced his acquaintance with

intemperance. He took the pledge several weeks ago, but it was one with himself. About three weeks ago he joined the Reynolds movement, and was decorated with the red ribbon. It was a terrible struggle to resist the appetite long catered to; but, thanks to the help of God, whom he solicited in prayer, he became successful, and can now maintain his integrity.

Colonel Dillon said at one of the meetings that he had been a drinking man, and, now that he had stopped he was not ashamed to own it. He had formerly represented our country in a foreign land, and, notwithstanding all the honors heaped upon him, he became a drunkard. He said he associated continually with politicians, and gave as his belief that no man could continually associate with politicians without becoming depraved. He said that prayer saved him from drunkenness.

Mr. Swallow said at a meeting that he had drank a good deal of whisky for twenty years. When he started he deluded himself into the belief that he could stop when he wanted to resist the appetite, until a year ago he became positively alarmed. A friend asked him to come and take the red ribbon, and a thought struck him that it was the right time, and he signed the Reynolds pledge.

Thomas M. Conpropst on being introduced to the audience urged, from sad experience, the necessity of total abstinence on the part of any one whose appetite was in the least degree perverted. As to happiness, he considered sobriety one of the essential avenues that lead to its attainment. The advantages of signing a pledge and of making a public confession, he thought, were beneficial to the extent that by so doing one is charged with personal self-respect, a very necessary quality, and not infrequently the most efficient fulcrum against which the lever of reform could be brought to bear.

Mrs. Helen M. Dunks, of Hudson, obtained a judgment for \$3,600 against William Friend, a wealthy liquor-seller. Her husband, a well-to-do manufacturing chemist, well known in the West, became a frequenter of Friend's saloon, and in an

incredibly short time was completely ruined in body, business, and mind, from drink.

Mr. W. O. Lattimore, a lawyer, said his conversion took place a year ago last Thanksgiving. He said it was a very difficult task to become a temperate man by will-power, unaided by the assistance of the Lord. His own conversion was largely brought about through the assistance of the Lord Jesus Christ who was ready to receive all sinners, and from the day he had accepted Christ he had had no further difficulty in struggling against his appetite for strong drink. He exhorted the drinking men to repent and accept the gospel, and thereby bring joy and peace to many desolate homes. God did not force any one to come. If they choose to come unto Him He is ready to receive them.

The evening of February 1 saw an immense crowd in the Methodist Church, corner of Langley avenue and Thirty-ninth street. The edifice was crowded in every part, and the exercises were of a very interesting character. After the singing of several stirring hymns, and an earnest prayer by the Rev. Mr. Glendenning, Dr. Reynolds informed the audience that he had not come before them to relate funny stories, or to make exhibitions of the unfortunate drunkard. The subject, he said, should be treated with a great degree of sympathy, and every individual as a brother or sister. No one so much appreciates sympathy as a drunkard. His own fall he attributed to hereditary causes, and gave an account of how he became a drunkard by the use of what are called innocent drinks, namely, cider and wines—adding that few people are aware of the insidious influences attending their use, and said that a cup of cider would have the same effect on a child that the same quantity of whisky would have on an adult. He then spoke of the suffering he had endured, and having squandered \$30,000 in a short time by means of the great destroyer. One of the important clauses of the pledge he uses was that which referred to man's inability to save himself; another was that which referred to the use of moderate drinks. High-

class saloons, he thought, were more injurious than those of a lower order. The one was the beginning of a man's downfall, the other ended his career. The prospects for a good temperance wave in this city, he thought, were becoming quite apparent. One reformed drunkard, he said, had already procured twenty-six names to the pledge. Several other speakers then addressed the meeting, and expressed a determination to continue the undertaking.

One of the most interesting meetings held by the doctor was that in the Centenary Church, corner of Monroe and Morgan streets. The building was crowded almost to suffocation, and a great number of people were obliged to turn away from the doors, disappointed at not being accommodated with seats, or at least with standing room, both of which were entirely and absolutely out of the question.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas introduced the advocate of the red ribbon in a pithy and pleasing manner, and the immense audience greeted Dr. Reynolds in the most enthusiastic fashion imaginable. He was obliged to stand before them some seconds bowing his thanks for their kind welcome. He did not deliver what could be properly called a lecture ; but he spoke in a very felicitous vein.

He began by remarking that he never delivered a lecture in his life, and the many who came there to hear him he must disappoint in not delivering a lecture. His aim was to induce men to leave the ways of drunkenness, and his work was to reform men, not to interest them only with lectures. He stated his intention to speak from experience, as for six years he had been a confirmed drunkard. He knew what the drunkards had to do to recover their manhood lost in drink, and, judging from the lessons of his own life when a drunkard, he certainly had experienced all the evils of intemperance. He related them in his own characteristic manner, laying particular stress on the beginning of an intemperate life, for which cider, he said, was the favorite opening wedge. Cider is the devil's kindling-wood, and from it is started the fire which

afterward consumes the body. He showed in a plain, matter-of-fact way that there was much of the element of danger, alcohol, in cider, and consequently it was as much of an evil as even stronger drink. After it came the American currant wine, when the beginner found that cider was not potent enough to satisfy the appetite started by the "devil's kindling-wood." They drink it under the impression that it is a more elegant drink than cider and not because it is the demand of the appetite. He then referred to what he called the curse of the West, meaning lager beer. He gave a few statistics regarding beer, its alcoholic qualities, and its patrons, who number 200,000 drinkers, and imagine it is a healthy drink or do it because they like it. The former reason is a false one, for there was not a doctor in the city or country but will say it is a stimulant and not a health-giving drink. He then referred to the gilded hells in the city and imitations in the little country town. He informed his readers it was not necessary to look into "Hell's Half-acre," to find the evils of drink or to find the intemperate guzzler. They can be found even in society, and their resorts will be found occupying valuable space in prominent business blocks, and in many cases in the center of the best neighborhoods. They were finely furnished saloons, or, as they call them, "parlors," and truly they were the parlors of the devil, where the mint julep, the "Tom and Jerry," brandy smashes, and other detestable concoctions were daily and hourly, even every second, passed over the counter to the foolish young men, and even old men. They did not drink because they had a great liking for it, but rather because it was a fashion. He then told how it came that he signed the pledge and was saved from a drunkard's death. He was in favor of nothing but total abstinence. There was no half-way place in his doctrine. He then advocated the red-ribbon movement in his own peculiar manner. The red ribbon was not a sign of the reformed drunkard, it is an emblem which all men who believed in total abstinence should wear, and which proclaimed to the world the wearer's principles, and

announced that he is not afraid to tell the world that he cared not for alcoholic drinks.

A gentleman asked the doctor this question : "Is there any truth in the statement which has been made in some papers that you do not preach saving grace and seek the regeneration of men, but only to reform them after a sort of independent reformatory method, with the plan of salvation omitted?"

He replied : "My work is not that of a preacher ; but it is to induce men to sign the pledge. I consider that the first step toward salvation in the case of some men—to sign the pledge, and we trust God to help them keep it. I'm not a preacher—I'm a reformed drunkard, and I know that some men have to be brought up to a certain point before they can accept the idea of salvation by faith. I was probably about as low as any man ever was, but I signed the pledge. Isn't it better to have a man stop being a drunkard even though he isn't converted right away? I signed the pledge, and that was the first step ; then after a while I found how to trust God to help me."

In their further conversation, the doctor stated that the object of his work was to get men on to the right track, so that they could lead at last out into the light. He spoke of the evils of beer. "The hardest men we have to deal with, are young fellows from fourteen to twenty-two, who drink beer," said he. "Beer is the curse of the West. Men persuade themselves that because they don't drink whisky they're not drunkards, but it aint so. I've been as drunk on beer as ever I was on rum. These young men like you, my brother, who brink beer, ten years from now will be drunkards. Alcohol is alcohol, and it don't matter how a man gets it into his stomach, the effect is the same. Some day the people will see it. This evil is going to be abolished. God 'll bless this work. It may not be in my day, but I know that sometime—I don't know how or when, but sometime—this will be realized. It's going to ruin the business of the saloons.

They've got to feel it, and I only wish to God it would cut off their business altogether."

The doctor showed one of his pledges. It was as follows : "We, the undersigned, for our own good and the good of the world in which we live, do hereby promise and engage, with the help of Almighty God, to abstain from buying, selling or using alcoholic or malt beverages, wine and cider included."

"That is the pledge," said the doctor, "that we form our Reform Clubs on. I claim that it's the hardest pledge presented, and I'd rather have a dozen men sign that and become solid, firm, fixed, than to have 200 sign one of these easy-going pledges."

"How many signers of the pledge have you had since you began your work?"

"Since three years ago, when we started on this system, upward of 300,000 men have signed it."

"How many of those are now members of your Reform Clubs?"

"Well, about 85 per cent. have remained in line—and that, we think, is an argument that God is in our work."

In regard to the general advantages of getting a man to sign the pledge aside from his religious conversion, Dr. Reynolds said: "You see there are narrow-minded people who can't see the good of reforming a man without converting him; but there are indirect advantages. If a man becomes steady and sober and some of his children get to going to Sunday-school, it seems to me there's some good in his signing the pledge, even though he don't get converted himself."

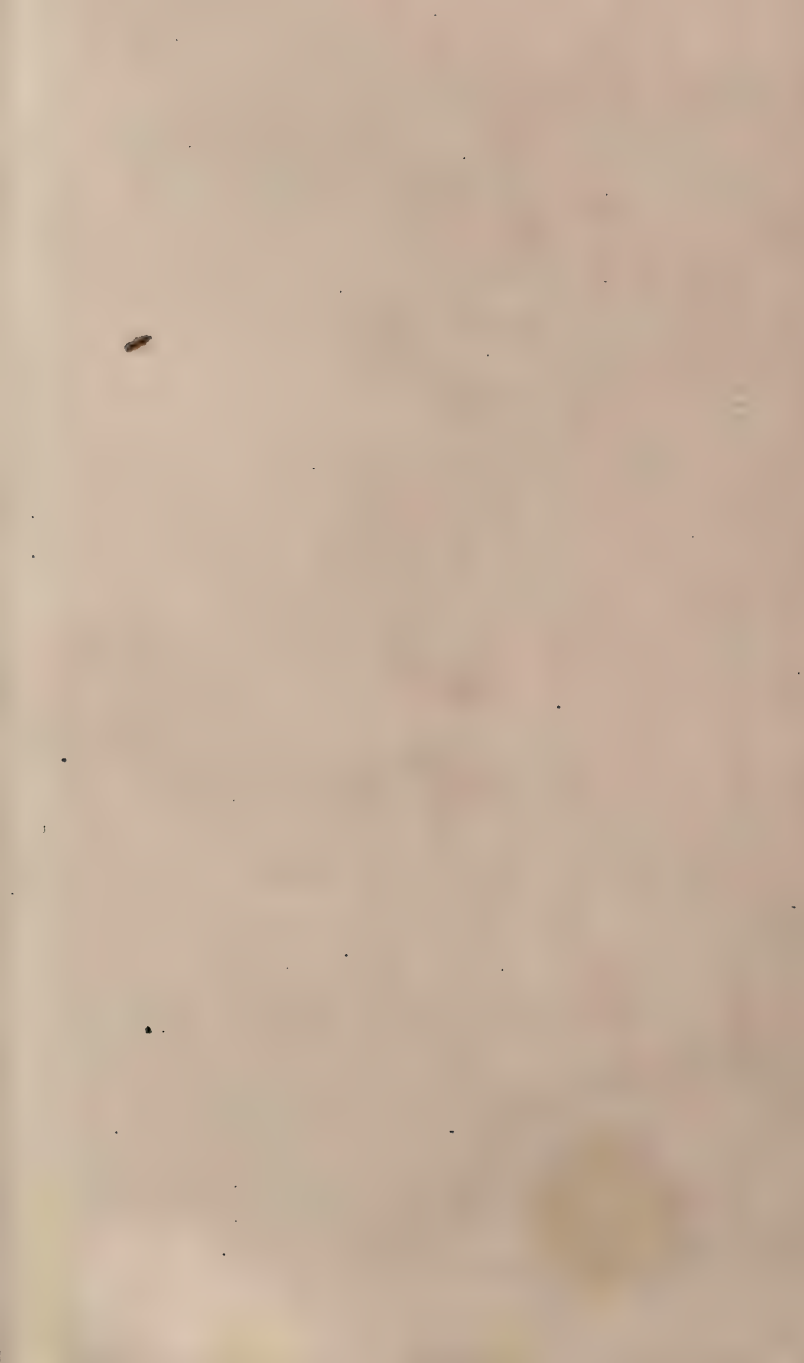
Again the doctor said in the same conversation :

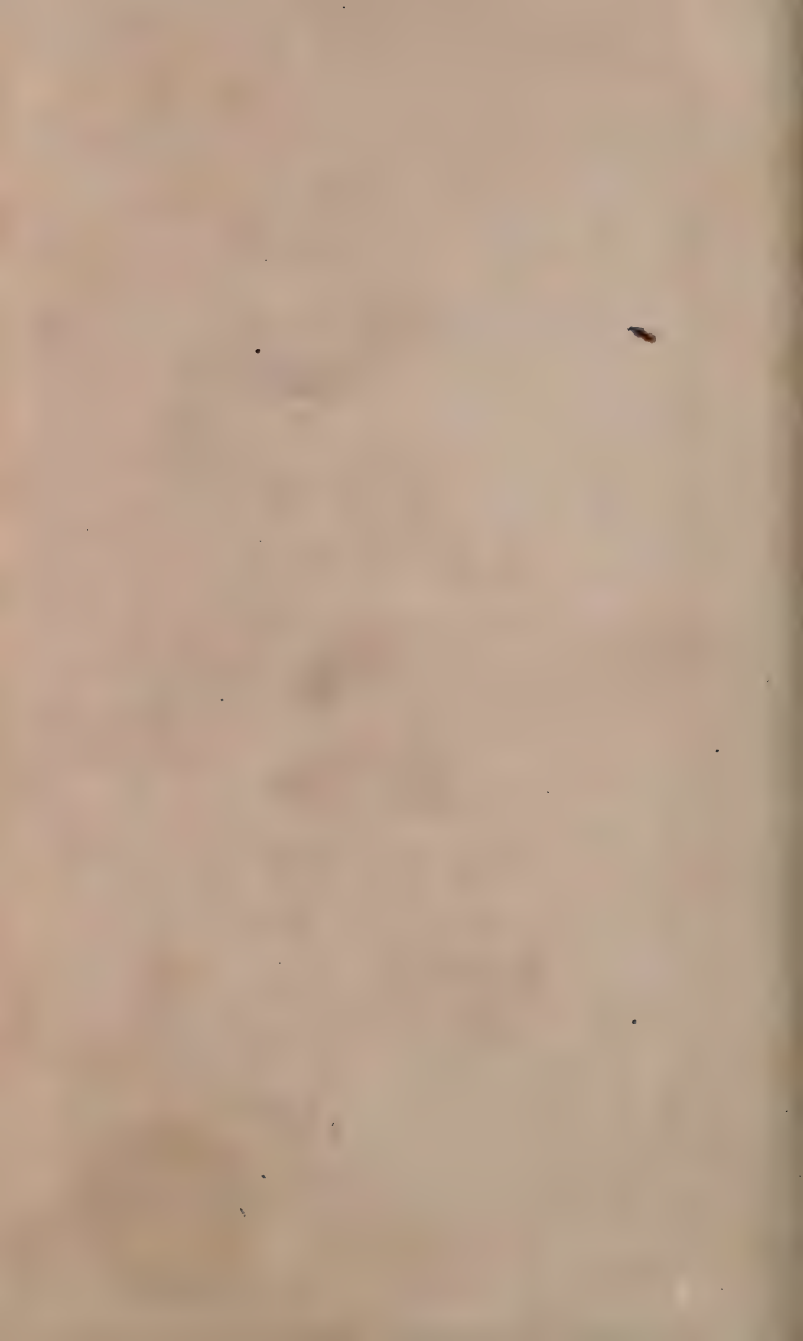
"I'll tell you. Here's John, for instance. His wife's sick at home and hasn't any bread or medicine, because he spends his money for rum. His children can't go out to-day on account of the snow, because they haven't any shoes. Well, John wishes it wasn't that way. He's been wishing so for years, but he's kept on drinking. He signs our pledge. His wife gets a doctor. They get a pane of glass in where there

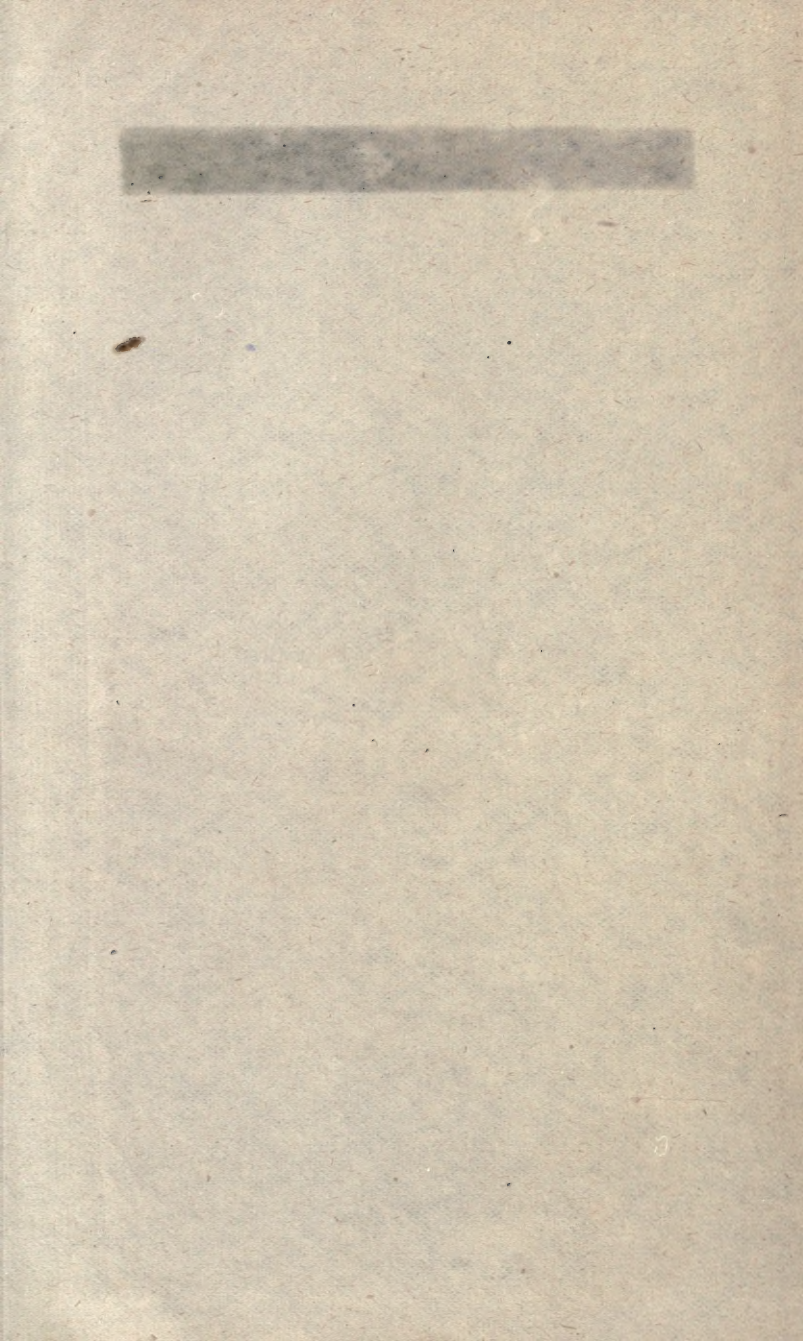
was an old hat. John has stopped drinking. His wife can go out to church. He stays at home and curses and swears as much as ever, maybe, but he don't drink any more, or maybe he wanders around on the wharves to kill the time. He won't go to church. He has a prejudice against church, which liquor has produced, and of which we all have enough anyway without liquor; but by-and-by there's a rainy night, and John stands at the church door waiting to take Susan, his wife, you know, home from prayer-meeting. He goes in—just inside the door; that's all. He sees it isn't such a bad place. The children have been bringing home tracts. He gets to thinking about these things. Now, hasn't there some good come from signing that pledge? I think so. If, when John gets to thinking, he gets converted, so much the better; but if he don't isn't it better to have him a steady man than a dirty drunkard?"

Such men as Henry A. Reynolds are grand instruments of redeeming grace, and a great element of their power is that they recognize themselves as such, and invoke the help of prayer. The motto "Dare to do right," which is imperishably associated with his name, has become the shibboleth of hundreds of thousands, and, under the favor and help of God, they have dared to do right by emerging from the dark slough of drunkenness, and consecrating themselves to earnest and self-respecting lives.

The temperance wave under Murphy and Reynolds have rolled like a Nile flood over the land, fertilizing the deeds of good and truth, and we have not yet commenced to realize the great harvest that remains to be reaped. An army of patient and enthusiastic workers has been organized under the generalship of these two chiefs, and every week adds to their triumphs, and is making fresh history of the progress of a magnificent cause. The prayers of the good and faithful Christians throughout the country are with them, and with these prayers the fervent belief that the work inaugurated is only in its beginnings, as grand as the results have been.







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